

BIBLIOTHECA FICTIVA

THE SHERIDAN LIBRARIES



3 1151 03701 9019

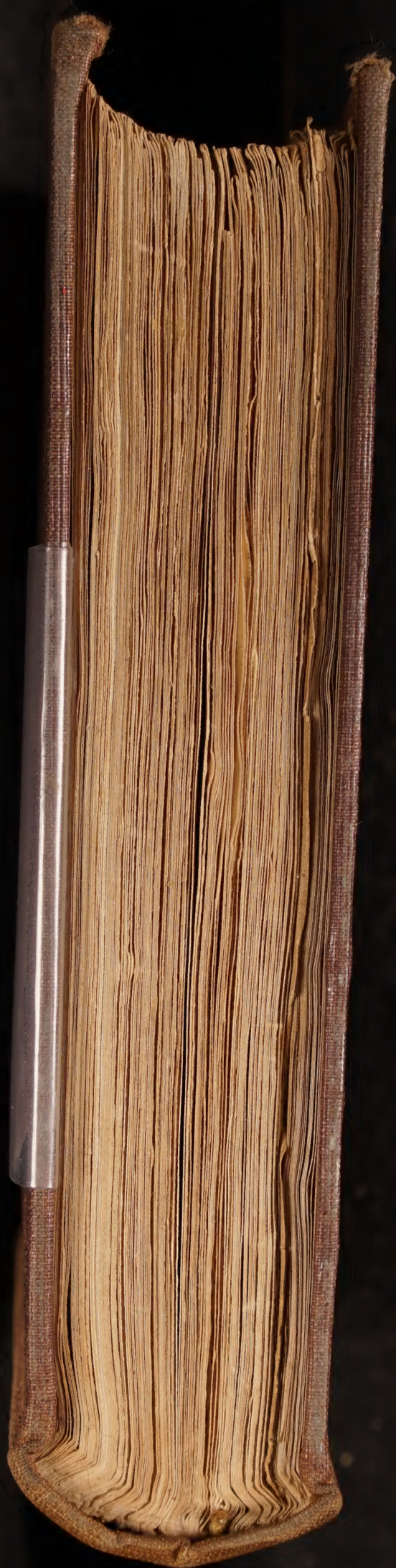
Shakespeare's
Library of
Ancient
Romances
Etc.

Vol. I.

Edited
by
J. P. Collier.

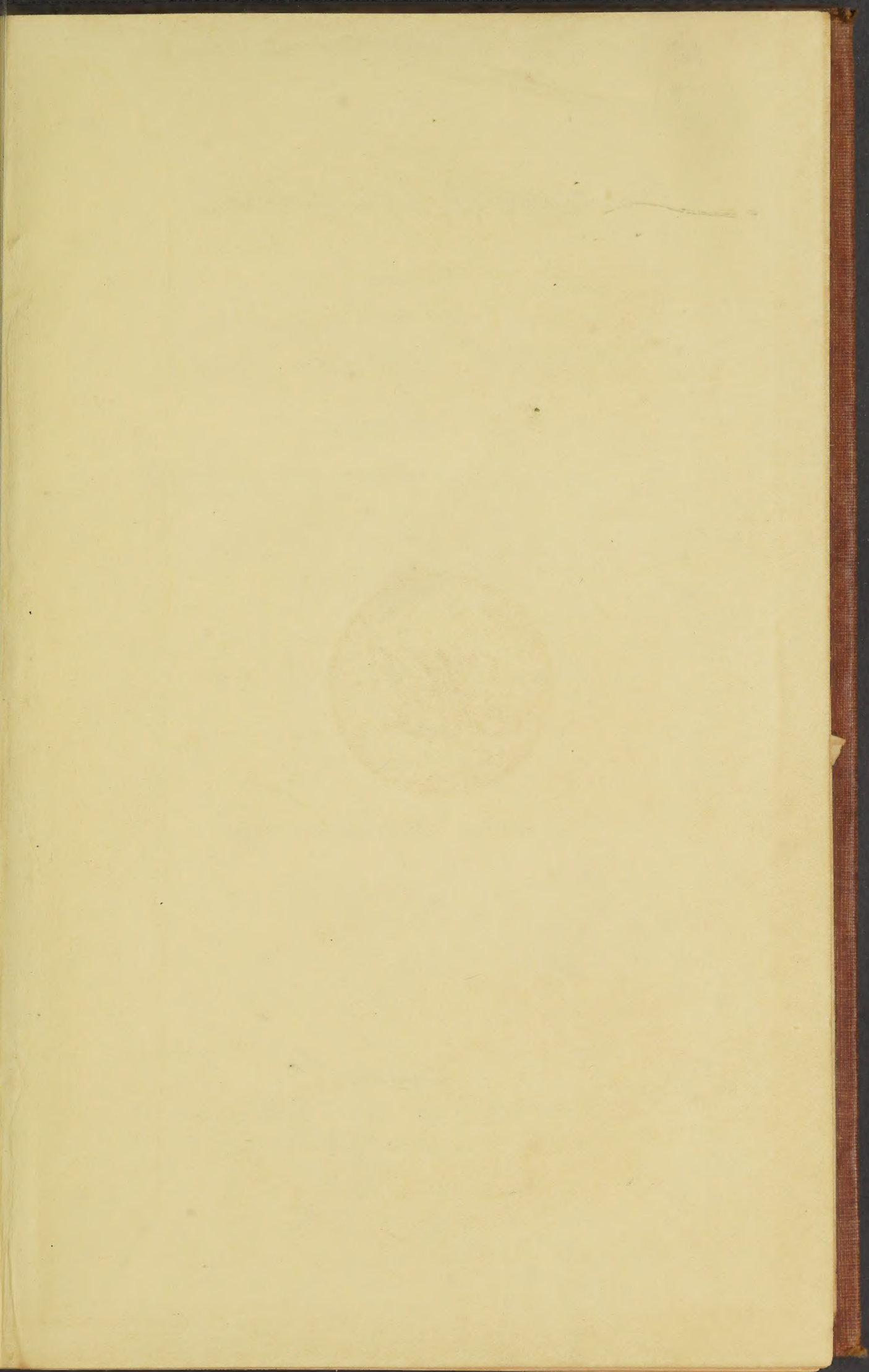


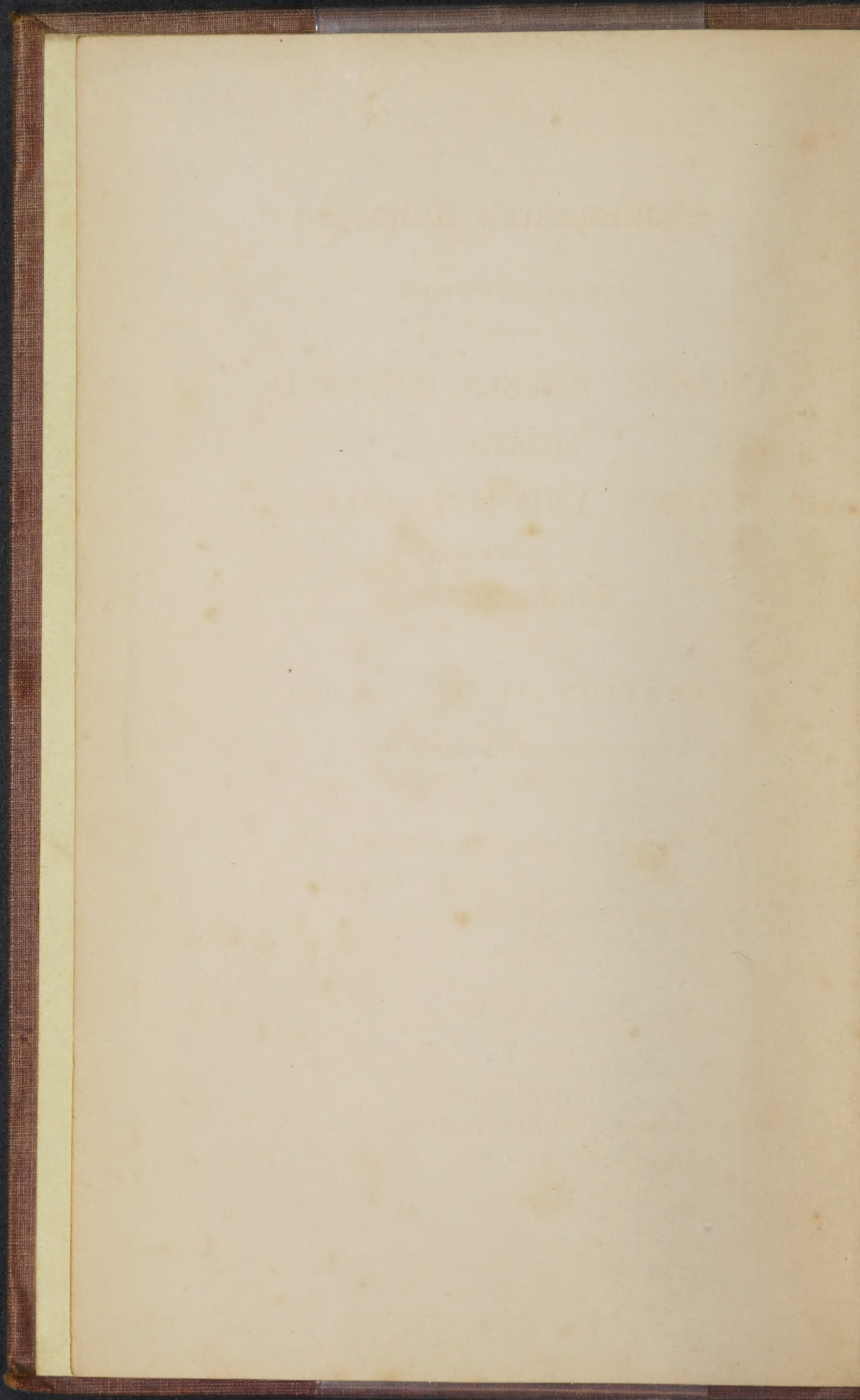




822.33







bxox 2 vols.
£45

Shakespeare's Library.

A COLLECTION

OF THE

ANCIENT NOVELS, ROMANCES,

LEGENDS,

POEMS, AND HISTORIES,

USED BY

Shakespeare

AS THE

FOUNDATION OF HIS DRAMAS.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED, AND ACCURATELY REPRINTED

FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTICES,

By J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq., F.S.A.

VOL. I.

LONDON :

THOMAS RODD, GREAT NEWPORT STREET.

M D C C C L.

Shakespeare's Works

A COLLECTION

OF

THE POETRY

AND

PROSE

Shakespeare

OF

THE HISTORY OF HIS LIFE

AND

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

P R E F A C E.

THE following work supplies an important deficiency in our literature as regards Shakespeare: it brings into one view all that has been recovered of the sources he employed, in various degrees, in the composition of such of his dramas as are not derived from Grecian, Roman, or English History, or were not formed upon some earlier play. The romances, novels, and poems, to which he resorted are scattered over many volumes, some of them of the rarest occurrence, existing only in our public libraries: these are included in the ensuing pages. We have ventured to call the work "Shakespeare's Library," since our great dramatist, in all probability, must have possessed the books to which he was indebted, and some of which he applied so directly and minutely to his own purposes. Until now the ordinary reader

of Shakespeare's plays has enjoyed very imperfect means of judging how far, and in what respects, our most original poet was obliged to others, and what he owed only to the exhaustless resources of his own mind. He employed the materials supplied by some of his predecessors and contemporaries merely as a great painter uses what is called a lay-figure: he borrowed the position, but invested it himself with drapery, colour, character, and sentiment. He exceeded all art, by communicating to it life and action.

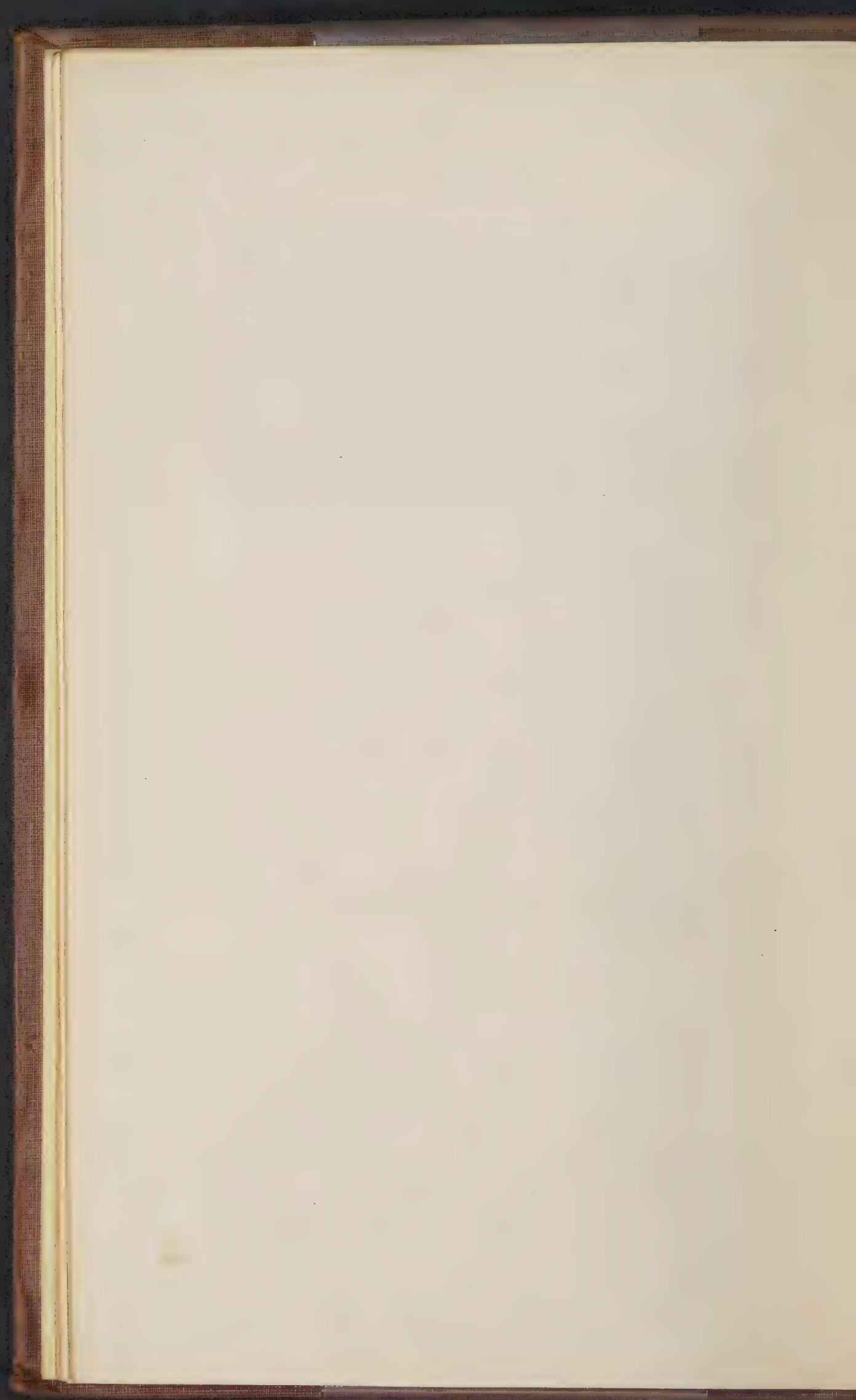
It is remarkable, after all that has been written and accumulated regarding Shakespeare during the last century and a half, that it should have been left to us, and to our time, to perform this undertaking, so necessary to the formation of a just estimate of his productions. An unsatisfactory attempt of the kind was made about a century ago, and the Commentators have here and there furnished extracts from most of the pieces we have reprinted; but those extracts afford no adequate opportunity of judging of the works as a whole.

The Editor has had time to do little more than to afford a general superintendence, and to prepare the introductory notices: the intelligent publisher, who has devoted so much time and study to Shakespearian literature, has often saved him the trouble of searching for materials in public and private depositories, and of collating the reprints with the originals. For this part of the task, therefore, Mr. Rodd is responsible; and in the performance of it he gladly, and thankfully, acknowledges the ready assistance he has received from the Rev. Dr. Bandinel, of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and from the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Trinity College Library, Cambridge.

J. P. C.

KENSINGTON,

July 14, 1843.



SHAKESPEARE'S LIBRARY.

VOL. I.

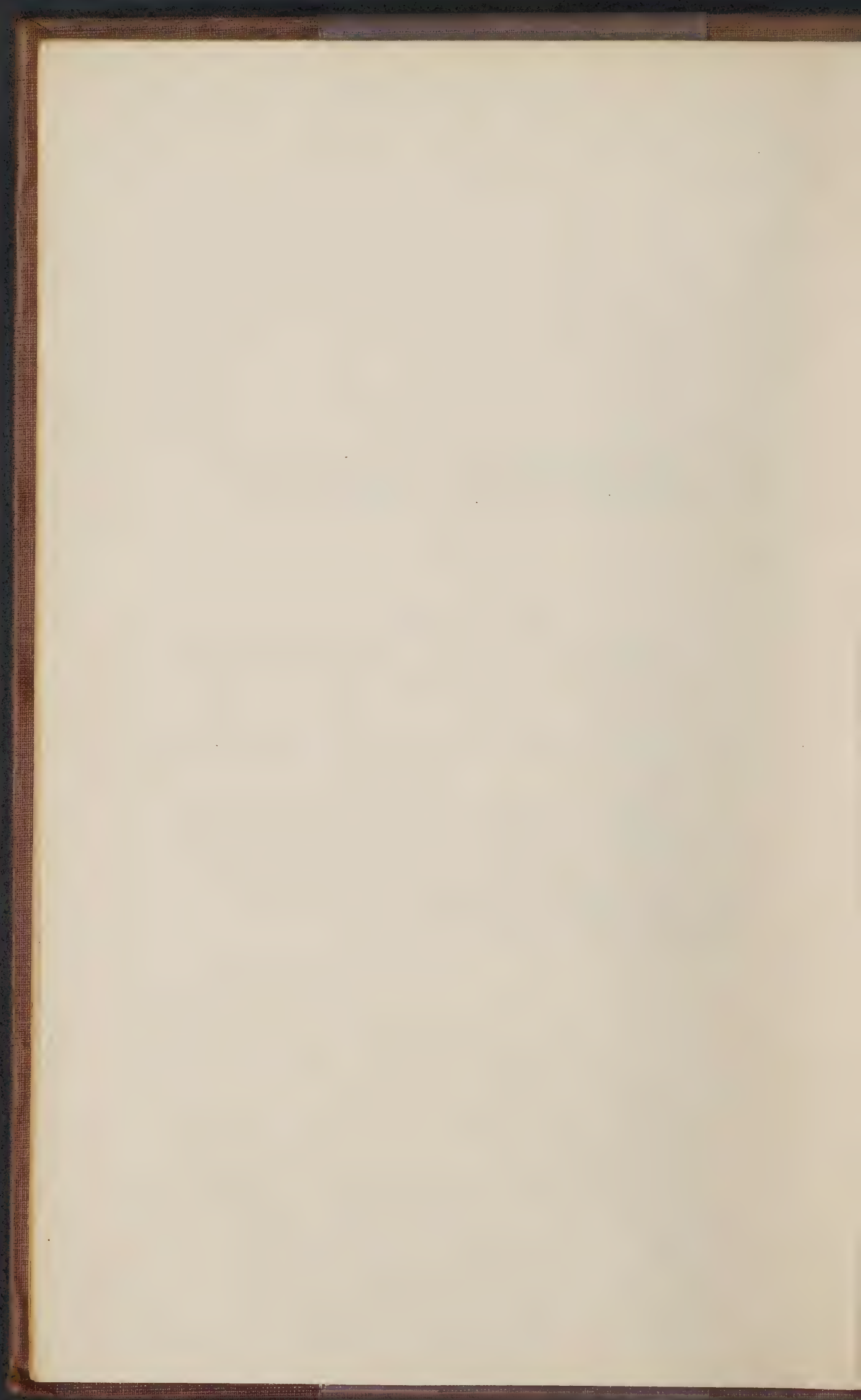
CONTENTS.

GREENE'S PANDOSTO, the Story on which is founded THE
WINTER'S TALE.

LODGE'S ROSALYND, the Novel on which is founded AS YOU
LIKE IT.

THE HISTORIE OF HAMLET, the History on which the Tragedy
of HAMLET is constructed.

APOLLONIUS, PRINCE OF TYRE, from which the incidents of the
Play of PERICLES are derived.



INTRODUCTION

TO

R. GREENE'S PANDOSTO.

THE more we become acquainted with the sources from which Shakespeare derived the plots of his dramas, the more room we find to wonder at the extent, power, and variety of his genius. We cannot justly estimate his excellence without the knowledge which this publication, and others of a like kind by which it will be followed, are intended to furnish.

Those who are best informed regarding the productions of his contemporaries and rivals are most ready to admit his immeasurable superiority to all of them. He seems greater by comparison than when judged of by his own positive and separate merits; and this position will be completely established by the instance before us.

Robert Greene was a man who possessed all the advantages of education: he was a graduate of both Universities—he was skilled in ancient learning and in modern languages—he had, besides, a prolific imagination, a lively and elegant fancy, and a grace of expression rarely exceeded; yet let any person well acquainted with *The Winter's Tale* read the novel of "*Pandosto*," upon which it was founded, and he will be struck at once with the vast pre-eminence of Shakespeare, and with the admirable manner in which he has converted materials supplied by another to his own use. The bare outline of the story (with the exception of Shakespeare's miraculous conclusion) is nearly the same in both; but this is all they have in common, and Shakspeare may be said to have scarcely adopted a single hint for his descriptions,

or a line for his dialogue*; while in point of passion and sentiment Greene is cold, formal, and artificial: the very opposite of every thing in Shakespeare.

It is fair to observe, however, that Greene ceased to write not long after Shakespeare had commenced his career. Greene died in September 1592, and the plausible conjecture seems to be, that by this date Shakespeare had not composed any of his great works, and had probably not written any thing original for the stage prior to the year 1588 or 1589. All the known facts regarding the life of Greene may be found in the preliminary matter to the Rev. Mr. Dyce's excellent edition of Greene's Poetical Works. He was certainly an author in 1584, and perhaps before that date. It is a point not hitherto touched, that there was, perhaps, an earlier impression of "Pandosto" than any yet discovered; but it depends not upon obvious facts or inferences, but upon minute circumstances not worth detailing, and upon a close observation of the errors of the press, which, in the edition of 1588, appear to be those which would be made by a compositor engaged rather upon a reprint than upon a manu-

* Some verbal resemblances and trifling obligations have been incidentally pointed out by the commentators in their notes to "The Winter's Tale." One of the principal instances occurs in Act iv, sc. 3, where Florizel says,—

"The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste."

"This (says Malone) is taken almost literally from the novel," when, in fact, the resemblance merely consists in the adoption by Shakespeare of part of the mythological knowledge supplied by Greene. "The Gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Jupiter Io; and why not I then Fawnia?"—*Vide* p. 34. The resemblance is any thing but literal.

script.* It is a well ascertained fact, that there must have been an earlier edition of one of the same author's pieces (a "Quip for an upstart Courtier") than any that has come down to us.

As the means of comparison, page by page, and scene by scene, are now for the first time afforded to the modern reader, it is not necessary to point out the particular instances in which Shakespeare follows or differs from his original. The variation in the conclusion has already been mentioned: nothing can well be more lame, unsatisfactory, and even offensive than the winding up of Greene's novel, where he makes Pandosto first fall desperately and grossly in love with his own daughter, and then, without any adequate motive, commit suicide. Here the genius of Shakespeare triumphed over all competition: he saw at once how the preceding incidents might be converted to a great dramatic and moral purpose, the most pathetic and the most beautiful. In other places the skill and judgment of our great dramatist are scarcely less conspicuous: as, for instance, in the very outset of his play, where he represents Polixenes (the Egistus of the novel) as previously prepared to take his departure in his ships, which had only, therefore, to weigh anchor; while in Greene's novel the determination of the visitor to quit the kingdom of his royal friend is sudden, and all his vessels have to be got ready on the instant. The variation in the time of the disclosure of the decision of the Oracle may also be noticed as a proof of the knowledge Shakespeare possessed of dramatic effect. It is, nevertheless, to be admitted, that a mere prose narrative and an acting drama would require different treatment.

Steevens correctly stated (Prel. Rem. to the Winter's

* Mr. Dyce (Greene's Works, ii, 242) prints from an edition of "Pandosto," as late as 1694 a "love-passion," addressed by Dorastus to Fawnia, observing that he had met with it in no earlier impression. The poem is unquestionably old, and it may possibly have been taken from the earliest, and now lost, edition of "Pandosto."

Tale) that "the parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolicus, are of Shakespeare's own invention;" but he ought to have added the Shepherd's son to the list, and he committed a strange blunder (which shews that he had read Greene's work with very little attention), when he asserted that the Leontes of Shakespeare is the Egistus of the novel. Pandosto is Leontes, and Egistus is Polixenes. None of the other commentators corrected the error, or, perhaps, were able to do so, from not having taken the trouble to go through the incidents in the original story, and to compare them with those of the play.

There is one circumstance that ought not to be passed over without observation; and it will serve to strengthen the position, that *The Tempest* was produced anterior to *The Winter's Tale*. The Rev. Mr. Hunter, if he have not established that *The Tempest* was written in 1596 ("Disquisition on the Scene, Origin, Date, &c. of the *Tempest*," p. 87), has at all events shewn that it was written earlier than 1611, to which year Malone assigns both it and *The Winter's Tale*. (*Shakespeare, by Boswell*, ii, 296). Now, the reason for the opinion, that *The Winter's Tale* was posterior in composition to *The Tempest* is this—that, in his novel of "Pandosto," Greene describes the turning adrift of Fawnia (the Perdita of Shakespeare) at sea in a boat, very much in the same manner as Prospero describes what had happened to himself and Miranda under similar circumstances. Shakespeare having already employed this species of incident in *The Tempest*, was obliged to vary it in *The Winter's Tale*, or he would probably have followed Greene's description, which is certainly one of the prettiest and most natural portions of his narrative. Shakespeare, also, without any very apparent reason, reverses the scene: his play opens in Sicily, and Perdita is exposed on the coast of Bohemia; while Greene's novel begins in Bohemia, and Fawnia is found by the old Shepherd on the coast of Sicily. Bohemia is, however, over and over again spoken of by Greene as a maritime

country, and Shakespeare, supposing he knew better, did not think it worth while to disturb the popular notion. We have the evidence of Taylor, the water-poet, in his "Travels to Prague," that in 1620 it was not considered a piece of very unusual ignorance in an Alderman of London not to be aware that "a fleet of ships" could not arrive at a port of Bohemia.

"Pandosto" appears to have been extraordinarily popular, and Mr. Dyce enumerates twelve editions: to these at least two others are to be added, with which he was not acquainted, viz. in 1609 and 1632. No doubt several more have been lost, as we do not find it to have been reprinted between 1588 and 1607, a period during which it would probably have been most attractive. The only known copy of the edition of 1588 is in the British Museum; but it is defective in one place, and we have necessarily been compelled to complete our impression from a later copy. Whether the story were the invention of Greene, or whether, as was not unusual with him, he adopted it from a foreign language, cannot now be ascertained; but it is not known abroad in any other form than that in which it has been received from this country.

It will not be out of place to take some notice here of a production by Greene, which Mr. Dyce had never seen, containing a good deal of poetry which ought to have been included in his two volumes of Greene's works. It is asserted by the bookseller to have come from the pen of that prolific author; but at all events he could have had nothing to do with the title-page, which runs thus:—"Greenes Vision: Written at the instant of his death. Conteyning a penitent passion for the folly of his Pen. sero sed serio. Imprinted at London for Thomas Newman, and are to be sould at his shop in Fleetestreete, in Saint Dunstons Churchyard." It is in 4to, and in black letter, but without date, though we need not hesitate in assigning it to the close of 1592. It is autobiographical, which renders the tract more interesting, and in

the address to the readers, Greene expresses deep regret that his lighter pieces had ever been published, adding, "many things I have wrote to get money, which I could otherwise wish suppress: povertie is the father of innumerable infirmities." The first poem is called "Greene's Ode on the Vanitie of wanton Writings," which after six introductory lines, thus speaks of himself under the name of Tytirus:—

"Telling in his song how faire
 Phillis eie-browes and her haire:
 How her face past all supposes
 For white lillies and red roses.
 Though he sounded on the hils
 Such fond passions as love wils,
 That all the swaines that foulded by
 Flockt to heare his harmonie,
 And vowed by Pan that Tytirus
 Did poet-like his loves discusse;
 That men might learne mickle good
 By the verdict of his mood;
 Yet old Menalcas, over-ag'd,
 That many winters there had wag'd,
 Sitting by and hearing this,
 Said their wordes were all amisse," &c.

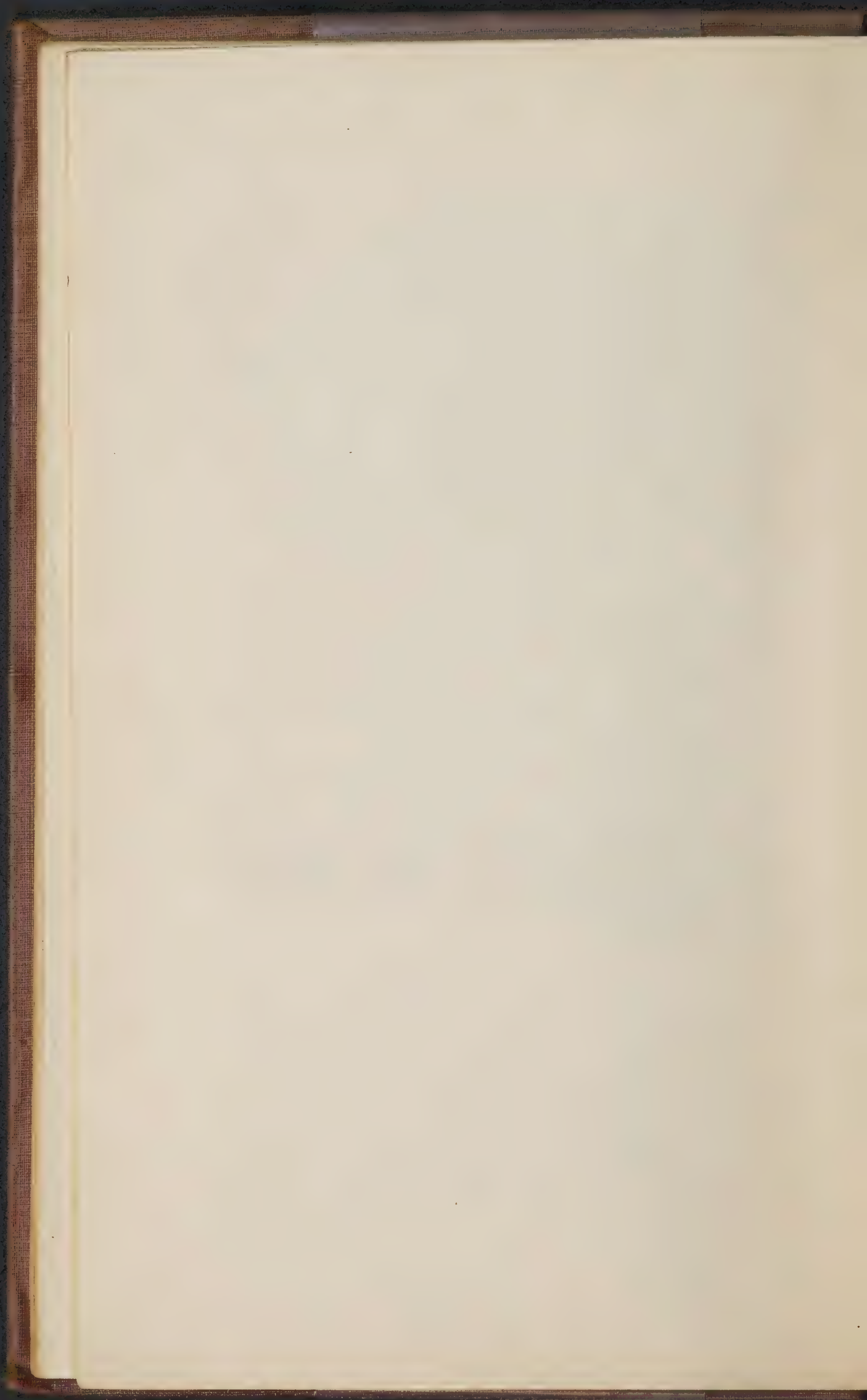
The ode is followed by a prayer full of self-reproach, and afterwards the author represents himself as lying down upon his bed, and in a vision seeing Chaucer and Gower, both of whom he describes in verse. The portrait of Chaucer runs thus:—

"His stature was not very tall;
 Leane he was, his legs were small,
 Hosd within a stock of red;
 A buttond bonnet on his head,
 From under which did hang, I weene,
 Silver haire both bright and sheene.
 His beard was white, trimmed round,
 His countenance blithe and merry found
 A sleevelesse jacket, large and wide,
 With many pleights and skirts side,

Of water chamlet did he weare.
A whittell by his belt he beare.
His shoes were corned, broad before ;
His inckhorne at his side he wore,
And in his hand he bore a booke :
Thus did this auntient poet looke."

The "Description of John Gower" may be found extracted in "Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works," p. 35. Both are curious, as they were probably derived from some then existing painting or illumination, not now known. In the course of the tract Greene acknowledges various works, but he especially repudiates "The Cobbler of Canterbury," which had been falsely attributed to him. He speaks of his "Never too Late," printed in 1590, and of his "Mourning Garment," as if it were then in the press; but according to Mr. Dyce (1, cv.) it had been printed two years before. Greene's "Repentance," the title of which is also introduced, bears date in 1592. Chaucer and Gower discuss the merits and vices of Greene's productions, and king Solomon is called in as an umpire, who exhorts Greene to abandon folly and to seek wisdom.

Another tract by Greene, with a copy of which Mr. Dyce could never meet, is entitled "The Royal Exchange," printed in 1590, and dedicated to the Lord Mayor of that year. It is a mere prose translation from the Italian, and does not contain a line of poetry, nor a word to throw farther light upon Greene's history.



PANDOSTO.

¶ The Triumph

Of Time.

WHEREIN IS DISCOVERED

by a pleasant Historie, that although by the meanes
of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed
*yet by Time in spight of fortune it
is most manifestly reuealed.*

*Pleasant for age to auoyde drowsie thoughtes,
profitable for youth to eschue other wanton
pastimes, and bringing to both a de-
sired content.*

Temporis filia veritas.

¶ By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes
in Cambridge.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci.

Imprinted at London by *Thomas Orwin* for *Thomas
Cadman*, dwelling at the Signe of the *Bible*, neere
vnto the North doore of Paules,
1588.

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS HEALTH.

The paultring Poet Aphranus, being blamed for troubling the Emperour Trajan with so many doting poems, adventured notwithstanding stil to present him with rude and homely verses, excusing himselfe with the courtesie of the Emperour, which did as friendly accept, as he fondly offerd. So, gentlemen, if any condemne my rashnesse for troubling your eares with to many unlearned pamphlets, I will straight shroud my selfe under the shadowe of your courtesies, and with Aphranus lay the blame on you, as well for frendly reading them, as on my selfe for fondly penning them. Hoping, though fond, curious, or rather currish backbiters breathe out slaunderous speeches, yet the courteous readers (whom I feare to offend) will requite my travell at the least with silence: and in this hope I rest, wishing you health and happines.

ROBERT GREENE.

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE GEORGE CLIFFORD,
EARLE OF CUMBERLAND,

ROBERT GREENE

WISHETH INCREASE OF HONOUR AND VERTUE.

THE Rascians (right honorable), when by long gazing against the sunne they become halfe blinde, recover their sightes by looking on the blacke loade-stone. Unicornes, being gluttred with brousing on roots of licquoris, sharpen their stomacks with crushing bitter grasse.

Alexander vouchsafed as well to smile at the croked picture of Vulcan, as to wonder at the curious counterfeite of Venus. The minde is sometimes delighted as much with small trifles as with sumptuous triumphs; and as wel pleased with hearing of Pans homely fancies, as of Hercules renowned laboures.

Syllie Baucis coulde not serve Jupiter in a silver plate, but in a wooden dish. Al that honour Esculapius decked not his shrine with jewels. Apollo gives oracles as wel to the poor man for his mite, as to the rich man for his treasure. The stone Echites is not so much liked for the colour, as for vertue, and giftes are not to be measured by the worth, but by the will. Mison, that unskilfull painter of Greece, adventured to give unto Darius the shielde of Pallas, so roughlie shadowed, as he smiled more at the follie of the man, then at the imperfection of his arte. So I present unto your honour the triumph of time, so rudelie finished, as I feare your honour wil rather frowne at my impudencie, then laugh at my igno-

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

rancie: but I hope my willing minde shal excuse my slender skill, and your honours curtesie shadowe my rashnes.

They which feare the biting of vipers doe carie in their hands the plumes of a Phœnix. Phydias drewe Vulcan sitting in a chaire of ivory. Cæsar's crow durst never cry, Ave, but when she was peaked on the Capitol. And I seeke to shroude this imperfect pamphlet under your honours patronage, doubting the dint of such invenomed vipers, as seeke with their slaunderous reproches to carpe at al, being oftentimes most unlearned of all; and assure myselfe, that your honours renowmed valure, and vertuous disposition shall be a sufficient defence to protect me from the poysoned tongues of such scorning sycophants; hoping that as Jupiter vouchsafed to lodge in Philemons thatched cotage, and Phillip of Macedon to take a bunch of grapes of a country peasant, so I hope your honour, measuring my worke by my will, and wayghing more the mind than the matter, will, when you have cast a glaunce at this toy, with Minerva, under your golden target cover a deformed owle. And in this hope I rest, wishing unto you, and the vertuous Countesse your wife, such happy successe as your honours can desire or I imagine.

Your Lordships most duetifully to commaunde,

ROBERT GREENE.

THE HISTORIE
OF
DORASTUS AND FAWNIA.

AMONG al the passions wherewith humane mindes are perplexed, there is none that so galleth with restlesse despite as the infectious soare of jealousie; for all other griefes are eyther to bee appeased with sensible perswasions, to be cured with wholesome counsel, to be relieved in want, or by tract of time to be worne out, (jealousie only excepted) which is so sawsed with suspicious doubttes, and pinching mistrust, that whoso seekes by friendly counsaile to rase out this hellish passion, it forthwith suspecteth that he geveth this advise to cover his owne guiltinesse. Yea, who so is payned with this restlesse torment doubteth all, dystrusteth him-selfe, is alwayes frozen with feare and fired with suspicion, having that wherein consisteth all his joy to be the breeder of his miserie. Yea, it is such a heavy enemy to that holy estate of matrimony, sowing betweene the married couples such deadly seedes of secret hatred, as love being once rased out by spightful distrust, there oft ensueth bloudy revenge, as this ensuing hystorie manifestly prooveth: wherein Pandosto (furiously incensed by causelesse jealousie) procured the death of his most loving and loyall wife, and his owne endlesse sorrow and misery.

In the countrey of Bohemia, there raygned a king called Pandosto, whose fortunate successe in warres against his foes, and bountifull curtesie towardes his friendes in peace, made him to be greatly feared and loved of all men. This Pandosto had to wife a ladie called Bellaria, by birth royall,

learned by education, faire by nature, by vertues famous, so that it was hard to judge whether her beautie, fortune, or vertue wanne the greatest commendations. These two, lincked together in perfect love, led their lives with such fortunate content that their subjects greatly rejoyced to see their quiet disposition. They had not beene married long, but Fortune (willing to increase their happines) lent them a sonne, so adorned with the gifts of nature, as the perfection of the childe greatly augmented the love of the parentes, and the joy of their commons; in so much that the Bohemians, to shewe their inward joyes by outwarde actions, made bonefires and triumphs throughout all the kingdome, appointing justes and turneyes for the honour of their young prince: whether resorted not only his nobles, but also divers kings and princes which were his neighbours, willing to shewe their friendship they ought to Pandosto, and to win fame and glory by their prowess and valour. Pandosto, whose minde was fraught with princely liberality, entertayned the kings, princes, and noble men with such submissee curtesie and magnifical bounty, that they all sawe how willing he was to gratifie their good wils, making a generall feast for subjects, which continued by the space of twentie dayes; all which time the justes and turneys were kept to the great content both of the lordes and ladies there present. This solemne tryumph being once ended, the assembly, taking their leave of Pandosto and Bel-laria, the young sonne (who was called Garinter) was nursed up in the house to the great joy and content of the parents.

Fortune envious of such happy successe, willing to shewe some signe of her inconstancie, turned her wheele, and darkened their bright sunne of prosperitie with the mistie cloudes of mishap and misery. For it so happened that Egistus, king of Sycilia, who in his youth had bene brought up with Pandosto, desirous to shewe that neither tracte of time, nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navie of ships and sayled into Bohemia to visite his old friend and companion; who hearing of his arrivall, went

himselfe in person, and his wife Bellaria accompanied with a great traine of lords and ladies, to meete Egistus; and espying him, alighted from his horse, embraced him very lovingly, protesting that nothing in the world could have happened more acceptable to him then his comming, wishing his wife to welcome his olde friend and acquaintance: who (to shewe how she liked him whom her husband loved) intertayned him with such familiar curtesie as Egistus perceived himselfe to bee verie well welcome. After they had thus saluted and embraced eche other, they mounted againe on horsbacke and rode toward the citie, devising and recounting howe being children they had passed their youth in friendly pastimes: where by the meanes of the citizens Egistus was receyved with triumphs and shewes, in such sort that he marvelled how on so small a warning they could make such preparation.

Passing the streetes thus with such rare sightes they rode on to the pallace, where Pandosto entertained Egistus and his Sycilians with such banqueting and sumptuous cheare, so royally as they all had cause to commend his princely liberality; yea, the verie basest slave that was knowne to come from Sycilia was used with such curtesie, that Egistus might easily perceive how both he and his were honored for his friendes sake. Bellaria (who in her time was the flower of curtesie), willing to shew how unfaynedly shee looved her husband by his friends intertainement, used him likewise so familiarly that her countenance bewraied how her minde was affected towardes him, oftentimes comming her selfe into his bed chamber to see that nothing should be amis to mislike him. This honest familiarity increased dayly more and more betwixt them; for Bellaria, noting in Egistus a princely and bountifull minde, adorned with sundrie and excellent qualities, and Egistus, finding in her a vertuous and curteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other: in so much, that when Pandosto was

busied with such urgent affaires that hee could not bee present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walke with him into the garden, where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away the time to both their contents. This custome still continuing betwixt them, a certaine melancholy passion entring the minde of Pandosto drave him into sundry and doubtfull thoughts. First, he called to minde the beauty of his wife Bellaria, the comelines and braverie of his friend Egistus, thinking that love was above all lawes and therefore to be staid with no law; that it was hard to put fire and flaxe together without burning; that their open pleasures might breede his secrete displeasures. He considered with himselfe that Egistus was a man and must needes love, that his wife was a woman and therefore subject unto love, and that where fancy forced friendship was of no force.

These and such like doubtfull thoughtes, a long time smothering in his stomacke, beganne at last to kindle in his minde a secret mistrust, which, increased by suspition, grewe at last to a flaming jealousie that so tormented him as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and to misconstrue of their too private familiaritie, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy, so that hee began to watch them more narrowly to see if he coulde gette any true or certaine prooffe to confirme his doubtfull suspition. While thus he noted their lookes and gestures and suspected their thoughtes and meaninges, they two seely soules, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily eache others companie, which drave him into such a franticke passion, that he beganne to beare a secret hate to Egistus and a lowering countenance to Bellaria; who marveiling at such unaccustomed frowns, began to cast beeyond the moone, and to enter into a thousand sundrie thoughtes, which way she should offend her husband: but finding in her selfe a cleare conscience ceased to muse, until such time as she might find fit opportunitie to demaund the cause of his dumps. In the

meane time Pandostoes minde was so farre charged with jealousy, that he did no longer doubt, but was assured, (as he thought) that his friend Egistus had entered a wrong pointe in his tables, and so had played him false play : whereupon, desirous to revenge so great an injury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge with a faire and friendly countenance, and so under the shape of a friend to shew him the tricke of a foe. Devising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus without suspicion of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him ; which opinion pleasing his humour he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his cupbearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter, promising to him for the performance thereof to geve him a thousande crownes of yearely revenues.

His cupbearer, eyther being of a good conscience or willing for fashion sake to deny such a bloudy request, began with great reasons to perswade Pandosto from his determinate mischief, shewing him what an offence murther was to the Gods ; how such unnaturall actions did more displease the heavens than men, and that causelesse cruelty did sel-dome or never escape without revenge : he layd before his face that Egistus was his friend, a king, and one that was come into his kingdome to confirme a league of perpetuall amitie betwixt them ; that he had and did shew him a most friendly countenance ; how Egistus was not onely honoured of his owne people by obedience, but also loved of the Bohemians for his curtesie, and that if he now should without any just or manifest cause poyson him, it would not onely be a great dishonour to his majestie, and a meanes to sow perpetuall enmity between the Sycilians and the Bohemians, but also his owne subjects would repine at such treacherous cruelty. These and such like perswasions of Franion (for so was his cupbearer called) could no whit prevaile to dissuade him from his divellish enterprize, but remaining resolute in his determination (his fury so fired with rage as it

could not be appeased with reason), he began with bitter taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two baits, preferment and death; saying that if he would poyson Egistus, he would advance him to high dignities; if he refused to doe it of an obstinate minde, no torture should be too great to requite his disobedience. Franion, seeing that to perswade Pandosto any more was but to strive against the streame, consented as soone as an opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus: wherewith Pandosto remained somewhat satisfied, hoping now he should be fully revenged of such mistrusted injuries, intending also as soon as Egistus was dead to give his wife a sop of the same sawce, and so be rid of those which were the cause of his restless sorrow. While thus he lived in this hope, Franion being secret in his chamber began to meditate with himselfe in these termes.

Ah, Franion, treason is loved of many, but the traitor hated of all: unjust offences may for a time escape without danger, but never without revenge. Thou art servant to a king and must obey at command; yet, Franion, against law and conscience it is not good to resist a tyrant with armes, nor to please an unjust king with obedience. What shalt thou doe? Folly refused gold, and frenzie preferment: wisdom seeketh after dignity, and counsell keepeth for gaine. Egistus is a stranger to thee, and Pandosto thy soveraigne: thou has little cause to respect the one, and oughtest to have great care to obey the other. Thinke this, Franion, that a pound of gold is worth a tunne of lead: great gifts are little Gods; and preferment to a meane man is a whetstone to courage: there is nothing sweeter then promotion, nor lighter then report. Care not then though most count thee a traitor, so all call thee rich. Dignity (Franion) advaunceth thy posteritie, and evill report can but hurt thy selfe. Know this, where eagles builde falcons may prey; where lyons haunt, foxes may steale. Kings are knowne to commaund, servants are blamelesse to consent: feare not thou then to lift at Egistus; Pan-

dosto shall beare the burthen. Yea but, Franion, conscience is a worme that ever biteth, but never ceaseth : that which is rubbed with the stone Galactites will never be hot. Flesh dipped in the sea Ægeum will never bee sweete : the hearbe Trigion beeing once bit with an aspis never groweth, and conscience, once stained with innocent blood, is alwaies tyed to a guiltie remorse. Prefer thy content before riches, and a cleare minde before dignity ; so beeing poore thou shalt have rich peace, or else rich, thou shalt enjoy disquiet.

Franion having muttered out these or such like words, seeing either he must die with a cleare minde, or live with a spotted conscience, he was so cumbred with divers cogitations that hee could take no rest, untill at last he determined to breake the matter to Egistus ; but fearing that the king should eyther suspect or heare of such matters, he concealed the device till opportunitie would permit him to reveale it. Lingring thus in doubtfull feare, in an evening he went to Egistus lodging, and desirous to breake with him of certaine affaires that touched the king, after all were commaunded out of the chamber, Franion made manifest the whole conspiracie which Pandosto had devised against him, desiring Egistus not to account him a traytor for bewraying his maisters counsaile, but to thinke that he did it for conscience : hoping that although his maister, inflamed with rage or incensed by some sinister reportes or slanderous speeches, had imagined such causelesse mischief, yet when time should pacifie his anger, and try those talebearers but flattering parasites, then he would count him as a faithfull servant that with such care had kept his maisters credite. Egistus had not fully heard Franion tell forth his tale, but a quaking feare possessed all his limmes, thinking that there was some treason wrought, and that Franion did but shaddow his craft with these false colours : wherefore he began to waxe in choller, and saide that he doubted not Pandosto, sith he was his friend, and there had never as yet beene any breach of amity. He had not sought to invade his lands, to conspire with his enemies, to dissuade his subjects from their allege-

ance; but in word and thought he rested his at all times: he knew not therefore any cause that should moove Pandosto to seeke his death, but suspected it to be a compacted knavery of the Bohemians to bring the king and him to oddes.

Franion staying him the middst of his talke, told him that to dally with princes was with the swannes to sing against their death, and that if the Bohemians had intended any such mischiefe, it might have beene better brought to passe then by revealing the conspiracie: therefore his Majestie did ill to misconstrue of his good meaning, sith his intent was to hinder treason, not to become a traytor; and to confirme his promises, if it pleased his Majestie to fly into Sicilia for the safegarde of his life, hee would goe with him, and if then he found not such a practise to be pretended, let his imagined treacherie be repayed with most monstrous torments. Egistus, hearing the solemne protestation of Franion, beganne to consider that in love and kingdomes neither faith nor lawe is to bee respected, doubting that Pandosto thought by his death to destroy his men, and with speedy warre to invade Sycilia. These and such doubtles throughly weyghed he gave great thanks to Franion, promising if hee might with life returne to Syracuse, that he would create him a duke in Sycilia, craving his counsell how hee might escape out of the countrie. Franion, who having some small skill in navigation was well acquainted with the ports and havens, and knew every daunger in the sea, joyning in counsell with the maister of Egistus navie, rigged all their ships, and setting them a flote, let them lie at anchor to be in the more readines when time and winde should serve.

Fortune, although blind, yet by chaunce favouring this just cause, sent them within six dayes a good gale of winde; which Franion seeing fit for their purpose, to put Pandosto out of suspition, the night before they should sayle he went to him, and promised that the next day he would put the device in practice, for he had got such a forcible poyson, as the very smell thereof wold procure suddain death. Pan-

dosto was joyfull to heare this good newes, and thought every houre a day till he might be glutted with bloody revenge; but his suit had but ill successe. For Egistus, fearing that delay might breede danger, and willing that the grasse should not be cut from under his feete, taking bagge and baggage, by the helpe of Franion conveyed himselfe and his men out at a posterne gate of the cittie, so secretly and speedily that without any suspition they got to the sea shoare; where with many a bitter curse taking their leave of Bohemia, they went aboard. Weighing their anchors and hoisting sayle, they passed as fast as wind and sea would permit towards Sycilia, Egistus being a joyfull man that he had safely past such treacherous perils. But as they were quietly floating on the sea, so Pandosto and his cittizens were in an uproare; for seeing that the Sycilians without taking their leave were fled away by night, the Bohemians feared some treason, and the king thought that without question his suspition was true, seeing the cup-bearer had bewrayed the sum of his secret pretence. Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion and his wife Bellaria had conspired with Egistus, and that the fervent affection shee bare him was the onely meanes of his secret departure; in so much that incensed with rage he commaundes that his wife should be carried straight to prison untill they heard further of his pleasure. The garde, unwilling to lay their hands on such a vertuous princesse and yet fearing the kings fury, went very sorrowfull to fulfill their charge. Comming to the queenes lodging they found her playing with her yong sonne Garinter, unto whom with teares doing the message, Bellaria, astonished at such a hard censure and finding her cleere conscience a sure advocate to pleade in her cause, went to the prison most willingly, where with sighes and teares shee past away the time till she might come to her triall.

But Pandosto, whose reason was suppressed with rage and whose unbridled follie was incensed with fury, seeing Franion had bewrayed his secrets, and that Egistus might well be rayled on, but not revenged, determined to wreake

all his wrath on poore Bellaria. He therefore caused a generall proclamation to be made through all his realme that the Queene and Egistus had, by the helpe of Franion, not onely committed most incestuous adultery, but also had conspired the kings death; whereupon the traitor Franion was fled away with Egistus, and Bellaria was most justly imprisoned. This proclamation being once blazed through the country, although the vertuous disposition of the queene did halfe discredit the contents, yet the suddaine and speedy passage of Egistus, and the secret departure of Franion, induced them (the circumstances throughly considered) to thinke that both the proclamation was true, and the king greatly injured: yet they pittied her case, as sorrowful that so good a lady should be crossed with such adverse fortune. But the king, whose restlesse rage would remit no pittie, thought that although he might sufficiently requite his wives falshood with the bitter plague of pinching penury, yet his minde should never be gluttet with revenge till he might have fit time and opportunity to repay the trechery of Egistus with a totall injury. But a curst cow hath oftentimes short hornes, and a willing minde but a weake arme; for Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spurre to warre, and that envy alwaies proffereth steele, yet he saw that Egistus was not onely of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but had also many kings of his alliance to ayde him, if neede should serve, for he married the Emperours daughter of Russia. These and the like considerations something daunted Pandosto his courage, so that he was content rather to put up a manifest injurie with peace, then hunt after revenge, dishonor and losse; determining, since Egistus had escaped scot-free, that Bellaria should pay for all at an unreasonable price.

Remayning thus resolute in his determination, Bellaria continuing still in prison and hearing the contents of the proclamation, knowing that her minde was never touched with such affection, nor that Egistus had ever offered her such discourtesie, would gladly have come to her answer, that both

shee might have knowne her just accusers, and cleared her selfe of that guiltlesse crime.

But Pandosto was so inflamed with rage and infected with jelousie, as he would not vouchsafe to heare her, nor admit any just excuse; so that shee was faine to make a vertue of her neede and with patience to beare those heavie injuries. As thus shee lay crossed with calamities (a great cause to increase her griefe) she founde her selfe quicke with childe, which as soone as she felt stirre in her body she burst forth into bitter teares, exclayming against fortune in these termes.

Alas, Bellaria, how infortunate art thou, because fortunate! Better thou hadst beene borne a beggar then a prince, so shouldst thou have bridled fortune with want, where now shee sporteth her selfe with thy plentie. Ah happy life, where poore thoughts and meane desires live in secure content, not fearing fortune because too low for fortune. Thou seest now, Bellaria, that care is a companion to honor, not to povertie; that high cedars are crushed with tempests, when low shrubs are not touched with the winde; pretious diamonds are cut with the file, when despised pibbles lye safe in the sand. Delphos is sought to by princes, not beggers, and Fortunes altars smoke with kings presents, not with poore mens gifts. Happie are such, Bellaria, that curse fortune for contempt, not feare, and may wish they were, not sorrow they have beene. Thou art a princesse, Bellaria, and yet a prisoner; borne to the one by descent, assigned to the other by dispite; accused without cause, and therefore oughtest to dye without care, for patience is a shield against fortune, and a guiltlesse minde yeeldeth not to sorrow. Ah, but infamy galleth unto death, and liveth after death: report is plumed with Times feathers, and envie oftentimes soundeth Fames trumpet: the suspected adultery shall fly in the ayre, and thy knowne vertues shall lye hid in the earth; one moale staineth the whole face, and what is once spotted with infamy can hardly be worne out with time. Die then, Bellaria, Bellaria die; for if the Gods should say thou art guiltlesse, yet envie

would heare the Gods, but never beleewe the Gods. Ah, haplesse wretch, cease these tearmes: desperate thoughts are fit for them that feare shame, not for such as hope for credite. Pandosto hath darkened thy fame, but shall never discredite thy vertues. Suspition may enter a false action, but prooffe shall never put in his plea: care not then for envie, sith report hath a blister on her tongue, and let sorrow baite them which offend, not touch thee that art faultlesse. But alas, poor soule, how canst thou but sorrow? Thou art with childe, and by him that in steed of kinde pittie pincheth thee in cold prison.

And with that, such gasping sighes so stopping her breath that shee could not utter more words, but wringing her hands, and gushing forth streames of teares, shee passed away the time with bitter complaints. The jaylor, pitying those her heavie passions, thinking that if the king knew she were with childe he would somewhat appease his fury and release her from prison, went in al hast and certified Pandosto what the effect of Bellarias complaint was; who no sooner heard the jaylor say she was with childe, but as one possessed with a phrenzie he rose up in a rage, swearing that shee and the basterd brat she was [big] withall should die if the Gods themselves said no; thinking that surely by computation of time that Egistus and not he was the father to the childe. This suspitious thought galled a fresh this halfe healed sore, in so much as he could take no rest untill he might mittigate his choller with a just revenge, which happened presently after. For Bellaria was brought to bed of a faire and beautifull daughter, which no sooner Pandosto hearde, but he determined that both Bellaria and the young infant should be burnt with fire. His nobles hearing of the kings cruell sentence sought by perswasions to divert him from his bloodie determination, laying before his face the innocencie of the childe, and vertuous disposition of his wife, how she had continually loved and honoured him so tenderly that without due prooffe he could not, nor ought not

to appeach her of that crime. And if she had faulted, yet it were more honourable to pardon with mercy then to punish with extremity, and more kingly to be commended of pittie than accused of rigour: and as for the childe, if he should punish it for the mothers offence, it were to strive against nature and justice; and that unnatural actions doe more offend the gods then men; how causelesse cruelty, nor innocent blood never scapes without revenge. These and such like reasons could not appease his rage, but he rested resolute in this, that Bellaria being an adultresse the childe was a bastard, and he would not suffer that such an infamous brat should call him father. Yet at last (seeing his noble men were importunate upon him) he was content to spare the childes life, and yet to put it to a worse death. For he found out this devise, that seeing (as he thought) it came by fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of fortune, and therefore caused a little cock-boat to be provided, wherein he meant to put the babe, and then send it to the mercies of the seas and the destenies. From this his peeres in no wise could perswade him, but that he sent presently two of his guard to fetch the childe: who being come to the prison, and with weeping teares recounting their maisters message, Bellaria no sooner heard the rigorous resolution of her mercilesse husband, but she fell downe in a swoond, so that all thought she had bin dead: yet at last being come to her selfe, shee cryed and screeched out in this wise.

Alas, sweete infortunate babe, scarce borne, before envied by fortune! would the day of thy birth had beene the terme of thy life; then shouldest thou have made an ende to care and prevented thy fathers rigour. Thy faults cannot yet deserve such hatefull revenge; thy dayes are too short for so sharpe a doome, but thy untimely death must pay thy mothers debts, and her guiltlesse crime must bee thy gastly curse. And shalt thou, sweete babe, be committed to fortune, when thou art already spited by fortune? Shall the seas be thy harbour and the hard boate thy cradle? Shall thy tender mouth,

in steede of sweete kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes! Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy lullabie, and the salt sea fome in steede of sweete milke? Alas, what destinies would assigne such hard hap? What father would be so cruell, or what gods will not revenge such rigor? Let me kisse thy lippes (sweete infant) and wet thy tender cheekes with my teares, and put this chayne about thy little necke, that if fortune save thee, it may helpe to succour thee. This, since thou must goe to surge in the gastfull seas, with a sorrowfull kisse I bid thee farewell, and I pray the gods thou maist fare well.

Such, and so great was her griefe, that her vitall spirits being suppressed with sorrow, she fell againe downe into a trance, having her sences so sotted with care that after shee was revived yet shee lost her memorie, and lay for a great time without moving, as one in a trance. The guard left her in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the king, who quite devoide of pity commanded that without delay it should bee put in the boat, having neither saile nor other to guid it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint. The very ship-men, seeing the sweete countenance of the yong babe, began to accuse the king of rigor, and to pity the childs hard fortune; but feare constrayned them to that which their nature did abhorre, so that they placed it in one of the ends of the boat, and with a few greene bows made a homely cabben to shrowd it as they could from wind and weather. Having thus trimmed the boat they tied it to a ship and so haled it into the mayne sea, and then cut in sunder the coarde; which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty tempest, which tossed the little boate so vehemently in the waves that the shipmen thought it could not continue long without sincking; yea, the storme grewe so great, that with much labour and perill they got to the shoare.

But leaving the childe to her fortunes, againe to Pandosto, who not yet glutted with sufficient revenge devised which way

he should best increase his wives calamitie. But first assembling his nobles and counsellors, hee called her for the more reproch into open court, where it was objected against her that she had committed adulterie with Egistus, and conspired with Franion to poyson Pandosto her husband, but their pretence being partely spyed, she counselled them to flie away by night for their better safety. Bellaria, who standing like a prisoner at the barre, feeling in her selfe a cleare conscience to withstand her false accusers, seeing that no lesse than death could pacifie her husbands wrath, waxed bolde and desired that she might have lawe and justice, for mercy shee neyther craved nor hoped for; and that those perjured wretches which had falsely accused her to the king might be brought before her face to give in evidence. But Pandosto, whose rage and jealousie was such as no reason nor equitie could appease, tolde her, that for her accusers they were of such credite as their wordes were sufficient witnesse, and that the sodaine and secret flight of Egistus and Franion confirmed that which they had confessed; and as for her, it was her parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault: but her stale countenance should stand for no coyne, for as the bastard which she bare was served, so she should with some cruell death be requited. Bellaria, no whit dismayed with this rough reply, tolde her husband Pandosto that he spake upon choller and not conscience, for her vertuous life had beene ever such as no spot of suspicion could ever staine. And if she had borne a frendly countenance to Egistus, it was in respect he was his friende, and not for any lusting affection; therefore, if she were condemned without any further prooffe it was rigour and not law.

The noble men which sate in judgement said that Bellaria spake reason, and intreated the king that the accusers might be openly examined and sworne, and if then the evidence were such as the jury might finde her guilty, (for seeing

she was a prince she ought to be tryed by her peeres) then let her have such punishment as the extremitie of the law will assigne to such malefactors. The king presently made answere that in this case he might and would dispence with the law, and that the jury being once panneld they should take his word for sufficient evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. The noble men seeing the king in choler were all whist; but Bellaria, whose life then hung in the ballaunce, fearing more perpetuall infamie then momentarie death, tolde the king if his furie might stand for a law that it were vaine to have the jury yeeld their verdict; and therefore she fell downe upon her knees, and desired the king that for the love he bare to his young sonne Garinter, whome she brought into the world, that hee woulde graunt her a request; which was this, that it would please his majestie to send sixe of his noble men whome he best trusted to the Isle of Delphos, there to enquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she had committed adultery with Egistus, or conspired to poyson him with Fracion? and if the god Apollo, who by his devine essence knew all secrets, gave answere that she was guiltie, she were content to suffer any torment were it never so terrible. The request was so reasonable that Pandosto could not for shame deny it, unlesse he would bee counted of all his subjects more wilfull than wise: he therefore agreed that with as much speede as might be there should be certaine Embassadors dispatched to the Ile of Delphos, and in the meane season he commanded that his wife should be kept in close prison.

Bellaria having obtained this graunt was now more carefull for her little babe that floated on the seas then sorrowful for her owne mishap, for of that she doubted: of her selfe shee was assured, knowing if Apollo should give oracle according to the thoughts of the hart, yet the sentence should goe on her side, such was the clearenes of her minde in this case. But Pandosto (whose suspitious head still remained in one song) chose out six of his nobility whom hee knew were scarce

indifferent men in the queenes behalfe, and providing all things fit for their journey sent them to Delphos: they willing to fulfill the kinges commaund, and desirous to see the situation and custome of the iland, dispatched their affaires with as much speede as might be, and embarked themselves to this voyage, which (the wind and weather serving fit for their purpose) was soone ended. For within three weekes they arrived at Delphos, where they were no sooner set on lande but with great devotion they went to the temple of Apollo, and there offering sacrifice to the God and giftes to the priest, as the custome was, they humbly craved an aunswere of their demaund. They had not long kneeled at the altar, but Apollo with a loude voice saide: Bohemians, what you finde behinde the altar take and depart. They forthwith obeying the oracle founde a scroule of parchement, wherein was written these words in letters of golde,—

THE ORACLE.

SUSPITION IS NO PROOFE: JEALOUSIE IS AN UNEQUALL JUDGE: BELLARIA IS CHAST; EGISTUS BLAMELESSE: FRANION A TRUE SUBJECT; PANDOSTO TREACHEROUS: HIS BABE INNOCENT, AND THE KING SHALL LIVE WITHOUT AN HEIRE, IF THAT WHICH IS LOST BE NOT FOUNDE.

As soone as they had taken out this scroule the priest of the God commaunded them that they should not presume to read it before they came in the presence of Pandosto, unlesse they would incurre the displeasure of Apollo. The Bohemian lords carefully obeying his commaund, taking their leave of the priest with great reverence, departed out of the temple, and went to their ships, and as soon as wind would permit them sailed toward Bohemia, whither in short time they safely arrived; and with great tryumph issuing out of their ships went to the kinges pallace, whom they found in his chamber accompanied with other noble men. Pandosto no sooner saw them but with a merrie countenance he welcomed them home, asking what newes? they told his ma-

jestie that they had received an aunswere of the God written in a scroule, but with this charge, that they should not reade the contents before they came in the presence of the king, and with that they delivered him the parchment: but his noble men entreated him that, sith therein was containned either the safetie of his wives life and honesty or her death and perpetuall infamy, that he would have his nobles and commons assembled in the judgment hall, where the queene, brought in as prysoner, should heare the contents. If shee were found guilty by the oracle of the God, then all should have cause to thinke his rigour proceeded of due desert: if her grace were found faultlesse, then shee should bee cleared before all, sith she had been accused openly. This pleased the king so, that he appointed the day, and assembled al his lords and commons, and caused the queene to be brought in before the judgements seate, commaunding that the inditement shoulde bee read wherein she was accused of adultery with Egistus and of conspiracy with Franion. Bellaria hearing the contentes was no whit astonished, but made this chearefull aunswer:—

If the devine powers bee privy to humane actions (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience shall make fortune blushe, and my unspotted life shall staine spightful discredit. For although lying report hath sought to appeach mine honor, and suspition hath intended to soyle my credit with infamie, yet where vertue keepeth the forte, report and suspition may assayle, but never sack: how I have led my life before Egistus comming, I appeale, Pandosto, to the gods and to thy conscience. What hath passed betwixt him and me, the gods onely know, and I hope will presently reveale: that I loved Egistus I can not denie; that I honored him I shame not to confesse: to the one I was forced by his vertues, to the other for his dignities. But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egistus is honest, and hope my selfe to be found without spot: for Franion, I can neither accuse him nor excuse him, for I was

not privie to his departure; and that this is true which I have heere rehearsed I referre myself to the devine oracle.

Bellaria had no sooner sayd but the king commaunded that one of his dukes should reade the contentes of the scroule, which after the commons had heard they gave a great showt rejoysing and clapping their hands that the queene was cleare of that false accusation. But the king, whose conscience was a witnesse against him of his witlesse furie and false suspected jealousie, was so ashamed of his rashe folly that he entreated his nobles to perswade Bellaria to forgive and forget these injuries; promising not onely to shew himselfe a loyall and loving husband, but also to reconcile himselfe to Egistus and Franion; revealing then before them all the cause of their secrete flighte, and how treacherously hee thought to have practised his death, if the good minde of his cupbearer had not prevented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was worde brought him that his young sonne Garinter was sodainly dead, which newes so soone as Bellaria heard, surcharged before with extreame joy and now suppressed with heavie sorrowe, her vitall spirites were so stopped that she fell downe presently dead, and could never be revived. This sodaine sight so appalled the kinges sences, that he sanck from his seate in a sound, so as he was fayne to be carried by his nobles to his pallace, where hee lay by the space of three dayes without speache. His commons were, as men in dispaire, diversly distressed: there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout al Bohemia: their young prince dead, their vertuous queene bereaved of her life, and their king and soveraigne in great hazard. This tragicall discourse of fortune so daunted them, as they went like shadowes, not men; yet somewhat to comfort their heavie hearts, they heard that Pandosto was come to himselfe, and had recovered his speache, who as in a fury brayed out these bitter speeches:

O miserable Pandosto! what surer witnesse then conscience?

what thoughts more sower then suspition? what plague more bad then jealousy? unnaturall actions offend the gods more than men, and causelesse crueltie never scapes without revenge. I have committed such a bloody fact, as repent I may, but recall I cannot. Ah, jealousy! a hell to the minde, and a horror to the conscience, suppressing reason, and inciting rage; a worse passion than phrensie, a greater plague than madnesse. Are the gods just? then let them revenge such brutishe crueltie. My innocent babe I have drowned in the seas; my loving wife I have slaine with slaunderous suspition; my trusty friend I have sought to betray, and yet the gods are slack to plague such offences. Ah, unjust Apollo! Pandosto is the man that hath committed the faulte, why should Garinter, seely childe, abide the paine? Well, sith the gods meane to prolong my dayes to increase my dolour, I will offer my guiltie bloud a sacrifice to those sackles soules whose lives are lost by my rigorous folly.

And with that he reached at a rapier to have murdered himselfe, but his peeres being present stayed him from such a bloody acte, perswading him to think that the commonwealth consisted on his safetie, and that those sheepe could not but perish that wanted a shepheard; wishing that if hee would not live for himselfe, yet he should have care of his subjects, and to put such fancies out of his minde, sith in sores past help salves doe not heale but hurt, and in thinges past cure, care is a corrosive. With these and such like perswasions the kinge was overcome, and began somewhat to quiet his minde; so that as soone as he could goe abroad hee caused his wife to bee embalmed, and wrapt in lead with her young sonne Garinter; erecting a rich and famous sepulchre wherein hee intombed them both, making such solemne obsequies at her funeral as al Bohemia might perceive he did greatly repent him of his forepassed folly; causing this epitaph to be ingraven on her tombe in letters of golde:—

¶ THE EPITAPH.

HERE LYES ENTOMBEDE BELLARIA FAIRE,
FALSLY ACCUSED TO BE UNCHASTE :
CLEARED BY APOLLOS SACRED DOOME,
YET SLAINE BY JEALOUSIE AT LAST.

WHAT ERE THOU BE THAT PASSEST BY,
CURSSE HIM THAT CAUSDE THIS QUEENE TO DIE.

This epitaph being ingraven, Pandosto would once a day repaire to the tombe, and there with watry plaintes bewaile his misfortune, coveting no other companion but sorrowe, nor no other harmonie but repentance. But leaving him to his dolorous passions, at last let us come to shewe the tragicall discourse of the young infant.

Who beeing tossed with winde and wave floated two whole daies without succour, readie at every puffle to bee drowned in the sea, till at last the tempest ceassed and the little boate was driven with the tyde into the coast of Sycilia, where sticking upon the sandes it rested. Fortune minding to be wanton, willing to shewe that as she hath wrinckles on her browes so shee hath dimples in her cheekes, thought after so many sower lookes to lend a fayned smile, and after a puffing storme to bring a pretty calme, shee began thus to dally. It fortun'd a poore mercenary sheepheard that dwelled in Sycilia, who got his living by other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the wolves or eagles had undone him (for he was so poore as a sheepe was halfe his substaunce), wandered downe toward the sea cliffes to see if perchaunce the sheepe was browsing on the sea ivy, whereon they greatly doe feede ; but not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his flocke hee heard a child crie, but knowing there was no house nere, he thought he had mistaken the sound and that it was the bleatyng of his sheepe. Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he cast his eye to the sea he spyed a little boate, from whence, as he

attentively listened, he might heare the cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shoare, and wading to the boate, as he looked in he saw the little babe lying al alone ready to die for hunger and colde, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet richely imbroidered with golde, and having a chayne about the necke.

The sheepeheard, who before had never seene so faire a babe nor so riche jewels, thought assuredly that it was some little god, and began with great devocion to knock on his breast. The babe, who wrythed with the head to seeke for the pap, began againe to cry a fresh, whereby the poore man knew that it was a childe, which by some sinister meanes was driven thither by distresse of weather; marvailing how such a seely infant, which by the mantle and the chayne could not be but borne of noble parentage, should be so hardly crossed with deadly mishap. The poore sheepeheard, perplexed thus with divers thoughts, tooke pittie of the childe, and determined with himselfe to carry it to the king, that there it might be brought up according to the worthinesse of birth, for his ability could not afforde to foster it, though his good minde was willing to further it. Taking therefore the chylde in his armes, as he foulded the mantle together the better to defende it from colde there fell downe at his foote a very faire and riche purse, wherein he founde a great summe of golde; which sight so revived the shepheard's spirits, as he was greatly ravished with joy and daunted with feare; joyful to see such a summe in his power, and feareful if it should be knowne that it might breede his further daunger. Necessitie wisht him at the least to retaine the golde, though he would not keepe the childe: the simplicity of his conscience scared him from such deceitfull briberie. Thus was the poore manne perplexed with a doubtfull dilemma untill at last the covetousnesse of the coyne overcame him; for what will not the greedy desire of golde cause a man to doe? so that he was resolved in himselfe to foster the childe, and with the summe to relieve his want. Resting thus resolute in this

point he left seeking of his sheepe, and as covertly and secretly as he coulde, went by a by way to his house, least any of his neighbours should perceave his carriage. As soone as he was got home, entring in at the doore, the childe began to crie, which his wife hearing, and seeing her husband with a yong babe in his armes, began to bee somewhat jealousse, yet marveiling that her husband should be so wanton abroad sith he was so quiet at home: but as women are naturally given to beleeeve the worste, so his wife, thinking it was some bastard, beganne to crow against her goodman, and taking up a cudgel (for the most maister went breechles) sware solemnly that she would make clubs trumps if hee brought any bastard brat within her dores. The goodman, seeing his wife in her majestie with her mace in her hand, thought it was time to bowe for feare of blowes, and desired her to be quiet, for there was non such matter; but if she could holde her peace they were made for ever: and with that he told her the whole matter, how he had found the child in a little boat, without any succour, wrapped in that costly mantle, and having that rich chaine about the neck. But at last, when he shewed her the purse full of gold, she began to simper something sweetely, and, taking her husband about the neck kissed him after her homely fashion, saying that she hoped God had seene their want and now ment to relieeve their poverty, and seeing they could get no children, had sent them this little babe to be their heire. Take heed in any case, (quoth the shepherd) that you be secret, and blabbe it not out when you meete with your gossippes, for if you doe, we are like not only to loose the golde and jewels, but our other goodes and lives. Tush (quoth his wife), profit is a good hatch before the doore: feare not, I have other thinges to talke of than this; but I pray you let us lay up the money surely, and the jewels, least by any mishap it be spied.

After that they had set all things in order the shepheard went to his sheepe with a merry note, and the good wife learned to sing lullaby at home with her yong babe, wrap-

ping it in a homely blanket in sted of a rich mantle; nourishing it so clenly and carefully as it began to bee a jolly girle, in so much that they began both of them to be very fond of it, seeing as it waxed in age so it increased in beauty. The shepheard every night at his comming home would sing and daunce it on his knee and prattle, that in a short time it began to speake, and call him Dad, and her Mam: at last when it grew to ripe yeeres that it was about seven yeares olde, the shepheard left keeping of other mens sheepe, and with the money he found in the purse he bought him the lease of a pretty farme, and got a smal flocke of sheepe, which when Fawnia (for so they named the child) came to the age of ten yeres hee set her to keepe, and shee with such diligence performed her charge as the sheepe prospered marveilously under her hand. Fawnia thought Porrus had ben her father, and Mopsa her mother, (for so was the shepheard and his wife called) honoured and obeyed them with such reverence that all the neighbours praised the duetifull obedience of the child. Porrus grewe in a short time to bee a man of some wealth and credite, for fortune so favoured him in having no charge but Fawnia, that he began to purchase land, intending after his death to give it to his daughter, so that divers rich farmers sonnes came as wooers to his house. For Fawnia was something clenly attired, being of such singular beautie and excellent witte, that whoso saw her would have thought shee had bene some heavenly nymph and not a mortal creature, in so much that when she came to the age of sixteene yeeres shee so increased with exquisite perfection both of body and minde, as her natural disposition did bewray that she was borne of some high parentage; but the people thinking she was daughter to the shephard Porrus rested only amazed at her beauty and wit; yea, she won such favour and commendations in every mans eye, as her beautie was not onely prayed in the countrey, but also spoken of in the court; yet such was her submissee modestie, that although her praise daily increased, her minde was no whit puffed up with pride, but humbled her selfe as became

a country mayde and the daughter of a poore shepheard. Every day she went forth with her sheepe to the field, keeping them with such care and diligence as al men thought she was verie painfull, defending her face from the heat of the sunne with no other vale but with a garland made of bowes and flowers, which attire became her so gallantly as shee seemed to bee the goddesse Flora her selfe for beauty.

Fortune, who al this while had shewed a frendly face, began now to turne her back and to shew a lowring countenance, intending as she had given Fawnia a slender checke, so she would give her a harder mate; to bring which to passe, she layd her traine on this wise. Egistus had but one only son, called Dorastus, about the age of twenty yeeres; a prince so decked and adorned with the gifts of nature, so fraught with beauty and vertuous qualities, as not onely his father joyed to have so good a sonne, and al his commons rejoyced that God had lent them such a noble prince to succeede in the kingdom. Egistus placing al his joy in the perfection of his sonne, seeing that hee was now marriageable, sent ambassadors to the king of Denmarke to intreate a mariage betweene him and his daughter, who willingly consenting made answer that the next spring, if it please Egistus with his sonne to come into Denmarke, hee doubted not but they should agree upon reasonable conditions. Egistus resting satisfied with this friendly answer thought convenient in the meane time to breake with his sonne: finding therefore on a day fit opportunity, he spake to him in these fatherly tearmes:—

Dorastus, thy youth warneth me to prevent the worst, and mine age to provide the best. Oportunities neglected are signes of folly: actions measured by time are seldome bitten with repentance. Thou art young, and I olde; age hath taught me that which thy youth cannot yet conceive. I therefore will counsell thee as a father, hoping thou wilt obey as a childe. Thou seest my white hayres are blossomes for the grave, and thy freshe colour fruite for time and fortune, so that it behooveth me to thinke how to dye, and for thee to

care how to live. My crowne I must leave by death, and thou enjoy my kingdome by succession, wherein I hope thy vertue and prowesse shall bee such, as though my subjectes want my person, yet they shall see in thee my perfection. That nothing either may faile to satisfie thy minde, or increase thy dignities, the onely care I have is to see thee well married before I die and thou become olde.

Dorastus, who from his infancy delighted rather to die with Mars in the felde then to dally with Venus in the chamber, fearing to displease his father, and yet not willing to be wed, made him this reuerent answer.

Sir, there is no greater bond then duetie, nor no straiter law then nature: disobedience in youth is often galled with despight in age. The commaund of the father ought to be a constraint to the childe: so parentes willes are laws, so they passe not all laws. May it please your Grace therefore to appoint whome I shall love, rather then by deniall I should be appeached of disobedience. I rest content to love, though it bee the only thing I hate.

Egistus hearing his sonne to flie so farre from the marke began to be somewhat chollericke, and therefore made him this hastie aunswere.

What, Dorastus, canst thou not love? Commeth this cynicall passion of prone desires or peevish frowardnesse? What durst thou thinke thy selfe to good for all, or none good inough for thee? I tel thee, Dorastus, there is nothing sweeter then youth, nor swifter decreasing while it is increasing. Time past with folly may bee repented, but not recalled. If thou marrie in age, thy wives freshe coulours will breed in thee dead thoughtes and suspition, and thy white hayres her lothesomenesse and sorrowe; for Venus affections are not fed with kingdomes, or treasures, but with youthfull conceits and sweet amours. Vulcan was allotted to shake the tree, but Mars allowed to reape the fruit. Yeelde, Dorastus, to thy fathers perswasions, which may prevent thy perils. I have chosen thee a wife, faire by nature, royall by birth, by vertues famous,

learned by education and rich by possessions, so that it is hard to judge whether her bounty or fortune, her beauty or vertue bee of greater force. I mean, Dorastus, Euphrania, daughter and heire to the king of Denmarke.

Egistus pausing here a while, looking when his son should make him answere, and seeing that he stoode still as one in a trance, he shooke him up thus sharply.

Well, Dorastus, take heede; the tree Alpya wasteth not with fire, but withereth with the dewe: that which love nourisheth not, perisheth with hate. If thou like Euphrania, thou breedest my content, and in loving her thou shalt have my love; otherwise——and with that hee flung from his sonne in a rage, leaving him a sorrowfull man, in that he had by deniall displeased his father, and halfe angrie with him selfe that hee could not yeeld to that passion whereto both reason and his father perswaded him. But see how fortune is plumed with times feathers, and how shee can minister strange causes to breede straunge effectes.

It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the farmers daughters in Sycilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the mistres of the feast, who having attired her selfe in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting, there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepherds use. As the evening grew on and their sportes ceased, ech taking their leave at other, Fawnia, desiring one of her companions to beare her companie, went home by the flocke to see if they were well folded, and as they returned it fortun'd that Dorastus (who all that daye had bene hawking, and kilde store of game) incountred by the way these two mayds, and casting his eye sodenly on Fawnia he was halfe afraid, fearing that with Acteon he had seene Diana; for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be founde in any mortall creature. As thus he stoode in a maze one of his pages told him that the maide with the garland on her head was Fawnia, the faire shepherd whose beauty was so much talked of in the court. Dorastus,

desirous to see if nature had adorned her minde with any inward qualities, as she had decked her body with outward shape, began to question with her whose daughter she was, of what age, and how she had bin trained up? who answered him with such modest reverence and sharpnesse of witte, that Dorastus thought her outward beautie was but a counterfait to darken her inward qualities, wondring how so courtly behaviour could be found in so simple a cottage, and cursing fortune that had shadowed wit and beauty with such hard fortune. As thus he held her a long while with chat, beauty seeing him at discover thought not to lose the vantage, but strooke him so deeply with an invenomed shafte, as he wholly lost his libertie, and became a slave to love, which before contemned love, glad now to gaze on a poore shepheard, who before refused the offer of a riche princesse; for the perfection of Fawnia had so fired his fancie as he felt his minde greatly chaunged, and his affections altered, cursing love that had wrought such a chaunge, and blaming the basenesse of his mind that would make such a choice; but thinking that these were but passionat toies that might be thrust out at pleasure, to avoid the syren that inchaunted him he put spurs to his horse, and bad this faire shepheard farwell.

Fawnia (who all this while had marked the princely gesture of Dorastus) seeing his face so wel featured, and each lim so perfectly framed, began greatly to praise his perfection, commending him so long till she found her selfe faultie, and perceived that if she waded but a little further she might slippe over her shooes: shee therefore, seeking to quench that fier which never was put out, went home and faining her selfe not well at ease got her to bed; where casting a thousand thoughts in her head she could take no rest: for if she waked, she began to call to minde his beautie, and thinking to beguile such thoughts with sleepe, she then dreamed of his perfection. Pestered thus with these unacquainted passions, she passed the night as she could in short slumbers.

Dorastus (who all this while rode with a flea in his eare)

could not by any meanes forget the sweete favour of Fawnia, but rested so bewitched with her wit and beauty, as hee could take no rest. He felt fancy to give the assault, and his wounded mind readie to yeeld as vanquished: yet he began with divers considerations to suppress this frantick affection, calling to minde that Fawnia was a shepheard, one not worthy to be looked at of a prince, much lesse to bee loved of such a potentate; thinking what a discredite it were to himselfe, and what a grieve it would be to his father, blaming fortune and accusing his owne follie that should bee so fond as but once to cast a glaunce at such a country slut. As thus he was raging against him selfe, Love fearing if she dallied long to loose her champion, stept more nigh, and gave him such a fresh wounde as it pearst him at the heart, that he was faine to yeeld, maugre his face, and to forsake the companie and gette him to his chamber, where being solemnly set hee burst into these passionate tearmes.

Ah, Dorastus, art thou alone? No not alone, while thou art tired with these unacquainted passions. Yeld to fancy thou canst not by thy fathers counsaile, but in a frenzie thou art by just destinies. Thy father were content if thou couldest love, and thou therefore discontent because thou doest love. O, devine love! feared of men because honoured of the Gods, not to be suppressed by wisdom, because not to be comprehended by reason; without lawe, and therefore above all law. How now, Dorastus! why doest thou blaze that with praises, which thou hast cause to blaspheme with curses? yet why should they curse love that are in love? Blush, Dorastus, at thy fortune, thy choice, thy love: thy thoughts cannot be uttered without shame, nor thy affections without discredit. Ah Fawnia, sweete Fawnia, thy beauty Fawnia! Shamest not thou, Dorastus, to name one unfitte for thy birth, thy dignities, thy kingdomes? Dye, Dorastus, Dorastus die. Better hadst thou perish with high desires, then live in base thoughts. Yea, but beautie must be obeyed because it is beauty, yet framed of the Gods to feede the eye, not to fether the heart.

Ah, but he that striveth against love, shooteth with them of Scyrum against the winde, and with the cockatrice pecketh against the steele. I will therefore obey, because I must obey. Fawnia, yea Fawnia shall be my fortune in spite of fortune. The Gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Sibilla, Jupiter Io, and why not I then Fawnia? one something inferiour to these in birth, but farre superiour to them in beautie, borne to be a shepherd, but worthy to be a goddesse. Ah, Dorastus, wilt thou so forget thy selfe as to suffer affection to suppress wisdome, and love to violate thine honour? how sower will thy choice be to thy father, sorrowfull to thy subjects, to thy friends a griefe, most gladsome to thy foes! Subdue then thy affections, and cease to love her whome thou couldst not love unlesse blinded with too much love. Tushe, I talke to the wind, and in seeking to prevent the causes I further the effectes. I will yet praise Fawnia; honour, yea, and love Fawnia, and at this day followe content, not counsaile. Doo, Dorastus: thou canst but repent.

And with that his page came into the chamber, whereupon hee ceased from his complaints, hoping that time would weare out that which fortune had wrought. As thus he was pained, so poore Fawnia was diversly perplexed; for the next morning getting up very earely shee went to her sheepe, thinking with hard labours to passe away her new conceived amours, beginning very busily to drive them to the field, and then to shifte the foldes. At last, (wearied with toile) she sate her down, where (poore soule) she was more tryed with fond affections; for love beganne to assault her, in so much that as she sate upon the side of a hill she began to accuse her owne folly in these tearmes.

Infortunate Fawnia, and therefore unfortunate because Fawnia! thy shepherds hooke sheweth thy poore state, thy proud desires an aspiring mind: the one declareth thy want, the other thy pride. No bastard hauke must soare so hie as the hobbie, no fowle gaze against the sunne but the eagle: actions wrought against nature reape despight, and thoughts

above fortune disdaine. Fawnia, thou art a shepheard, daughter to poore Porrus: if thou rest content with this thou art like to stande; if thou climbe thou art sure to fal. The herb Anita growing higher then sixe ynches becommeth a weede. Nylus flowing more then twelve cubits procureth a dearth. Daring affections that passe measure are cut shorte by time or fortune: suppresseth then, Fawnia, those thoughts which thou mayest shame to expresse. But ah, Fawnia, love is a lord who will commaund by power, and constrainē by force. Dorastus, ah, Dorastus is the man I love! the woorse is thy hap, and the lesse cause hast thou to hope. Will eagles catch at flyes? will cedars stoupe to brambles, or mighty princes looke at such homely trulles? No, no; thinke this: Dorastus disdaine is greater then thy desire; hee is a prince respecting his honour, thou a beggars brat forgetting thy calling. Cease then not onely to say, but to thinke to love Dorastus, and dissemble thy love, Fawnia; for better it were to dye with griefe, then to live with shame. Yet in despight of love I will sigh, to see if I can sigh out love.

Fawnia somewhat appeasing her griefes with these pithie perswasions began, after her wonted maner, to walke about her sheepe, and to keepe them from straying into the corne, suppressing her affection with the due consideration of her base estate, and with the impossibilities of her love; thinking it were frenzy, not fancy, to covet that which the very destinies did deny her to obtaine.

But Dorastus was more impatient in his passions, for love so fiercely assayled him, that neither companie nor musicke could mitigate his martirdome, but did rather far the more increase his maladie: shame would not let him crave counsaile in this case, nor feare of his fathers displeasure reveyle it to any secrete friend; but he was faine to make a secretarie of himselfe, and to participate his thoughtes with his owne troubled mind. Lingring thus awhile in doubtfull suspense, at last stealing secretely from the court without either men or page, hee went to see if hee could espie Fawnia walking

abroade in the field ; but as one having a great deal more skill to retriue the partridge with his spaniels then to hunt after such a straunge pray, he sought, but was little the better ; which crosse lucke drave him into a great choler, that he began to accuse love and fortune. But as he was readie to retire he saw Fawnia sitting all alone under the side of a hill, making a garland of such homely flowres as the fields did afoord. This sight so revived his spirites that he drewe nigh, with more judgement to take a view of her singular perfection, which hee found to bee such as in that countrey attyre shee stained al the courtlie dames of Sicilia. While thus he stoode gazing with pearcing lookes on her surpassing beautie, Fawnia cast her eye aside and spyed Dorastus, with sudden sight made the poore girle to blush, and to die her christal cheeks with a vermilion red, which gave her such a grace as she seemed more beautiful. And with that she rose up, saluting the prince with such modest curtesies as he wondred how a country maid could afoord such courtly behaviour. Dorastus, repaying her curtesie with a smiling countenance, began to parlie with her on this manner.

Faire maide (quoth he), either your want is great, or a shepheards life very sweete, that your delight is in such country labors. I can not conceive what pleasure you should take, unlesse you meane to imitate the nymphes, being yourselfe so like a nymph. To put me out of this doubt, shew me what is to be commended in a shepherdes life, and what pleasures you have to countervaille these drudging laboures.

Fawnia with blushing face made him this ready aunswere. Sir, what richer state then content, or what sweeter life then quiet ? we shepheards are not borne to honor, nor beholding unto beautie, the lesse care we have to feare fame or fortune. We count our attire brave inough if warme inough, and our foode dainty if to suffice nature : our greatest enemie is the wolfe, our only care in safe keeping our flock : in stead of courtly ditties we spend the daies with country songs : our amorous conceites are homely thoughtes ; delighting as much to talke

of Pan and his cuntry pranks, as ladies to tell of Venus and her wanton toys. Our toyle is in shifting the fouldes and looking to the lambes, easie labours: oft singing and telling tales, homely pleasures: our greatest welth not to covet, our honor not to climbe, our quiet not to care. Envie looketh not so lowe as shepheards: shepheards gaze not so high as ambition. We are rich in that we are poore with content, and proud only in this, that we have no cause to be proud.

This wittie aunswer of Fawnia so inflamed Dorastus fancy, as he commended him selfe for making so good a choyce, thinking if her birth were aunswerable to her wit and beauty, that she were a fitte mate for the most famous prince in the worlde. He therefore beganne to sifte her more narrowly on this manner.

Fawnia, I see thou art content with country labours, because thou knowest not courtly pleasures. I commend thy wit, and pittie thy want; but wilt thou leave thy fathers cottage and serve a courtlie mistresse?

Sir (quoth she) beggers ought not to strive against fortune, nor to gaze after honour, least either their fall be greater, or they become blinde. I am borne to toile for the court, not in the court, my nature unfit for their nurture: better live, then, in meane degree, than in high disdaine.

Well saide, Fawnia (quoth Dorastus): I gesse at thy thoughtes; thou art in love with some countrey shepheard.

No, sir (quoth she): shepheards cannot love that are so simple, and maides may not love that are so young.

Nay, therefore (quoth Dorastus) maides must love because they are young; for Cupid is a child, and Venus, though olde, is painted with fresh coloures.

I graunt (quoth she) age may be painted with new shadowes, and youth may have imperfect affections; but what arte concealeth in one, ignorance revealeth in the other. Dorastus seeing Fawnia helde him so harde, thought it was vaine so long to beate about the bush; therefore he thought to have given her a fresh charge, but he was so prevented by certaine of his men, who missing their maister came poffing to seeke

him, seeing that he was gone forth all alone: yet before they drewe so nie that they might heare their talke, he used these speeches.

Why, Fawnia, perhappes I love thee, and then thou must needes yeelde, for thou knowest I can commaunde and constraine. Trueth, sir, (quoth she) but not to love; for constrained love is force, not love: and know this, sir, mine honesty is such, as I hadde rather dye then be a concubine even to a king, and my birth is so base as I am unfitte to bee a wife to a poore farmer. Why then (quoth he) thou canst not love Dorastus. Yes, saide Fawnia, when Dorastus becomes a shepherd. And with that the presence of his men broke off their parle, so that he wente with them to the palace and left Fawnia sitting still on the hill side, who, seeing that the night drewe on, shifted her fouldes, and busied her selfe about other worke to drive away such fond fancies as began to trouble her braine. But all this could not prevaile; for the beautie of Dorastus had made such a deepe impression in her heart, as it could not be worne out without cracking, so that she was forced to blame her owne folly in this wise.

Ah, Fawnia, why doest thou gaze against the sunne, or catch at the winde? starres are to be looked at with the eye, not reacht at with the hand: thoughts are to be measured by fortunes, not by desires: falles come not by sitting low, but by climbing too hie. What then, shal al feare to fal because some happe to fall? No, lucke commeth by lot, and fortune windeth those threedes which the destinies spin. Thou art favored, Fawnia, of a prince, and yet thou art so fond to reject desired favours: thou hast deniall at thy tonges end, and desire at thy hearts bottome; a womans fault to spurne at that with her foote, which she greedily catcheth at with her hand. Thou lovest Dorastus, Fawnia, and yet seemest to lower. Take heede: if hee retire thou wilt repent; for unles hee love, thou canst but dye. Dye then, Fawnia, for Dorastus doth but jest: the lyon never prayeth on the mouse, nor faulcons stoupe not to dead stales. Sit downe then in sorrow,

ceasse to love and content thy selfe that Dorastus will vouchsafe to flatter Fawnia, though not to fancy Fawnia. Heigh ho! ah, foole, it were seemelier for thee to whistle as a shepheard, then to sigh as a lover. And with that she ceased from these perplexed passions, folding her sheepe and hying home to her poore cottage.

But such was the incessant sorrow of Dorastus to thinke on the witte and beautie of Fawnia, and to see how fond hee was being a prince, and how forward she was being a beggar, that he began to loose his wonted appetite, to looke pale and wan; instead of mirth, to feede on melancholy, for courtly daunces to use cold dumpes; in so much that not onely his owne men, but his father and all the court began to marvaile at his sudden change, thinking that some lingring sickness had brought him into this state. Wherefore he caused phisitions to come, but Dorastus neither would let them minister, nor so much as suffer them to see his urine; but remained stil so oppressed with these passions, as he feared in himselfe a farther inconvenience. His honor wished him to ceasse from such folly, but love forced him to follow fancy. Yea, and in despite of honour, love wonne the conquest, so that his hot desires caused him to find new devises; for hee presently made himselfe a shepheards coate, that he might goe unknowne and with the lesse suspition to prattle with Fawnia, and conveied it secretly into a thick grove hard joyning to the pallace, whether finding fit time and oportunitie he went all alone, and putting off his princely apparel got on those shepheards robes, and taking a great hooke in his hand (which he had also gotten) he went very anciently to finde out the mistres of his affection. But as he went by the way, seeing himselfe clad in such unseemely ragges, he began to smile at his owne folly and to reprove his fondnesse in these tearmes.

Well, said Dorastus, thou keepest a right decorum; base desires and homely attires: thy thoughtes are fit for none but a shepheard, and thy apparell such as only becomes a shepheard. A strang change from a prince to a pesant! what,

is it thy wretched fortune or thy wilful folly? Is it thy cursed destinies, or thy crooked desires, that appointeth thee this penance? Ah, Dorastus, thou canst but love; and unlesse thou love, thou art like to perish for love. Yet, fond foole, choose flowers, not weedes; diamondes, not peables; ladies which may honor thee, not shepheards which may disgrace thee. Venus is painted in silkes, not in ragges; and Cupid treadeth on disdaine, when he reacheth at dignitie. And yet, Dorastus, shame not at thy shepheards weede. the heavenly godes have sometime earthly thoughtes. Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bul, Apollo a shepheard: they gods, and yet in love; and thou a man appointed to love.

Devising thus with himselfe hee drew nigh to the place where Fawnia was keeping her shepe, who casting her eye aside and seeing such a manerly shepheard, perfectly limmed and comming with so good a pace, she began halfe to forget Dorastus and to favor this prety shepheard, whom she thought shee might both love and obtaine. But as shee was in these thoughts, she perceived then that it was the yong prince Dorastus, wherefore she rose up and reverently saluted him. Dorastus taking her by the hand repaied her curtesie with a sweete kisse, and praying her to sit downe by him, he began thus to lay the batterie.

If thou marvell Fawnia at my strange attyre, thou wouldest more muse at my unaccustomed thoughtes: the one disgraceth but my outward shape, the other disturbeth my inward sences. I love, Fawnia, and therefore what love liketh I cannot mislike. Fawnia, thou hast promised to love, and I hope thou wilt performe no lesse. I have fulfilled thy request, and now thou canst but graunt my desire. Thou wert content to love Dorastus when he ceast to be a prince and to become a shepheard, and see I have made the change, and therefore not to misse of my choice.

Trueth, quoth Fawnia, but all that wear cooles are not monkes: painted eagles are pictures, not eagles. Zeusis grapes were like grapes, yet shadowes: rich clothing make not princes, nor homely attyre beggers: shepheards are not

called shepherdes because they were hookes and bagges, but that they are borne poore and live to keepe sheepe; so this attire hath not made Dorastus a shepherd, but to seeme like a shepherd.

Well, Fawnia, answered Dorastus, were I a shepherd, I could not but like thee, and being a prince I am forst to love thee. Take heed, Fawnia: be not proud of beauties painting, for it is a flower that fadeth in the blossome. Those which disdayne in youth are despised in age. Beauties shadowes are tricked up with times colours, which being set to drie in the sunne are stained with the sunne, scarce pleasing the sight ere they beginne not to be worth the sight; not much unlike the herbe Ephemeron, which flourisheth in the morning and is withered before the sunne setting. If my desire were against lawe, thou mightest justly deny me by reason; but I love thee, Fawnia, not to misuse thee as a concubine, but to use thee as my wife. I can promise no more, and meane to performe no lesse.

Fawnia hearing this solemne protestation of Dorastus could no longer withstand the assault, but yeelded up the forte in these friendly tearmes.

Ah, Dorastus, I shame to expresse that thou forcest me with thy sugred speeche to confesse: my base birth causeth the one, and thy high dignities the other. Beggars thoughts ought not to reach so far as kings, and yet my desires reach as high as princes. I dare not say, Dorastus, I love thee, because I am a shepherd; but the gods know I have honored Dorastus (pardon if I say amisse), yea, and loved Dorastus with such dutiful affection as Fawnia can performe, or Dorastus desire. I yeeld, not overcome with prayers but with love, resting Dorastus handmaid ready to obey his wil, if no prejudice at all to his honour, nor to my credit.

Dorastus hearing this freendly conclusion of Fawnia embraced her in his armes, swearing that neither distance, time, nor adverse fortune, should diminish his affection; but that in despite of the destinies he would remaine loyall unto death. Having thus plight their troath each to other, seeing

they could not have the full fruition of their love in Sycilia, for that Egistus consent would never be graunted to so meane a match, Dorastus determined, as sone as time and oportunitie would give them leave, to provide a great masse of money, and many rich and costly jewels for the easier cariage, and then to transporte themselves and their treasure into Italy, where they should leade a contented life, until such time as either he could be reconciled to his father, or els by suces-sion come to the kingdome. This devise was greatly prayed of Fawnia, for she feared if the king his father should but heare of the contract, that his furie would be such as no lesse then death would stand for payment. She therefore tould him that delay bred daunger; that many mishaps did fall out betweene the cup and the lip; and that to avoid danger, it were best with as much speed as might be to passe out of Sycilia, least fortune might prevent their pretence with some newe despight. Dorastus, whom love pricked forward with desire, promised to dispatch his affaires with as great hast as either time or oportunitie would geve him leave, and so resting upon this point, after many imbracings and sweete kisses, they departed.

Dorastus having taken his leave of his best beloved Fawnia went to the grove where hee had his rich apparel, and there uncasing himself as secretly as might be, hiding up his shepherds attire till occasion should serve againe to use it, he went to the pallace, shewing by his merrie countenance that either the state of his body was amended, or the case of his minde greatly redressed. Fawnia, poore sowle, was no lesse joyful, that being a shepherd, fortune had favoured her so as to reward her with the love of a prince, hoping in time to be advaunced from the daughter of a poore farmer to be the wife of a riche king; so that she thought every houre a yeere, till by their departure they might prevent danger, not ceasing still to goe every daye to her sheepe, not so much for the care of her flock, as for the desire she had to see her love and lord, Dorastus, who oftentimes, when oportunitie would serve, repaired thither to feede

his fancy with the sweet content of Fawnias presence. And although he never went to visit her but in his shepheards ragges, yet his ofte repaire made him not onely suspected, but knowne to divers of their neighbours; who for the good will they bare to old Porrus tould him secretly of the matter, wishing him to keepe his daughter at home, least she went so ofte to the field that shee brought him home a yong sonne, for they feared that Fawnia, being so beautifull, the yong prince would allure her to folly. Porrus was stricken into a dump at these newes, so that thanking his neighboures for their good will, he hyed him home to his wife, and calling her aside, wringing his handes and shedding forth teares, he brake the matter to her in these tearmes.

I am afraid, wife, that my daughter Fawnia hath made her selfe so fine, that she will buy repentance too deare. I heare newes, which, if they be true, some will wish they had not proved true. It is tould me by my neighbours that Dorastus, the kings sonne, begins to looke at oure daughter Fawnia; which if it be so, I will not geve her a halfepeny for her honestie at the yeeres end. I tell thee, wife, now-adaies beautie is a great stale to trap young men, and faire wordes and sweete promises are two great enemies to a maydens honestie; and thou knowest, where poore men in-treate and cannot obtaine, there princes may commaund and wil obtaine. Though kings sonnes daunce in nettes they may not be seene; but poore mens faultes are spied at a little hole. Well, it is a hard case where kinges lustes are lawes, and that they should binde poore men to that which they themselves wilfully breake.

Peace husband (quoth his wife), take heede what you say: speake no more than you should, least you heare what you would not: great streames are to be stopped by sleight, not by force, and princes to be perswaded by submission, not by rigor. Doe what you can, but no more than you may, least in saving Fawnias mayden-head you loose your owne head. Take heede, I say: it is ill jesting with edged tooles, and bad sporting with kinges. The wolfe had his skinne

puld over his eares for but looking into the lions den. Tush, wife, (quoth he) thou speakest like a foole: if the king should knowe that Dorastus had begotten our daughter with childe (as I feare it will fall out little better) the kings furie would be such as, no doubt, we should both loose our goodes and lives. Necessitie therefore hath no lawe, and I will prevent this mischiefe with a newe devise that is come into my head, which shall neither offend the king nor displease Dorastus. I meane to take the chaine and the jewels that I found with Fawnia, and carrie them to the king, letting him then to understand how she is none of my daughter, but that I founde her beaten up with the water, alone in a little boate wrapped in a riche mantle, wherein was inclosed this treasure. By this meanes I hope the king will take Fawnia into his service, and we, whatsoever chaunceth, shal be blamelesse. This device pleased the good wife very well, so that they determined, assoone as they might know the king at leisure, to make him privie to this case.

In the meane time Dorastus was not slacke in his affaires, but applyed his matters with such diligence that he provided all thinges fitte for their journey. Treasure and jewels he had gotten great store, thincking there was no better friend then money in a strange countrey: rich attire he had provided for Fawnia, and, because he could not bring the matter to passe without the helpe and advice of some one, he made an old servant of his, called Capnio, who had served him from his childhood, privie to his affaires; who seeing no perswasions could prevaile to divert him from his settled determination, gave his consent, and dealt so secretly in the cause that within short space hee had gotten a ship ready for their passage. The mariners seeing a fitt gale of winde for their purpose wished Capnio to make no delayes, least if they pretermitted this good weather they might stay long ere they had such a fayre winde. Capnio, fearing that his negligence should hinder the journey, in the night time conveyed the trunckes full of treasure into the shippe, and by secrete meanes let Fawnia understand that the next morning they

meant to depart. She upon this newes slept verie little that night, but gotte up very early, and wente to her sheepe, looking every minute when she should see Dorastus, who taried not long for feare delay might breede daunger, but came as fast as he could gallop, and without any great circumstance tooke Fawnia up behinde him and rode to the haven where the shippe lay, which was not three quarters of a mile distant from that place. He no sooner came there but the marriners were readie with their cockboate to set them aboard, where being coucht together in a cabben they past away the time in recounting their old loves till their man Capnio should come. Porrus, who had heard that this morning the king would go abroade to take the ayre, called in haste to his wife to bring him his holyday hose and his best jacket, that he might goe like an honest substantiall man to tell his tale. His wife, a good cleanly wenche, brought him all things fitte, and spungd him up very handsomlie, giving him the chaines and jewels in a little boxe, which Porrus for the more safety put in his bosom. Having thus all his trinkets in a readines, taking his staffe in his hand he bad his wife kisse him for good lucke, and so hee went towards the pallace. But as he was going, fortune (who meant to shewe him a little false play) prevented his purpose in this wise.

He met by chaunce in his way Capnio, who trudging as fast as he could with a little coffer under his arme to the ship, and spying Porrus, whome he knewe to be Fawnias father, going towardes the pallace, being a wylie fellow, began to doubt the worst, and therefore crost him by the way, and askt him whither he was going so earely this morning? Porrus (who knew by his face that he was one of the court) meaning simply, told him that the kings son Dorastus dealt hardly with him; for he had but one daughter who was a little beautifull, and that the neighbours told him the young prince had allured her to folly: he went therefore now to complaine to the king how greatly he was abused.

Capnio (who straight way smelt the whole matter) began to soth him in his talke, and said that Dorastus dealt not

like a prince to spoile any poore manes daughter in that sort : he therefore would doe the best for him he could, because he knew he was an honest man. But (quoth Capnio) you lose your labour in going to the pallace, for the king meanes this day to take the aire of the sea and to goe aboard of a shippe that lies in the haven. I am going before, you see, to provide all things in redinesse, and if you wil follow my counsaile, turne back with me to the haven, where I will set you in such a fitte place as you may speake to the king at your pleasure. Porrus giving credit to Capnios smooth tale, gave him a thousand thanks for his friendly advise, and went with him to the haven, making all the way his complaintes of Dorastus, yet concealing secretlie the chaine and the jewels. As soone as they were come to the sea side, the marriners seeing Capnio came a land with their cock-boote, who still dissembling the matter demaunded of Porrus if he would go see the ship? who, unwilling and fearing the worst because he was not well acquainted with Capnio, made his excuse that he could not brooke the sea, therefore would not trouble him.

Capnio, seeing that by faire meanes hee could not get him aboard, comaunded the mariners that by violence they should carrie him into the shippe; who like sturdy knaves hoisted the poore shepheard on their backes, and bearing him to the boate launched from the land.

Porrus seeing himselfe so cunningly betraied durst not crie out, for hee sawe it would not prevaile, but began to intreate Capnio and the marriners to be good to him, and to pittie his estate: hee was but a poore man that lived by his labour. They laughing to see the shepheard so afraide made as much haste as they could, and set him aboorde. Porrus was no sooner in the shippe but he saw Dorastus walking with Fawnia; yet he scarce knew her, for she had attired her selfe in riche apparell, which so increased her beauty that shee resembled rather an angell then a mortall creature.

Dorastus and Fawnia were halfe astonished to see the olde shepherd, marvailing greatly what wind had brought him thither, til Capnio told him al the whole discourse; how

Porrus was going to make his complaint to the king, if by policie he had not prevented him, and therefore now, sith he was aboard, for the avoiding of further danger it were best to carrie him into Italy.

Dorastus praised greatly his mans devise, and allowed of his counsaile; but Fawnia (who stil feared Porrus as her father) began to blush for shame, that by her meanes he should either incure daunger or displeasure.

The old shephard hearing this hard sentence, that he should on such a sodaine be caried from his wife, his country, and kinsfolke, into a forraine lande amongst straungers, began with bitter teares to make his complaint, and on his knees to intreate Dorastus, that pardoning his unadvised folly he would give him leave to goe home; swearing that hee would keepe all thinges as secret as they could wish. But these protestations could not prevaile, although Fawnia intreated Dorastus very earnestly; but the mariners hoisting their maine sailes waied ankers, and hailed into the deepe, where we leave them to the favour of the wind and seas, and returne to Egistus.

Who having appointed this day to hunt in one of his forests called for his sonne Dorastus to go sport himselfe, because hee saw that of late hee began to loure; but his men made answer that hee was gone abroad none knew whither, except he were gone to the grove to walke all alone, as his custome was to doe every day.

The king willing to waken him out of his dumpes sent one of his men to goe seeke him, but in vaine, for at last he returned, but finde him he could not, so that the king went himselfe to goe see the sport; where passing away the day, returning at night from hunting, hee asked for his sonne, but hee could not be heard of, which drave the king into a great choler: where upon most of his noblemen and other courtiers poasted abroad to seek him, but they could not heare of him through all Sicilia, onely they missed Capnio his man, which againe made the king suspect that hee was not gone farre.

Two or three daies being passed, and no newes heard of Dorastus, Egistus began to feare that he was deuoured with some wilde beastes, and upon that made out a greate troupe of men to go seeke him; who coasted through all the countrey, and searched in everie daungerous and secrete place, untill at last they mette with a fisherman that was mending his nettes when Dorastus and Fawnia tooke shipping; who being examined if he either knewe or heard where the kinges sonne was, without any secrecie at all revealed the whole matter, how he was sayled two dayes past, and had in his company his man Capnio, Porrus and his faire daughter Fawnia. This heaueie newes was presently caryed to the king, who, halfe dead for sorrow commaunded Porrus wife to bee sent for. She being come to the pallace, after due examination, confessed that her neighbours had oft told her that the kings sonne was too familier with Fawnia, her daughter; whereuppon, her husband, fearing the worst, about two dayes past (hearing the king should goe an hunting) rose earely in the morning and went to make his complaint; but since she neither heard of him, nor saw him. Egistus perceiving the womans unfeyned simplicity, let her depart without incurring further displeasure, conceiving such secret greefe for his sonnes recklesse follie, that he had so forgotten his honour and parentage by so base a choise to dishonor his father and discredit himselfe, that with very care and thought he fel into a quartan fever, which was so unfit for his aged yeeres and complexion, that he became so weake as the phisitions would graunt him no life.

But his sonne Dorastus little regarded either father, countrie, or kingdome in respect of his lady Fawnia; for fortune smyling on this young novice lent him so lucky a gale of winde for the space of a day and a night, that the maryners lay and slept upon the hatches; but on the next morning, about the breake of day the aire began to be overcast, the winds to rise, the seas to swel, yea, presently there arose such a fearfull tempest, as the ship was in danger to be swallowed

up with every sea, the maine mast with the violence of the wind was thrown over boord, the sayles were torne, the tacklings went in sunder, the storme raging still so furiously that poore Fawnia was almost dead for feare, but that she was greatly comforted with the presence of Dorastus. The tempest continued three dayes, at which time the mariners everie minute looked for death, and the aire was so darkned with cloudes that the maister could not tell by his compasse in what coast they were. But upon the fourth day, about ten of the clocke, the wind began to cease, the sea to wax calme, and the sky to be cleare, and the mariners descryed the coast of Bohemia, shooting of their ordance for joy that they had escaped such a fearefull tempest.

Dorastus hearing that they were arrived at some harbour sweetly kissed Fawnia, and bad her be of good cheare: when they tolde him that the port belonged unto the cheife cittie of Bohemia, where Pandosto kept his court, Dorastus began to be sad, knowing that his father hated no man so much as Pandosto, and that the king himself had sought secretly to betray Egistus: this considered, he was halfe afraide to goe on land, but that Capnio counselled him to chaunge his name and his countrey, until such time as they could get some other barke to transport them into Italy. Dorastus liking this devise made his case privy to the marriners, rewarding them bountifully for their paines, and charging them to saye that he was a gentleman of Trapolonia called Meleagrus. The shipmen, willing to shew what friendship they could to Dorastus, promised to be as secret as they could, or hee might wish; and uppon this they landed in a little village a mile distant from the citie, where after they had rested a day, thinking to make provision for their mariage, the fame of Fawnias beauty was spread throughout all the citie, so that it came to the eares of Pandosto; who then being about the age of fifty had notwithstanding yong and freshe affections, so that he desired greatly to see Fawnia; and to bring this matter the better to passe, hearing they had but one man,

and how they rested at a very homely house, he caused them to be apprehended as spies, and sent a dozen of his garde to take them: who being come to their lodging tolde them the kings message. Dorastus no whit dismayed, accompanied with Fawnia and Capnio, went to the court (for they left Porrus to keepe the stuffe) who being admitted to the kings presence, Dorastus and Fawnia with humble obeysance saluted his majestie.

Pandosto amazed at the singular perfection of Fawnia stood halfe astonished, viewing her beauty, so that he had almost forgot himselfe what hee had to doe: at last with stearne countenance he demaunded their names, and of what countrey they were, and what caused them to land in Bohemia? Sir (quoth Dorastus) know that my name Meleagrus is, a knight borne and brought up in Trapolonia, and this gentlewoman, whom I meane to take to my wife, is an Italian, borne in Padua, from whence I have now brought her. The cause I have so small a trayne with me is for that her friends unwilling to consent, I intended secretly to convey her into Trapolonia; whither as I was sailing, by distresse of weather I was driven into these coasts: thus have you heard my name, my country, and the cause of my voiage. Pandosto, starting from his seat as one in choller, made this rough reply.

Meleagrus, I feare this smooth tale hath but small trueth, and that thou coverest a foule skin with faire paintings. No doubt this ladie by her grace and beauty is of her degree more meete for a mighty prince, then for a simple knight, and thou like a perjured traitour hath bereft her of her parents, to their present griefe and her insuing sorrow. Till therefore I heare more of her parentage and of thy calling I will stay you both here in Bohemia.

Dorastus, in whome rested nothing but kingly valor, was not able to suffer the reproches of Pandosto, but that he made him this answer.

It is not meete for a king without due prooffe to appeach any man of ill behaviour, nor upon suspition to inferre beleefe:

straungers ought to bee entertained with courtesie not to bee intreated with crueltie, least being forced by want to put up injuries, the gods revenge their cause with rigor.

Pandosto hearing Dorastus utter these wordes commaunded that he should straight be committed to prison untill such time as they heard further of his pleasure; but as for Fawnia, he charged that she should be entertained in the court with such curtesie as belonged to a straunger and her calling. The rest of the shipmen he put into the dungeon.

Having thus hardly handled the supposed Trapolonians, Pandosto, contrarie to his aged yeares, began to be somewhat tickled with the beauty of Fawnia, in so much that hee could take no rest, but cast in his old head a thousand new devises: at last he fell into these thoughtes.

How art thou pestred, Pandosto, with fresh affections, and unfitte fancies, wishing to possesse with an unwilling mynde, and a hot desire troubled with a could disdaine! shall thy mynde yeeld in age to that thou hast resisted in youth? Peace, Pandosto: blabbe not out that which thou maiest be ashamed to reveale to thy self. Ah, Fawnia is beautifull, and it is not for thine honour (fond foole) to name her that is thy captive, and an other man's concubine. Alas, I reach at that with my hand which my hart would faine refuse; playing like the bird Ibys in Egypt, which hateth serpents yet feedeth on their egges. Tush, hot desires turne oftentimes to colde disdaine: love is brittle, where appetite, not reason, beares the sway: kinges thoughtes ought not to climbe so high as the heavens, but to looke no lower then honour: better it is to pecke at the starres with the young eagles, then to pray on dead carkasses with the vulture: tis more honourable for Pandosto to dye by concealing love, than to enjoy such unfitte love. Dooth Pandosto then love? Yea: whome? A maide unknowne, yea, and perhapps immodest, stragled out of her owne countrie; beautifull, but not therefore chaste; comely in bodie, but perhappes crooked in minde. Cease then, Pandosto, to looke at Fawnia, much lesse to love

her: be not overtaken with a womans beauty, whose eyes are framed by arte to inamour, whose heart is framed by nature to inchaunt, whose false teares knowe their true times, and whose sweete wordes pearce deeper then sharpe swordes.

Here Pandosto ceased from his talke, but not from his love: although he sought by reason and wisdom to suppress this franticke affection, yet he could take no rest, the beauty of Fawnia had made such a deepe impression in his heart. But on a day, walking abroad into a parke which was hard adjoining to his house, he sent by one of his servants for Fawnia, unto whome he uttered these wordes.

Fawnia, I commend thy beauty and wit, and now pittie thy distresse and want; but if thou wilt forsake Sir Meleagrus, whose poverty, though a knight, is not able to maintaine an estate aunswerable to thy beauty, and yeld thy consent to Pandosto, I wil both increase thee with dignities and riches. No, sir, answered Fawnia; Meleagrus is a knight that hath wonne me by love, and none but he shal weare me: his sinister mischance shall not diminish my affection, but rather increase my good will: thinke not, though your grace hath imprisoned him without cause, that feare shall make mee yeeld my consent: I had rather be Meleagrus wife and a begger, then live in plenty and be Pandostos concubine. Pandosto hearing the assured aunswere of Fawnia would, notwithstanding, prosecute his suite to the uttermost, seeking with faire words and great promises to scale the fort of her chastitie, swearing that if she would graunt to his desire Meleagrus should not only be set at libertie, but honoured in his courte amongst his nobles. But these alluring baytes could not entise her minde from the love of her newe betrothed mate Meleagrus; which Pandosto seeing he left her alone for that time to consider more of the demaund. Fawnia being alone by her selfe began to enter into these solitarie meditations.

Ah, infortunate Fawnia! thou seest to desire above fortune

is to strive against the gods, and fortune. Who gazeth at the sunne weakeneth his sight: they which stare at the skie fall ofte into deepe pits: haddest thou rested content to have bene a shepheard, thou needest not to have feared mischaunce: better had it bene for thee by sitting lowe to have had quiet, then by climbing high to have fallen into miserie. But alas, I feare not mine owne daunger, but Dorastus displeasure. Ah sweete Dorastus, thou art a prince, but now a prisoner, by too much love procuring thine owne losse: haddest thou not loved Fawnia thou haddest bene fortunate: shall I then be false to him that hath forsaken kingdomes for my cause? no: would my death might deliver him, so mine honour might be preserved! With that, fetching a deepe sigh, she ceased from her complaints, and went againe to the pallace, injoying a libertie without content, and profered pleasure with smal joy. But poore Dorastus lay all this while in close prison, being pinched with a hard restraint, and pained with the burden of colde and heavie irons, sorrowing sometimes that his fond affection had procured him this mishappe, that by the disobedience of his parentes he had wrought his owne despiht: an other while cursing the gods and fortune, that they should crosse him with such sinister chaunce, uttering at last his passions in these words.

Ah, unfortunate wretch! borne to mishappe, now thy folly hath his desert: art thou not worthie for thy base minde to have bad fortune? could the destinies favour thee, which hast forgot thine honor and dignities? wil not the gods plague him in despiht that payneth his father with disobedience? Oh, gods! if any favour or justice be left, plague me, but favour poore Fawnia, and shrowd her from the tirannies of wretched Pandosto; but let my death free her from mishap, and then welcome death. Dorastus payned with these heavie passions sorrowed and sighed, but in vaine, for which he used the more patience. But againe to Pandosto, who broyling at the heat of unlawfull lust, coulde take no rest, but still felt his minde disquieted with his new

love, so that his nobles and subjectes marveyled greatly at this sudaine alteration, not being able to conjecture the cause of this his continued care. Pandosto, thinking every hower a yeare til he had talked once againe with Fawnia, sent for her secretly into his chamber, whither though Fawnia unwillingly comming, Pandosto entertained her very courteously, using these familiar speaches, which Fawnia answered as shortly in this wise.

Pandosto.

Fawnia, are you become lesse wilfull and more wise to preferre the love of a king before the liking of a poore knight? I thinke ere this you thinke it is better to be favoured of a king then of a subject.

Fawnia.

Pandosto, the body is subject to victories, but the minde not to be subdued by conquest: honesty is to be preferred before honour; and a dramme of faith weigheth downe a tunne of gold. I have promised to Meleagrus to love, and will performe no lesse.

Pandosto.

Fawnia, I know thou art not so unwise in thy choice as to refuse the offer of a king, nor so ingrateful as to dispise a good turne. Thou art now in that place where I may commaunde, and yet thou seest I intreate: my power is such as I may compell by force, and yet I sue by prayers. Yeelde, Fawnia, thy love to him which burneth in thy love: Meleagrus shall be set free, thy countrymen discharged, and thou both loved and honoured.

Fawnia.

I see, Pandosto, where lust ruleth it is a miserable thing to be a virgin; but know this, that I will alwaies preferre fame before life, and rather choose death then dishonour.

Pandosto seeing that there was in Fawnia a determinate courage to love Meleagrus, and a resolution without feare to hate him, flog away from her in a rage, swearing if in shorte time she would not be wonne with reason, he would forget all courtesie, and compel her to graunt by rigour: but these threatning wordes no whit dismayed Fawnia, but that she still both dispihted and dispised Pandosto. While thus these two lovers strove, the one to winne love, the other to live in hate, Egistus heard certaine newes by merchautes of Bohemia, that his sonne Dorastus was imprisoned by Pandosto, which made him feare greatly that his sonne should be but hardly entreated: yet considering that Bellaria and hee was cleared by the Oracle of Apollo from that crime wherewith Pandosto had unjustly charged them, he thought best to send with all speed to Pandosto, that he should set free his sonne Dorastus, and put to death Fawnia and her father Porrus. Finding this by the advise of counsaile the speediest remedy to release his sonne, he caused presently too of his shippes to be rigged, and thoroughly furnished with provision of men and victuals, and sent divers of his nobles embassadoures into Bohemia; who willing to obey their king, and receive their yong prince, made no delayes for feare of danger, but with as much speede as might be sailed towards Bohemia. The winde and seas favored them greatly, which made them hope of some good happe, for within three daies they were landed; which Pandosto no sooner heard of their arrivall, but he in person went to meete them, intreating them with such sumptuous and familiar courtesie, that they might well perceive how sory he was for the former injuries he had offered to their king, and how willing (if it might be) to make amendes.

As Pandosto made report to them, how one Maleagrus, a knight of Trapolonia, was lately arived with a lady called Fawnia in his land, comming very suspitiously, accompanied onely with one servant and an olde shepheard, the embassadours perceived by the halfe, what the whole tale ment, and

began to conjecture that it was Dorastus, who for feare to bee knowne had chaunged his name; but dissembling the matter they shortly arrived at the court, where after they had bin verie solemnly and sumptuously feasted, the noble men of Sicilia being gathered together, they made reporte of their embassage, where they certified Pandosto that Meleagrus was sonne and heire to the king Egistus, and that his name was Dorastus; how contrarie to the kings minde he had privilie convaied away that Fawnia, intending to marrie her, being but daughter to that poore shepheard Porrus: whereupon the kings request was that Capnio, Fawnia, and Porrus, might be murthered and put to death, and that his sonne Dorastus might be sent home in safetie. Pandosto having attentively, and with great mervaile, heard their embassage, willing to reconcile himselfe to Egistus and to shew him how greatlie he esteemed his labour, although love and fancy forbad him to hurt Fawnia, yet in despight of love hee determined to execute Egistus will without mercy; and therefore he presently sent for Dorastus out of prison, who mervailing at this unlooked for curtesie, found at his comming to the kings presence that which he least doubted of, his fathers embassadours; who no sooner saw him, but with great reverence they honored him, and Pandosto embracing Dorastus set him by him very lovingly in a chaire of estate. Dorastus, ashamed that his follie was bewraied, sate a long time as one in a muse, til Pandosto told him the summe of his fathers embassage; which he had no sooner heard, but he was toucht at the quicke, for the cruell sentence that was pronounced against Fawnia. But neither could his sorrow nor his perswasions prevaile, for Pandosto commaunded that Fawnia, Porrus, and Capnio, should bee brought to his presence; who were no sooner come, but Pandosto, having his former love turned to a disdainful hate, began to rage against Fawnia in these tearmes.

Thou disdainfull vassal, thou currish kite, assigned by the destinies to base fortune, and yet with an aspiring minde

gazing after honor, how durst thou presume, being a beggar, to match with a prince? by thy alluring lookes to inchant the sonne of a king to leave his owne cuntry to fulfill thy disordinate lusts? O despightfull minde! a proud heart in a beggar is not unlike to a great fire in a smal cottage, which warmeth not the house, but burneth it: assure thy selfe that thou shalt die. And thou, old doating foole, whose follie hath bene such as to suffer thy daughter to reach above thy fortune, looke for no other meede but the like punishment. But Capnio, thou which hast betrayed the king, and hast consented to the unlawfull lust of thy lord and maister, I know not how justly I may plague thee: death is too easie a punishment for thy falsehood, and to live (if not in extreme miserie) were not to shew thee equitie. I therefore award that thou shall have thine eyes put out, and continually while thou diest, grinde in a mil like a brute beast. The feare of death brought a sorrowfull silence upon Fawnia and Capnio, but Porrus seeing no hope of life burst forth into these speeches.

Pandosto, and ye noble embassadours of Sicilia, seeing without cause I am condemned to die, I am yet glad I have opportunitie to disburden my conscience before my death. I will tel you as much as I know, and yet no more than is true. Whereas I am accused that I have bene a supporter of Fawnias pride, and shee disdained as a vilde begger, so it is, that I am neither father unto her, nor she daughter unto me. For so it happened, that I being a poore shepheard in Sicilia, living by keeping other mens flockes, one of my sheepe straying downe to the sea side, as I went to seeke her, I saw a little boat driven upon the shoare, wherein I found a babe of six daies olde, wrapped in a mantle of skarlet, having about the necke this chaine. I pittying the child, and desirous of the treasure, carried it home to my wife, who with great care nursed it up and set it to keepe sheepe. Heere is the chaine and the jewels, and this Fawnia is the childe whome I found in the boate. What shee is, or of what pa-

rentage I knowe not, but this I am assured that shee is none of mine.

Pandosto would scarce suffer him to tell out his tale, but that he enquired the time of the yeere, the manner of the boate and other circumstaunces; which when he found agreeing to his count he sodainelie leapt from his seate and kissed Fawnia, wetting her tender cheeks with his teares, and crying, my daughter Fawnia! ah sweete Fawnia! I am thy father, Fawnia. This sodaine passion of the king drave them all into a maze, especially Fawnia and Dorastus. But when the king had breathed himselfe a while in this newe joy, hee rehearsed before the embassadours the whole matter, how hee had entreated his wife Bellaria for jealousie, and that this was the childe whome hee had sent to floate in the seas.

Fawnia was not more joyfull that she had found such a father, then Dorastus was glad he should get such a wife. The ambassadors rejoyced that their yong prince had made such a choice, that those kingdomes, which through enmitie had long time been dissevered, should now through perpetual amitie be united and reconciled. The citizens and subjects of Bohemia (hearing that the king had found againe his daughter, which was supposed dead, joyfull that there was an heire apparent to his kingdome) made bonfires and shoves throughout the cittie. The courtiers and knights appointed justs and turneis to signifie their willing mindes in gratifying the kings hap.

Eighteene daies being past in these princely sports, Pandosto, willing to recompence old Porrus, of a shepheard made him a knight; which done, providing a sufficient navie to receive him and his retinue, accompanied with Dorastus, Fawnia, and the Sicilian embassadours, he sailed towards Sicilia, where he was most princelie entertained by Egistus; who hearing this most comicall event, rejoyced greatly at his sonnes good happe, and without delay (to the perpetuall joy of the two yong lovers) celebrated the marriage: which was

no sooner ended, but Pandosto (calling to mind how first he betraied his friend Egistus, how his jealousie was the cause of Bellarias death, that contrarie to the law of nature hee had lusted after his owne daughter) moved with these desperate thoughts, he fell into a melancholie fit, and to close up the comedie with a tragicall stratageme, hee slewe himselfe; whose

death being many daies bewailed of Fawnia, Dorastus,

and his deere friend Egistus, Dorastus, taking his

leave of his father, went with his wife and the

dead corps into Bohemia, where after

they were sumptuouslie entoombed,

Dorastus ended his daies in

contented quiet.

FINIS.

NOTES.

Page 18, line 9, "*This*, since thou must goe," &c.; we ought to read "*Thus* since," &c. as it stands in some of the later editions.

Page 18, line 18, "Having neither saile *nor other* to guid it," &c.; we ought to read, "Having neither saile *nor rudder* to guid it." The error is corrected in the impressions subsequent to that which is considered the first.

Page 21, line 18, for "his babe innocent," read, "his babe *an* innocent."

Page 24, line 13, "Sackles" is *guiltless*; and in some of the later editions (as in that of 1632), the one word is substituted for the other.

Page 29, line 34, "Thou seest my white hayres are blossomes for the grave," &c. Percy in his "*Reliques*," II, 177, Edit. 1812, quotes the following as part of an old song on the story of the Beggars Daughter of Bethnall Green:—

" His reverend lockes
In comelye curles did wave,
And on his aged temples grewe
The blossomes of the grave."

Page 37, line 9, "We are rich in that we are poore with content." So Shakespeare, *Othello*, Act III, Scene 3:—

"Poor and content is rich, and rich enough."

Page 38, line 24, "Starres are to be looked at with the eye, not reacht at with the hand." So Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III, Scene 1:—

"Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?"

Page 43, line 24, "Though kings sonnes daunce in nettes, they may not be seene." Alluding to the old story of the fisherman's daughter who was ordered to dance before a great lord, so that she might be seen, yet not seen, to effect which she covered herself with one of her father's nets. The Italian fool and jester Gonella for the same purpose is said to have put himself behind a sieve.

Page 55, line 21, "Who willing to obey their king, and *receive* the yong prince," &c. Ought we not to read *relieve* instead of *receive*, though the old copies follow the edition of 1588?

Page 56, line 15, "And to shew him how greatlie he esteemed his *labour*." Later editions read *favour* for *labour*, which is clearly right.

ROSALYND.

EUPHUES' GOLDEN LEGACIE,

FOUND AFTER HIS DEATH

IN HIS CELL AT SILEXEDRA.

&c.

BY THOMAS LODGE, GENT.

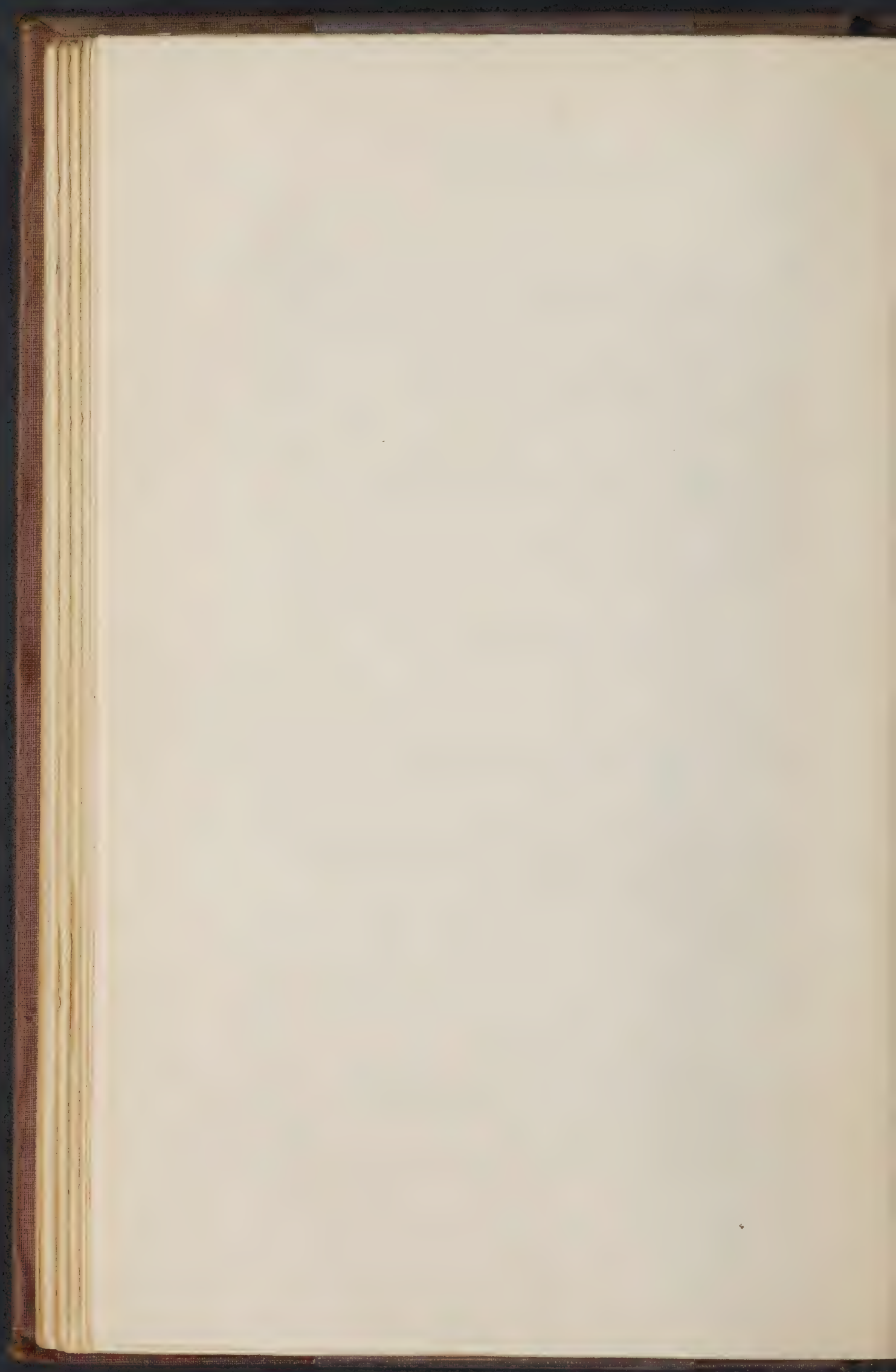
UPON WHICH SHAKESPEARE FOUNDED HIS "AS YOU LIKE IT."

REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1592.

LONDON:

THOMAS RODD, 2, GREAT NEWPORT STREET.

MDCCCXLI.



INTRODUCTION.

STEEVENS, speaking of the obligations of Shakespeare to the novel we have here reprinted, says, that our great dramatist followed it "more exactly than is his general custom, when he is indebted to such worthless originals." Let it be remembered, that this opinion as to the value of Lodge's "Rosalynd" was given by the commentator who asserted that the force of an Act of Parliament would not be sufficient to compel people to read Shakespeare's Sonnets, and who pronounced Watson a more elegant writer than Shakespeare in that department of poetry.

Comparing "Rosalynd" with "As you like it," the former may indeed be termed "worthless," inasmuch as Shakespeare's play is so immeasurably superior to it; but Steevens spoke in the abstract of works of the kind of which Shakespeare had availed himself; and placing Lodge's novel by the side of other productions of the same class, we cannot hesitate to declare it a very amusing and varied composition, full of agreeable and graceful invention (for we are aware of no foreign authority for any of the incidents), and with much natural force and simplicity in the style of the narrative. That it is here and there disfigured by the faults of the time, by forced conceits, by lowness of allusion and expression, and sometimes by inconsistency and want of decorum in the characters, cannot be denied. These are errors which the judgment and genius of Shakespeare taught him to avoid; but the admitted extent and nature of his general obligations to Lodge afford a high tribute to the excellence of that "original," which Steevens pronounced "worthless." It may almost be doubted whether he had even taken the trouble to

read carefully that performance upon which he delivered so dogmatical and definitive a condemnation.

As in the case of Greene's "Dorastus and Fawnia," so in that of Lodge's "Rosalynd," the means of exact comparison between it and the play being now (for the first time) afforded to the modern reader, it would only be a waste of time and space for us to enter into any details on the point. The resemblance throughout will be found rather general than particular; and the characters of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey are entirely new in Shakespeare. The names of the other personages engaged in the drama have also been changed, with the exception of those of the heroine, Phœbe, Adam, and Charles the Wrestler.

The edition we have followed is that of 1592, in 4to, B. L.; and by our notes it will be seen that we have carefully collated it with the impression of 1598. "Rosalynd" originally came out in 1590; but Ritson was unacquainted with its existence, and as no perfect copy of the first edition is known, we have necessarily adopted the text of the second. It was reprinted at least ten times before the breaking out of the Civil Wars—a sufficient evidence of the popularity of the story.

On the title-page Lodge tells us that it was "fetched from the Canaries;" and in the Dedication he informs Lord Hunsdon that he wrote the novel "to beguile the time" while he was on a voyage "to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries," with Captain Clarke. He does not speak of it as a translation (as he does of his "Margarite of America," printed in 1596, and written in 1592 while Lodge was at sea with Cavendish), and there is no reason to suppose that it was not an original production. Several of the poems interspersed in "Rosalynd" were copied into "England's Helicon," 4to, 1600.

We have it on Lodge's own evidence (see the Dedication), that he was educated at Oxford under Sir Edward Hobby, and that he was contemporary there with two of the sons of Lord Hunsdon. In fact, he was entered at Trinity College

in 1573, and, as Anthony Wood states, took "one degree in arts;" after which he went to London. There he joined a theatrical company, became an actor and a dramatic author, and about 1580 wrote a Defence of Stage-plays, in answer to Stephen Gosson's "School of Abuse," which had been printed in the preceding year. Lodge's Defence was suppressed by the public authorities, and only two copies of it are now known, both of which have been mutilated, being without title-pages. His oldest production with a date is his "Alarum against Usurers," 4to, 1584, in which he mentions the fate of his answer to Gosson. It seems likely that he entered the army soon afterwards, and accompanied Captains Clarke and Cavendish on their several expeditions.

At the close of his "Rosalynd," Lodge promises a work which, as far as we know, was never printed, to be called "The Sailor's Calendar," and it most likely had relation to his sea adventures. However, we find him again in connection with the stage soon after 1590; and his tragedy called "The Wounds of Civil War" was published in 1594. This is the only extant dramatic piece which he wrote alone, though he had joined Robert Greene in "A Looking Glass for London and England," which must have been composed before September 1593, and was printed in the next year. If any other dramas came from his pen, we have no record of them either in print or in manuscript; but as he certainly wrote with much facility, it is likely that he produced several other plays for the association of actors with which Philip Henslowe was connected, and of which Lodge was a member.

As early as 1589, we learn from the title-page of his "Scilla's Metamorphosis," that he was a "student of Lincoln's Inn," and he still styled himself "of Lincoln's Inn, gentleman," when he published his "Fig for Momus," in 1595.

How soon, and from what motive, he abandoned the study of the law and took up that of medicine, we have no information: probably it happened about the year 1596, when he published his latest miscellaneous work, "Wits Miserie,"

and dated it "from my house at Low Layton." Wood says that he took his degree in medicine at Avignon; but we hear no more of him until 1603, when he printed "A Treatise on the Plague," which was then raging in London; and of which disorder he is supposed to have died in 1625. In the interval he practised as a physician, and is mentioned by his contemporary dramatist and actor, Thomas Heywood, in his *Troja Britannica*, 1609, in that capacity. Lodge was the author of a translation of Josephus, in 1609, and of Seneca in 1614; and in 1616 he obtained a passport from the Privy Council, that he might "travel into the Arch Duke's country," to "recover debts," said to be due to him, though circumstances make it appear likely that it was to avoid his own creditors.

It seems not improbable that our novelist and poet was in some way related to Sir Thomas Lodge, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1563, and regarding the necessity of supporting whose credit a letter from the Lord Treasurer is preserved among the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum (No. 6.) Sir Thomas Lodge was one of the persons who fitted out the Minion and Primrose for the coast of Guinea in 1562 (See Hakluyt's *Voyages*); and it is very possible that the author of "Rosalynd" accompanied Clarke and Cavendish on their respective expeditions in consequence of his family connection with one of the promoters of previous naval adventures. He speaks of his "birth," and of "the offspring from whence he came," in his earliest dated production, and for aught that appears to the contrary, he might be the son of Sir Thomas Lodge, who met with misfortunes both during and subsequent to his mayoralty. This, however, is a new point of speculation, not touched by any of those who have hitherto adverted to the particulars of the life of the author of the ensuing novel.

Rofalynde.

Euphues golden Legacie, found after his death in his Cell at Silex-
xedra.

BEQVEATHED TO PHILAVTVS

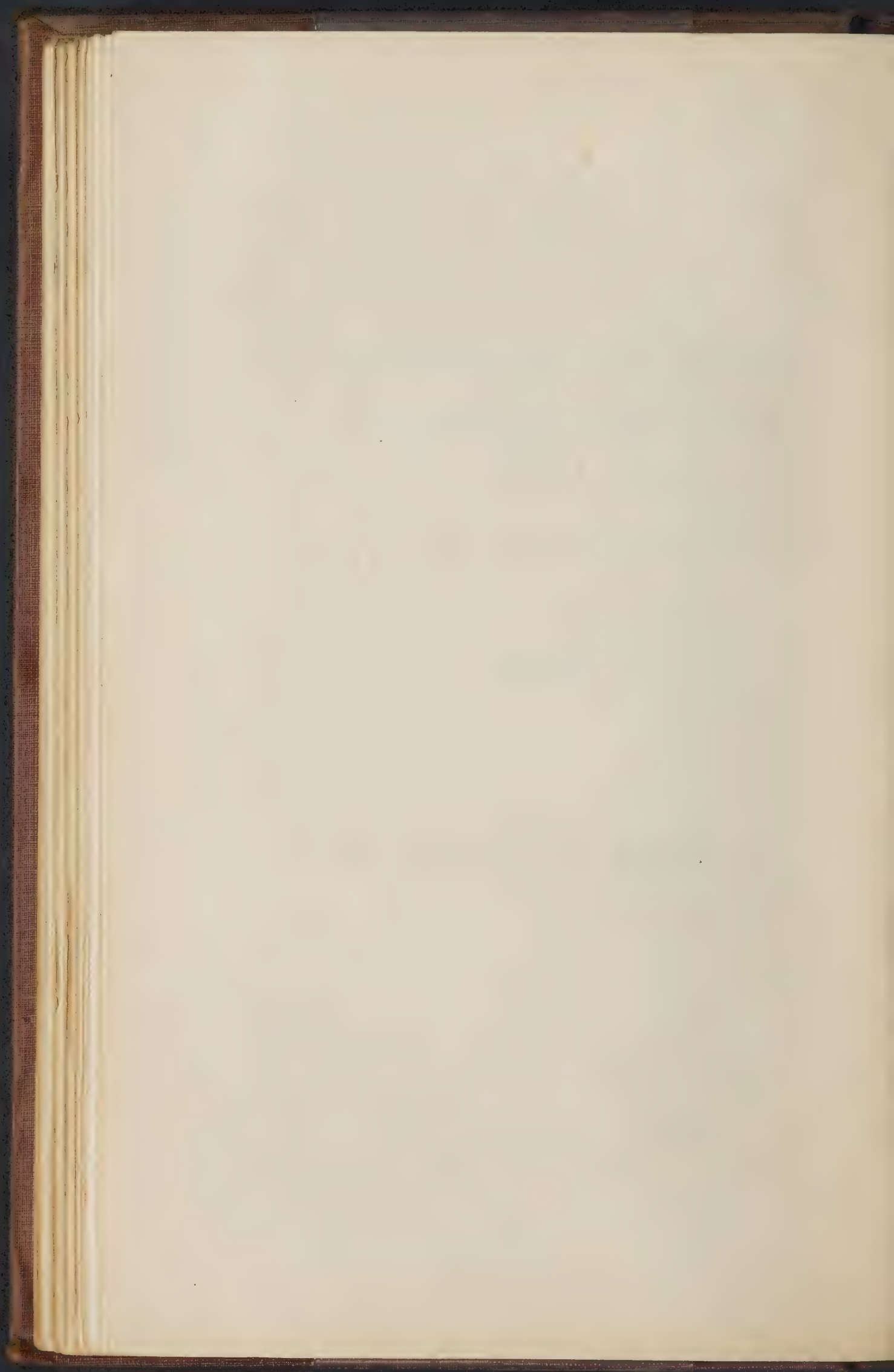
Sonnes, nursed vp with their Father in
England.

Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.

LONDON

Printed by Abel Ieffes for T. G.

and *Iohn Busbie.* 1592.



To the Right Honorable and his most esteemed Lord the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlaine to her Majesties houshold, and Governor of her Towne of Barwicke :
T. L. G. wisheth increase of all honourable vertues.

Such Romanes (right honorable) as delighted in martiall exploites, attempted their actions in the honour of Augustus, because he was a patron of souldiors : and Virgil dignified him with his poems, as a Mœcenas of schollers; both joyntly advancing his royaltie, as a prince warlike and learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas present her with bayes as she is wise, and with armour as she is valiant; observing heerein that excellent *το πρεπον*, which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the person. When I entred (right honorable) with a deepe insight into the consideration of these premisses, seeing your L. to be a patron of all martiall men, and a Mœcenas of such as apply themselves to studie, wearing with Pallas both the launce and the bay, and aiming with Augustus at the favour of all, by the honourable vertues of your minde, being myselfe first a student, and afterwards falling from bookes to armes, even vowed in all my thoughts dutifully to affect your Lordshippe. Having with Captaine Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour I writ this booke; rough, as hatcht in the stormes of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas. But as it is the woorke of a souldiour and a scholler, I presumed to shrowd it under your honors patronage, as one that is the fautor and favourer of all vertuous actions; and whose honorable loves, growne from the generall applause of the whole common-welth for your higher desertes, may keepe it from the mallice of every

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

bitter toong. Other reasons more particular (right honourable) challenge in me a speciall affection to your Lordshippe, as being a scholler with your two noble sonnes, Maister Edmund Carew, and M. Robert Carew, (two siens worthy of so honorable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honourable fruite) as also being scholler in the Universitie under that learned and vertuous knight Sir Edward Hobby, when he was Batcheler in Artes, a man as well lettered as well borne, and, after the etymologie of his name, soaring as high as the winges of knowledge can mount him, happie every way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honor of so vertuous a lady. Thus (right honourable) the duetie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth me that all my affection be placed on the father; for where the braunches are so pretious, the tree of force must be most excellent. Commaunded and imboldened thus, with the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my booke to your Lordship, I humbly intreate your honour will vouch of my labours, and favour a souldiers and a schollers penne with your gracious acceptance, who answers in affection what he wants in eloquence; so devoted to your honour, as his only desire is, to ende his life under the favour of so martiall and learned a patron. Resting thus in hope of your Lordships curtesie, in deyning the patronage of my worke, I cease, wishing you as many honorable fortunes as your L. can desire or I imagine.

Your honors souldiour most

humbly affectionate:

THOMAS LODGE.

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

GENTLEMEN, looke not heere to finde anie sprigs of Pallas bay tree, nor to heare the humour of any amorous lawreat, nor the pleasing vaine of any eloquent orator: *Nolo altum sapere*, they bee matters above my capacitie: the coblers checke shal never light on my heade, *Ne su'or ultra crepidam*; I will go no further than the latchet, and then all is wel. Heere you may perhaps finde some leaves of Venus mirtle, but hewen down by a souldier with his curtaxe, not boght with the allurement of a filed tongue. To bee briefe, gentlemen, roome for a souldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, when everie line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. If you like it, so; and yet I will bee yours in duetie, if you be mine in favour. But if Momus or any squinteied asse, that hath mighty eares to conceive with Midas, and yet little reason to judge, if he come aboard our barke to find fault with the tackling, when hee knowes not the shrowds, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a rustie pollax, that sawe no sunne this seaven yeare, and either well bebast him, or heave the cockescombe over boord to feed cods. But curteous gentlemen, that favour most, backbite none, and pardon what is overslipt, let such come and welcome; Ile into the stewards roome, and fetch them a kanne of our best bevradge. Well, gentlemen, you have Euphues Legacie. I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of Terceras, and therefore read it: censure with favour, and farewell.

Yours, T. L.

THE SCEDULE ANNEXED TO EUPHUES TESTAMENT, THE
TENOUR OF HIS LEGACIE, THE TOKEN OF HIS LOVE.

The vehemency of my sicknes (Philautus) hath made mee doubtfull of life, yet must I die in counsailing thee like Socrates, because I love thee. Thou hast sons by Camilla, as I heare, who being yong in yeres have green thoghts, and nobly born have great minds: bend them in their youth like the willow, least thou bewayle them in their age for their wilfulnes. I have bequeathed them a golden legacie, because I greatly love thee. Let them read it as Archelaus did Cassender, to profit by it; and in reading let them meditate, for I have approved it the best methode. They shall find love anatomized by Euphues with as lively colours as in Appelles table: roses to whip him when he is wanton, reasons to withstand him when he is wilie. Here may they read that vertue is the king of labours, opinion the mistres of fooles; that vanitie is the pride of nature, and contention the overthrow of families: here is elleborus, bitter in taste, but beneficial in triall. I have nothing to sende thee and Camilla but this counsel, that in stead of worldly goods you leave your sons vertue and glorie; for better were they to bee partakers of your honours then lords of your mannors. I feele death that summoneth me to my grave, and my soule desirous of his God. Farewell, Philautus, and let the tenor of my counsaile be applyed to thy childrens comfort.

Euphues dying to live.

If any man find this scrowle, send it to Philautus in England.

ROSALYNDE.

THERE dwelled adjoyning to the cittie of Bordeaux a knight of most honourable parentage, whome Fortune had graced with many favors, and Nature honoured with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in deciphering the riches of their bounties.

Wise he was, as holding in his head a supreme conceipt of pollicie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all civil government; and to make his wisdom more gracious, he had that *salem ingenii*, and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Ulisses: his valour was no lesse then his witte, nor the stroke of his launce no lesse forcible than the sweetnesse of his tongue was perswasive; for he was for his courage chosen the principall of all the knights of Malta. This hardy knight thus enricht with vertue and honour, surnamed Sir John of Burdeux, having the prime of his youth in sundry battailes against the Turkes, at last (as the date of time hath his course) grewe aged. His haire was silver hued, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead: honour sate in the furrowes of his face, and many yeares were pourtrayed in his wrinckled lineaments, that all men might perceive his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessitie chalenged her due. Sir John (that with the phenix knewe the tearme of his life was now expired, and could, with the swan, discover his end by her songs) having three sonnes by his wife Lynida, the very pride of all his forepassed yeares, thought now (seeing death by constraint would compel him to leave them) to bestow upon them such a legacie as might bewray his love, and increase their insuing amitie. Calling therefore these yong gentlemen before him, in the presence of

his fellow knights of Malta, he resolved to leave them a memorial of all his fatherly care in setting downe a methode of their brotherly dueties. Having therefore death in his lookes to moove them to pittie, and teares in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, he began thus.

SIR JOHN OF BURDEAUX LEGACIE HE GAVE TO HIS
SONNES.

Oh my sons, you see that Fate hath set a period of my years, and destenies have determined the final ende of my dayes: the palme tree waxeth away ward, for hee stoopeth in his height, and my plumes are ful of sicke feathers touched with age. I must to my grave that dischargeth all cares, and leave you to the world that increaseth many sorrowes: my silver haire containeth great experience, and in the number of my yeares are pende downe the subtleties of Fortune. Therefore, as I leave you some fading pelfe to counterchecke povertie, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall lead you unto vertue. First, therefore, unto thee Saladyne, the eldest, and therefore the chieftest pillar of my house, wherein should bee ingraved as wel the excellency of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall fortune of his proportion, to thee I give foureteene ploughlands, with all my mannor houses and richest plate. Next, unto Fernandine I bequeath twelve ploughlands. But, unto Rosader, the youngest, I give my horse, my armour, and my launce with sixteene ploughlands; for if the inwarde thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader wil exceed you all in bountie and honour. Thus (my sonnes) have I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherein if you be as prodigall to spend as I have beene carefull to get, your friendes wil greeve to see you more wastfull then I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fal did begin in your excesse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the loadstarre to direct the course of your pilgrimage.

Ayme your deedes by my honorable endeavours, and shew yourselves siens worthy of so flourishing a tree, least, as the birdes Halcyones, which exceede in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that exceed in blacknes. Climb not, my sonnes: aspiring pride is a vapour that ascendeth hie, but soone turneth to a smoake; they which stare at the starres stumble upon the stones, and such as gaze at the sunne (unless they be eagle eyed) fal blinde. Soare not with the hobbie, least you fal with the larke, nor attempt not with Phaeton, least you drowne with Icarus. Fortune, when shee wils you to flye, tempers your plumes with waxe; and therefore eyther sit stil and make no wing, or else beware the sunne, and hold Dedalus axiome authentical (*medium tenuere tutissimum.*) Low shrubs have deepe rootes, and poore cottages great patience. Fortune looks ever upward, and envy aspireth to nestle with dignitie. Take heed, my sonnes, the meane is sweetest melodie; where strings high stretch, eyther soone cracke, or quickly grow out of tune. Let your countryes care be your hearts content, and thinke that you are not borne for your selves, but to levell your thoughts to be loyal to your prince, careful for the common-weale, and faythful to your friendes; so shal Fraunce say, these men are as excellent in vertues as they be exquisite in features. Oh my sons, a friend is a pretious jewell, within whose bosome you may unload your sorrowes, and unfold your secrets, and he eyther wil releeve with counsaile, or perswade with reason; but take heed in the choyce: the outward shew makes not the inwarde man, nor are the dimples in the face the calenders of truth. When the liquorice leafe looketh most dry, then it is most wet: when the shoares of Lepanthus are most quiet, then they forepoint a storme. The baarran leafe the more fayre it lookes, the more infectious it is, and in the sweetest wordes is oft hid most trechery. Therefore, my sonnes, chuse a friend as the Hiperborei do the mettals, sever them from the ore with fire, and let them not bide the stampe before they be currant: so trie and then trust: let time be the touch-

stone of friendship, and then frends faithful lay them up for jewels. Be valiant, my sonnes, for cowardice is the enemy to honour; but not too rash, for that is extreme. Fortitude is the meane, and that is limited within bonds, and prescribed with circumstance. But above al, and with that he fetcht a deep sigh, beware of love, for it is farre more perillous then pleasant, and yet, I tel you, it allureth as ill as the syrens. Oh my sonnes, fancie is a fickle thing, and beauties paintings are trickt up with times colours, which, being set to drie in the sunne, perish with the same. Venus is a wanton, and though her lawes pretend libertie, yet there is nothing but losse and glistering miserie. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie, and his arrowes, where they pierce, inforce nothing but deadly destres: a womans eye, as it is pretious to behold, so is it prejudicial to gaze upon; for as it affoordeth delight, so it snareth unto death. Trust not theyr fawning favours, for their loves are like the breath of a man uppon steele, which no sooner lighteth on but it leapeth off, and their passions are as momentary as the colours of a polipe, which changeth at the sight of every object.

My breath waxeth short, and mine eyes waxeth dimme: the houre is come, and I must away; therefore let this suffice: women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therefore, if you love, choose her that hath eyes of adamant, that wil turne onely to one poynt; her heart of a diamond, that will receive but one forme; her tongue of a sethin leafe, that never waggess, but with a south-east winde: and yet, my sonnes, if she have all these qualities, to be chast, obedient, and silent, yet for that she is a woman, shalt thou finde in her sufficient vanities to countervaile her vertues. Oh now, my sonnes, even now take these my last wordes as my latest legacie, for my threed is spunne, and my foot is in the grave. Keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsailes, and let them bee lodged in the secrete of your hearts; for wisdom is better than wealth, and a golden sentence worth a world of treasure. In my fal see and marke, my sonnes,

the folly of man, that being dust climbeth with Biases to reach at the heavens, and ready every minute to dye, yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh, mans life is like lightning, that is but a flash, and the longest date of his yeares but as a bawens blaze. Seeing then man is so mortal, be careful that thy life be vertuous, that thy death may bee full of admirable honors: so shalt thou challenge fame to be thy fautor, and put oblivion to exile with thine honorable actions. But, my sonnes, least you should forget your fathers axiomes, take this scroule, wherein reade what your father dying wils you to execute living. At this hee shrunke downe in his bed, and gave up the ghost.

John of Bourdeaux being thus dead was greatly lamented of his sonnes, and bewayled of his friends, especially of his fellow knights of Malta, who attended on his funerals, which were performed with great solemnitie. His obsequies done, Saladyne caused, next his epitaph, the contents of the scroule to bee pourtrayed out, which were to this effect.

THE CONTENTS OF THE SCEDULE WHICH SIR JOHN OF
BOURDEAUX GAVE TO HIS SONNES.

My sonnes, behold what portion I do give.

I leave you goods, but they are quickly lost:

I leave advise, to schoole you how to live:

I leave you wit, but wonne with little cost:

But keepe it well, for counsaile still is one,

When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choice of thrift let honour be your gaine,

Winne it by vertue and by manly might;

In dooing good esteeme thy toyle no paine;

Protect the fatherlesse and widowes right:

Fight for thy faith, thy country, and thy king,

For why? this thrift wil prove a blessed thing.

In choise of wife, preferre the modest chaste;

Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell:

The sweetest lookes by age are soon defast;

Then choose thy wife by wit and living well.

Who brings thee wealth and many faults withall,

Presents the hony mixt with bitter gall.

In choise of friends, beware of light beliefe ;
 A painted tongue may shroud a subtill heart :
 The Syrens teares doe threaten mickle grieve.
 Foresee, my sonnes, for feare of sodaine smart :
 Chuse in your wants, and he that friends you then,
 When richer growne, befriend you him again.

Learne with the ant in summer to provide ;
 Drive with the bee the droane from out the hive :
 Buyld lyke the swallow in the summer tyde ;
 Spare not too much (my sonnes) but sparing thrive :
 Be poore in folly, rich in all but sinne,
 So by your death your glory shall beginne.

Saladyne having thus set up the scedule, and hangd about his fathers hearse many passionate poems, that France might suppose him to be passing sorrowful, hee clad himselfe and his brothers all in black, and in such sable sutes discoursed his grieve: but as the hiena when she mourns is then most guilefull, so Saladine under this shewe of grieve shaddowed a heart ful of contented thoughts. The tyger, though he hide his claws, wil at last discover his rapine: the lions looks are not the maps of his meaning, nor a mans phisnomie is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor the nature of man so concealed, but at last it will have his course: nurture and art may do much, but that *natura naturans*, which by propagation is ingrafted in the hart, will be at last perforce predominant according to the olde verse,

Naturam expellas furca licet, tamen usque recurret.

So fares it with Saladine, for after a months mourning was past, he fel to consideration of his fathers testament; how hee had bequeathed more to his yoonger brothers than himselfe, that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now under his tuition, that as yet they were not come to yeares, and he being their gardian, might (if not defraud them of their due) yet make such havocke of theyr legacies and lands, as they should be a great deal the lighter: wherupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe.

SALADYNES MEDITATION WITH HIMSELFE.

Saladyne, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed with a world of restlesse passions, having thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy fathers testament, and thy heart fiered with the hope of present preferment! By the one thou art counsaile to content thee with thy fortunes, by the other, perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladyne) is a great royaltie, and there is no sweeter phisick than store. Avicen, like a foole, forgot in his aphorismes to say that gold was the most precious restorative, and that treasure was the most excellent medecine of the minde. Oh, Saladyne, what, were thy fathers precepts breathed into the winde? hast thou so soone forgotten his principles? did he not warne thee from coveting without honor, and climbing without vertue? did he not forbid thee to ayme at any action that should not bee honourable? and what will bee more prejudiciall to thy credite, than the carelesse ruine of thy brothers prosperitie? and wilt thou become the subversion of their fortunes? is there any sweeter thing than concord, or a more precious jewel then amitie? are you not sonnes of one father, siens of one tree, birds of one neast, and wilt thou become so unnaturall as to robbe them, whom thou shouldest relieve? No, Saladyne, intreat them with favours, and entertaine them with love, so shalt thou have thy conscience cleare and thy renowne excellent. Tush, what wordes are these? base foole, farre unfit (if thou be wise) for thy humour. What though thy father at his death talked of many frivolous matters, as one that doted for age and raved in his sicknes, shal his words be axioms, and his talk be so authentically, that thou wilt (to observe them) prejudice thy selfe? No no, Saladyne, sicke mens willes, that are parole and have neither hand nor seale, are like the lawes of a cittie written in dust, which are broken with the blast of every winde. What, man, thy father is dead, and hee can neither helpe thy for-

tunes, nor measure thy actions ; therfore bury his words with his carkasse, and be wise for thy selfe. What, tis not so olde as true,

Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit.

Thy brother is yoong, keepe him now in awe ; make him not checke mate with thy selfe, for

Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.

Let him know litle, so shall he not be able to execute much : suppress his wittes with a base estate, and though hee be a gentleman by nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nourture. So shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and raigne thy selfe sole Lord over all thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandyne, thy middle brother, he is a scholler and hath no minde but on Aristotle : let him reade on Galen while thou riflest with golde, and pore on his booke til thou doest purchase landes : witte is great wealth ; if he have learning it is enough, and so let all rest.

In this humour was Saladyne, making his brother Rosader his foote boy for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the sonne of any country vassal. The young gentleman bare all with patience, til on a day, walking in the garden by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the sonne of John of Bourdeaux, a knight renowned for many victories, and a gentleman famozed for his vertues ; how, contrarie to the testament of his father, hee was not only kept from his land and intreated as a servant, but smothered in such secret slaverie, as hee might not attaine to any honourable actions. As, quoth hee to himselfe (nature woorking these effectuall passions) why should I that am a gentleman borne, passe my time in such unnatural drudgery ? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field

a souldier, then to live a foote boy to my own brother? nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denied mee art to contemplate: I have strength to performe any honorable exployt, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indeuours: those good partes that God hath bestowed upon mee, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscuritie; the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnes. With that casting up his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiving his beard to bud for choler hee began to blush, and swore to himselfe he would be no more subject to such slaverie. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholie passions in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha (quoth he) what is you heart on your halfepeny, or are you saying a dirge for your fathers soule? what, is my dinner readie? At this question Rosader, turning his head ascance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, hee made this replie. Doest thou aske mee (Saladyne) for thy cates? aske some of thy churles who are fit for suche an office: I am thine equal by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more cardes in the bunch, I have as many trumpes in my handes as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast feld my woods, spoyled my manner houses, and made havocke of suche utensalles as my father bequeathed unto mee? I tell thee, Saladyne, either answere mee as a brother, or I wil trouble thee as an enemy.

At this replie of Rosaders Saladyne smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned as checking his folly: he therefore tooke him up thus shortly: What, sirha, wel I see early pricks the tree that wil proove a thorne: hath my familiar conversing with you made you coy, or my good looks drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I wil bend the tree while it is a wand. In faith (sir boy) I have a snaffle for such a headstrong colt.

You, sirs, lap holde on him and binde him, and then I wil give him a cooling carde for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee laide such loade uppon his brothers men that hee hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loaft adjoyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotlie. Saladine, afraide of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus: Rosader, be not so rash: I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong ile make thee amendes: revenge not anger in blood, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of old Sir John Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontent and thou shalt bee satisfied. Brothers frownes ought not to be periodes of wrath: what, man, looke not so sowerly; I know we shalbe friendes, and better friends then we have been. For, *Amantium ira amoris redinte gratio est.*

These wordes appeased the choller of Rosader (for he was of a milde and curteous nature) so that hee layde downe his weapons, and upon the faith of a gentleman assured his brother hee would offer him no prejudice: wherupon Saladyne came down, and after a little parley they imbraced eache other and became friends; and Saladyne promising Rosader the restitution of all his lands, and what favour els (quoth he) any waies my ability or the nature of a brother may performe, upon these sugred reconciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old servants of Sir John of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, til it chaunced that Torismond, king of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrastling and of tournament to busie his commons heades, least, being idle, their thoughts should runne uppon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished king. A champion there was to stand against all commers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely

overthrowing them which hee incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this; thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead, first by secret meanes conuented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes hee would never more returne to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as (*quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*) taking great gifts for litle gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the stratagem. Having thus the champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus:—He went to yoong Rosader (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower then vertue commanded him), and began to tel him of this tournament and wrastling, how the king should bee there, and all the chiefe peeres of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the countrey. Now, brother (quoth hee) for the honor of Sir John of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famous that house that never hath bin found without men approoved in chivalrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For my selfe thou knowest, though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deedes of armes, I am yongest to performe any martial employtes, knowing better how to survey my lands then to charge my launce: my brother Fernandyne hee is at Paris poring on a few papers, having more insight into sophistrie and principles of philosophie, then anie warlyke indeveurs; but thou, Rosader, the youngest in yeares but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest doo what honour allowes thee. Take thou my fathers launce, his sword, and his horse, and hye thee to the tournament, and either there valiantly cracke a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie. The words of Saladyne were but spurres to a free horse, for hee had scarce uttered them, ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that hee promised in what hee might to requite his

curtesie. The next morrow was the day of the tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroycal thoughts that he past the night with litle sleep; but assoone as Phœbus had vailed the curteine of the night, and made Aurora blush with giving her the *bezoles labres* in her silver couch, he gat him up, and taking his leave of his brother, mounted himselfe towardes the place appoynted, thinking every mile ten leagues til he came there. But leaving him so desirous of the journey, to Torismond, the king of France, who having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne turnament, wherunto hee in most solemne maner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear then love, graced him with the shew of their dutiful favours. To feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistring objects, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with al the beautifull dammoselles that were famous for their features in all France.

Thus in that place did love and war triumph in a sympathy; for such as were martial might use their launce to be renowned for the excellency of their chevalrie, and suche as were amorous might glut themselves with gazing on the beauties of most heavenly creatures. As every mans eye had his several survey, and fancie was partial in their lookes, yet all in general applauded the admirable riches that nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynde; for uppon her cheekes there seemed a battaile betweene the graces, who should bestow most favours to make her excellent. The blush that gloried Luna, when she kist the shepheard on the hilles of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the vermillion flourisht on the silver hue of Rosalyndes countenance: her eyes were lyke those lampes that make the wealthie

covert of the heavens more gorgious, sparkling favoûr and disdaine; courteous and yet coye, as if in them Venus had placed all her amoretts, and Diana all her chastitie. The trammelles of her hayre, foulded in a call of golde, so farre surpast the burnisht glister of the mettall, as the sunne doth the meanest starre in brightnesse: the tresses that foldes in the browes of Apollo were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her hayres it seemed love had laide herselfe in ambush, to intrappe the proudest eye that durst gaze uppon their excellence. What should I neede to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all shee was the paragon of all earthly perfection? This Rosalynd sat, I say, with Alinda as a beholder of these sportes, and made the cavaliers cracke their lances with more courage: many deedes of knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were given according to their several desertes. At last when the tournament ceased, the wrastling beganne, and the Norman presented himselfe as a challenger against all commers, but hee looked lyke Hercules when he advaunst himselfe agaynst Acheloüs, so that the furie of his countenaunce amazed all that durst attempt to incounter with him in any deed of activitie: til at last a lustie Francklin of the country came with two tall men, that were his sonnes, of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing his obeysance to the king entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage; which the yoonger brother seeing, lepte presently into the place, and thirstie after the revenge, assayled the Norman with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knees: which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the yoong Francklin, that taking him up in his armes hee threw him against the grounde so violently, that hee

broake his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this unlookt for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pittie; but the Franklin, father unto these, never chaunged his countenance, but as a man of a courageous resolution tooke up the bodies of his sonnes without shewe of outward discontent.

All this while stood Rosader and sawe this tragedie; who, noting the undoubted vertue of the Francklins minde, alighted of from his horse, and presently sat downe on the grasse, and commanded his boy to pul off his bootes, making him ready to try the strength of this champion. Being furnished as he would, he clapt the Francklin on the shoulder and said thus. Bold yeoman, whose sonnes have ended the tearme of their yeares with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and thwartest the injury of fate with content in brooking the death of thy sonnes, stand awhile, and either see me make a third in their tragedie, or else revenge their fal with an honourable triumph. The Francklin, seeing so goodly a gentleman to give him such curteous comfort, gave him hartie thankes, with promise to pray for his happy successe. With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troupe of ladies that glistered there lyke the starres of heaven; but at last Love willing to make him as amourous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beautie so inveagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood and fedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalyndes face; which shee perceiving, blusht, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful redde of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorious.

The Normane seeing this young gentleman fettered in the lookes of the ladyes drave him out of his memento with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader looking backe with an angrie frowne, as if hee had been wakened from some pleasaunt

dreame, discovered to all by the furye of his countenance that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a yoong man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to bee graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fal were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whome Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which conjecture made him stretch every limbe, and try every sinew, that working his death hee might recover the golde which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to incourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Noman hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of his new mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yelded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie.

The death of this champion, as it highly contented the Francklin, as a man satisfied with revenge, so it drue the king and all the peeres into a great admiration, that so yoong yeares and so beautiful a personage should contain such martiall excellence; but when they knew him to bee the yoongest sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, the king rose from

his seat and imbraced him, and the peerers intreated him with all favourable curtesie, commending both his valour and his vertues, wishing him to go forward in such haughtie deeds, that hee might attaine to the glory of his fathers honourable fortunes.

As the king and lordes graced him with embracyng, so the ladyes favoured him with theyr lookes, especially Rosalynd, whome the beautie and valour of Rosader had already touched: but she accounted love a toye, and fancie a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke, and therefore feared not to dally in the flame; and to make Rosader know she affected him, tooke from her necke a jewel, and sent it by a page to the yong gentleman. The prize that Venus gave to Paris was not halfe so pleasing to the Trojan as this jemme was to Rosader; for if fortune had sworne to make himself sole monarke of the world, he would rather have refused such dignitie, then have lost the jewel sent him by Rosalynd. To return hir with the like he was unfurnished, and yet that he might more than in his lookes discover his affections, hee stept into a tent, and taking pen and paper writ this fancie:—

Two sunnes at once from one faire heaven there shinde,
 Ten braunches from two boughes tipt, all with roses,
 Pure lockes more golden than is golde refinde,
 Two pearled rowes that natures pride incloses;
 Two mounts faire marble white, downe-soft and dainty,
 A snow died orbe, where love increast by pleasure
 Full wofull makes my heart, and body faintie:
 Hir faire (my woe) exceeds all thought and measure.
 In lines confusde my lucklesse harme appeareth,
 Whom sorrow clowdes, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This sonnet he sent to Rosalynd, which when she read shee blusht, but with a sweet content in that she perceived love had allotted her so amorous a servant. Leaving her to her intertained fancies, againe to Rosader, who triumphing in the glorie of this conquest, accompanied with a troupe of

yoong gentlemen that were desirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother Saladynes, who was walking before the gates, to heare what successe his brother Rosader should have, assuring himself of his death, and devising how with dissimuled sorrowe to celebrate his funerals. As he was in his thought, he cast up his eye, and sawe where Rosader returned with the garland on his head, as having won the prize, accompanied with a crue of boon companions: greeved at this, he stepped in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such unkind entertainment, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothering his griefe with a smile, he turned to the gentlemen, and desired them to hold his brother excused, for he did not this upon any malicious intent or nigardize, but being brought up in the country, he absented himselfe as not finding his nature fit for such youthful company. Thus he sought to shadow abuses proffered him by his brother, but in vaine, for hee could by no meanes be suffered to enter: wherupon he ran his foot against the doore, and brake it open, drawing his sword, and entering boldly into the hall, where he found none (for all were fled) but one Adam Spencer, an English man, who had beene an old and trustie servant to Sir John of Bourdeaux. He for the love hee bare to his deceased maister, favored the part of Rosader, and gave him and his such entertainment as he could. Rosader gave him thanks, and looking about, seeing the hall empty, saide, Gentlemen, you are welcome; frolike and be merry: you shall be sure to have wine enough, whatsoever your fare be. I tel you, cavaliers, my brother hath in his house five tunne of wine, and as long as that lasteth, I beshrew him that spares his lyquor. With that he burst open the buttery doore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer covered the tables, and set downe whatsoever he could find in the house; but what they wanted in meat, was supplied with drinke, yet had they royall cheare, and withal such hartie welcome as would have made the coursest meats seeme delicates. After they had feasted and frolickt it twise or thrise with

an upsey freeze, they all tooke leave of Rosader and departed. Assoone as they were gone, Rosader growing impatient of the abuse, drewe his sword, and swore to be revenged on the discourteous Saladyne; yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendshippe and amity betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladyne, they were once againe reconciled, and put up all forepassed injuries with a peaceable agreement, living together for a good space in such brotherly love, as did not onely rejoice the servantes, but made all the gentlemen and bordering neighbours glad of such friendly concord. Saladyne, hiding fire in the straw, and concealing a poysoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter oportunity, he shewed himselfe a great favorer of his brothers vertuous endeavors: where, leaving them in this happy league, let us returne to Rosalynd.

Rosalynd returning home from the tryumph, after she waxed solitary love presented her with the idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discover stroke her so deepe, as she felte her selfe grow passing passionate. Shee began to cal to minde the comlinesse of his person, the honor of his parents, and the vertues that, excelling both, made him so gracious in the eies of every one. Sucking in thus the hony of love by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, shee began to surfet with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions; but when she cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, and fancie to vale bonnet, that betweene a chaos of confused thoughts she began to debate with herselfe in this maner.

ROSALYNDS PASSION.

Infortunate Rosalynde, whose misfortunes are more than thy yeares, and whose passions are greater then thy patience! The blossoms of thy youth are mixt with the frosts of envy, and the hope of thy ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy

father is by Torismond banisht from the crown, and thou, the unhappy daughter of a king detained captive, living as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah Rosalynd, what cares wait upon a crown! what griefs are incident to dignity! what sorrows haunt royal pallaces! The greatest seas have the sorest stormes, the highest birth subject to the most bale, and of all trees the cedars soonest shake with the wind: smal currents are ever calme, lowe valleys not scorcht in any lightnings, nor base men tyed to anie baleful prejudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch poverty it is with hir heele, rather disdaining their want with a frown, then envying their welth with disparagement. Oh Rosalynd, hadst thou beene born low, thou hadst not falne so high, and yet beeing great of blood thine honour is more, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet fates unwilling to have me any waies happy, have forced love to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Love, Rosalynd! becommeth it women in distresse to thinke on Love? Tush, desire hath no respect of persons: Cupid is blind and shooteth at random, assoone hitting a ragge as a robe, and piercing assoone the bosome of a captive, as the brest of a libertine. Thou speakest it, poore Rosalynd, by experience; for being every way distrest, surcharged with cares, and overgrowne with sorrowes, yet amidst the heape of all these mishaps, love hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of yong Rosader, a man every way absolute as wel for his inward life, as for his outward lynniments, able to content the eye with beauty, and the eare with the report of his vertue. But consider, Rosalynde, his fortunes, and thy present estate: thou art poore and without patrymony, and yet the daughter of a prince; he a yonger brother, and voyd of such possessions as eyther might maintaine thy dignities or revenge thy fathers injuries. And hast thou not learned this of other ladies, that lovers cannot live by looks? that womens ears are sooner content with a pound of *give me*, then a dram of *heare me*? that gold is

sweeter than eloquence? that love is a fire, and wealth is the fewel? that Venus coffer should be ever ful? Then, Rosalynd, seeing Rosader is poore, thinke him lesse beautiful, because hee is in want, and account his vertues but qualities of course, for that he is not indued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what methode is to be used in love?

Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

Tush, Rosalynd, be not over rash: leape not before thou looke: either love such a one as may with his landes purchase thy libertie, or els love not at all. Chuse not a faire face with an empty purse, but say as most women use to say,

Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.

Why, Rosalynd, can such base thoughts harbour in such high beauties? can the degree of a princesse, the daughter of Gerismond harbour such servile conceites, as to prize gold more than honour, or to measure a gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues? No, Rosalynd, blush at thy base resolution, and say, if thou lovest, eyther Rosader or none. And why? because Rosader is both beautiful and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new intertained passions, taking up her lute that lay by her, she warbled out this dittie.

ROSALYNDS MADRIGALL.

Love in my bosome like a bee
 Doth sucke his sweete:
 Now with his wings he playes with me,
 Now with his feete.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender brest:
 My kisses are his dayly feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest.
 Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He musicke playes if so I sing.
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, still ye!
Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And binde you, when you long to play,
For your offence.
Ile shut mine eyes to keep you in,
Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
Ile count your power not worth a pinne.
Alas, what hereby shall I winne,
If he gainsay me?
What if I beate the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He wil repay me with annoy,
Because a God.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosome be;
Lurke in mine eies, I like of thee,
O Cupid, so thou pittie me,
Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalynde ended her madrigale, before Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda and many of the peers of France, who were enamoured of her beauty; which Torismond perceiving, fearing least her perfection might be the beginning of his prejudice, and the hope of his fruit ende in the beginning of her blossomes, he thought to banish her from the court: for, quoth he to himselfe, her face is so ful of favour, that it pleads pittie in the eye of every man: her beauty is so heavenly and devine, that she wil prove to me as Helen did to Priam: some one of the peeres wil ayme at her love, end the marriage, and then in his wives right attempt the kingdome. To prevent therefore had I wist in

all these actions, shee tarryes not about the court, but shall (as an exile) eyther wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a sterne countenance ful of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the peers, that charged her that that night shee were not seene about the court: for (quoth he) I have heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange unto Rosalynd, and presently covred with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent tearms to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalynd, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynd amazed, Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grief in her hart and teares in her eyes, falling down on her knees, began to intreat her father thus.

ALINDAS ORATION TO HER FATHER IN DEFENCE OF
ROSALYNDE.

If (mighty Torismond) I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie crave pardon for my boldnesse; for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priviledge. Rosalynd and I have beene fostered up from our infancies, and nursed under the harbour of our conversing togeather with such private familiarities, that custome had wrought an unyon of our nature, and the sympathie of our affections such a secret love, that we have two bodies and one soule. Then marvell not (great Torismond) if, seeing my friend distrest, I finde myselfe perplexed with a thousand sorrowes; for her vertuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such as may challenge love, and race out suspition. Her obedience to your majestie I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered al griefs with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honored you with all

dutie, as her owne father by nouriture, not in word uttering any discontent, nor in thought as (far as conjecture may reach) hammering on revenge; only in all her actions seeking to please you, and to win my favor. Her wisdom, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I need not decypher; onely it rests for me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, fortune who tryumphs in variety of miseries, hath presented some envious person (as minister of her intended stratagem) to tainte Rosalynde with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by witnesses; which proved, let her die, and Alinda wil execute the massacre. If none can avouch any confirmed relation of her intent, use justice, my lord, it is the glory of a king, and let her live in your wonted favour; for if you banish her, myselfe, as copartner of her harde fortunes, will participate in exile some part of her extremities.

Torismond (at this speech of Alinda) covered his face with such a frown, as tyranny seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, and checkt her up with such taunts, as made the lords (that only were hearers) to tremble. Proud girle (quoth he) hath my looks made thee so light of toong, or my favours encouraged thee to bee so forward, that thou darest presume to preach after thy father? hath not my yeares more experience than thy youth, and the winter of mine age deeper insight into civil policie, than the prime of thy flourishing dayes? The olde lion avoides the toyles, where the yoong one leapes into the nette: the care of age is provident and foresees much: suspition is a vertue, where a man holdes his enemy in his bosome. Thou, fond girle, measurest all by present affection, and as thy heart loves, thy thoughts censure; but if thou knowest that in liking Rosalynd thou hatchest up a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldst intreat as much for hir absence as now thou delightest in her presence. But why doe I alleadge policie to thee? sit you downe, huswife, and fall to your needle: if idlenes make you so wanton, or libertie so malipert, I can quickly tye you to a

sharper taske. And you (mayd) this night be packing, eyther into Arden to your father, or whither best it shall content your humour, but in the court you shall not abide. This rigorous replie of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for stil she prosecuted her plea in the defence of Rosalynd, wishing her father (if his censure might not be reverst) that he would appoynt her partner of her exile; which if he refused, eyther she would by some secret meanes steale out and followe her, or else ende her dayes with some desperate kind of death. When Torismond heard his daughter so resolute, his heart was so hardened against her, that he set down a definitive and peremptory sentence, that they should both be banished, which presently was done, the tyrant rather choosing to hazard the losse of his onely child than any wayes to put in question the state of his kingdome; so suspicious and fearfull is the conscience of an usurper. Wel, although his lords perswaded him to retaine his owne daughter, yet his resolution might not be reverst, but both of them must away from the court without eyther more company or delay. In hee went with great melancholy, and left these two ladyes alone. Rosalynd waxed very sad, and sate downe and wept. Alinda she smiled, and sitting by her friend began thus to comfort her.

ALINDAS COMFORT TO PERPLEXED ROSALYND.

Why how now, Rosalynd, dismayd with a frowne of contrary fortune? Have I not oft heard thee say, that hygh mindes were discovered in fortunes contempt, and heroycal seene in the depth of extremities? Thou wert wont to tel others that complained of distresse, that the sweetest salve for misery was patience, and the onely medicine for want that pretious implaister of content. Being such a good phisition to others, wilt thou not minister receipts to thy selfe? but perchance thou wilt say,

Consulenti nunquam caput doluit.

Why then, if the patients that are sicke of this disease can finde in themselves neither reason to perswade, nor art to cure, yet (Rosalynd) admit of the counsaile of a friend, and applie the salves that may appease thy passions. If thou grievest that being the daughter of a prince, and envy thwarteth thee with such hard exigents, thinke that royaltie is a faire marke, that crowns have crosses when mirth is in cottages; that the fairer the rose is, the sooner it is bitten with caterpillers; the more orient the pearle is, the more apt to take a blemish; and the greatest birth, as it hath most honour, so it hath much envy. If then fortune aymeth at the fairest, be patient Rosalynd, for first by thine exile thou goest to thy father: nature is higher prised then wealth, and the love of ones parents ought to bee more pretious then all dignities. Why then doth my Rosalynd grieve at the frowne of Torismond, who by offering her a prejudice proffers her a greater pleasure? and more (mad lasse) to be melancholy, when thou hast with thee Alinda, a friend who wil be a faithful copartner of al thy misfortunes; who hath left her father to follow thee, and chooseth rather to brooke al extremities then to forsake thy presence. What, Rosalynd,

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Cheerly, woman: as wee have been bedfellowes in royaltie, we wil be fellow mates in povertie: I wil ever be thy Alinda, and thou shalt ever rest to me Rosalynd; so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speake of Rosalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pilades and Orestes. And if ever fortune smile, and we returne to our former honour, then folding our selves in the sweete of our friendship, we shal merily say (calling to mind our forepassed miseries)

Olim hæc meminisse juvabit.

At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee

gave her heartie thankes, and then they sat them downe to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying, it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a page: thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I will buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomly at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page wil shew him the poynt of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up al their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes; and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, they traveiled along the vineyardes, and by many by-waies, at last got to the forrest side, where they traveiled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing anye creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes. Now the black oxe began to tread on their feet, and Alinda thought of her wonted royaltie; but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalynd, she thought every daunger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a fountaine, compast with groave of cipresse trees, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some goddesse had intreated nature in that place to make her an arbour. By this fountaine sat Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fedde as merely as if they had been in Paris with all the kings delicates, Aliena onely grieving that they could not so much as meete with a shepheard to discourse them the way to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganimede casting up his eye espied where on a tree was ingraven certaine verses; which assoone as he espied,

he cryed out, be of good cheare, mistresse : I spie the figures of men; for heere in these trees bee ingraven certaine verses of shepheards, or some other swaines that inhabite here about. With that Aliena start up joyful to hear these newes, and looked, where they found carved in the barke of a pine tree this passion.

MONTANUS PASSION.

Hadst thou been borne wher as perpetuall cold
 Makes Tanais hard, and mountaines silver old :
 Had I complaine unto a marble stone,
 Or to the fouds bewraide my bitter mone,
 I then could beare the burthen of my grieve :
 But even the pride of countries at thy birth,
 Whilste heavens did smile, did new aray the earth
 With flowers chiefe ;
 Yet thou, the flower of beautie blessed borne,
 Hast pretie lookes, but all attirde in scorne.

Had I the power to weep sweet Mirrhas teares,
 Or by my plaints to pearce repining eares :
 Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,
 To scorne the woes that doth my hart attaint,
 I then could beare the burthen of my grieve :
 But not my teares, but truth with thee prevails,
 And seeming sowre my sorowes thee assailes :
 Yet small releife ;
 For if thou wilt thou art of marble hard,
 And if thou please my suite shall soone be heard.

No doubt (quoth Aliena) this poesie is the passion of some perplexed shepheard, that being enamoured of some faire and beautifull shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therfore complained of the crueltie of his mistresse. You may see (quoth Ginimede) what mad cattel you women be, whose harts sometimes are made of adamant that wil touch with no impression, and sometime of wax that is fit for every forme : they delight to be courted, and then they glory

to seeme coy, and when they are most desired then they freese with disdaine: and this fault is so common to the sex, that you see it painted out in the shepheardes passions, who found his mistres as froward as he was enamoured. And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what mettall are you made of that you are so satyirical against women? is it not a foule bird defiles his own nest? beware (Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not, if hee doe, perchance you wil make him leape so farre from love, that he wil anger every vaine in your heart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum: I speak now as I am Aliena's page, not as I am Gerismonds daughter; for put mee but into a peticoat, and I wil stand in defiance to the uttermost, that women are curteous, constant, vertuous, and what not. Stay there (quoth Aliena) and no more words, for yonder be caracters graven uppon the barke of the tall beech tree. Let us see (quoth Ganimede); and with that they read a fancy written to this effect.

First shall the heavens want starry light,
 The seas be robbed of their waves,
 The day want sunne, and sunne want bright,
 The night want shade, the dead mens graves;
 The April flowers, and leafe, and tree,
 Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hils
 By humble plaines be overpride;
 And poets scorne the muses quils,
 And fish forsake the water glide,
 And Iris loose her coloured weed,
 Before I faile thee at thy need.

First direful hate shall turne to peace,
 And love relent in deepe disdaine,
 And poets scorne the muses quils,
 And fish forsake the water glide.
 And Iris loose her coloured weed,
 Before I faile thee at thy need.

First direfull hate shall turn to peace,
 And love relent in deep disdain,
 And death his fatall stroake shall cease,
 And envy pitie every paine ;
 And pleasure mourn and sorow smile,
 Before I talke of any guile.

First time shall stay his staylesse race,
 And winter blesse his browes with corne ;
 And snow bemoysten Julies face,
 And winter spring, and summer mourn,
 Before my pen, by helpe of fame,
 Cease to recite thy sacred name.

MONTANUS.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grew from one full of passions. I am of that minde too (quoth Aliena) but see, I pray, when poore women seeke to keepe themselves chaste, how men woo them with many fained promises ; al- luring with sweet words as the syrens, and after prooving as trothlesse as Æneas. Thus promised Demophoon to his Phillis, but who at last grew more false ? The reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were womens sonnes, and tooke that fault of their mother, for if man had growne from man, as Adam did from the earth, men had never been troubled with inconstancie. Leave off (quoth Aliena) to taunt thus bit- terly, or els Ile pull off your pages apparell, and whip you (as Venus doth her wantons) with nettles. So you will (quoth Ganimede) perswade mee to flattery, and that needs not : but come (seeing we have found here by this fount the tract of shepheardes by their madrigalles and roundelaies) let us forwarde ; for either wee shall finde some foldes, sheep- coates, or els some cottages wherin for a day or two to rest. Content (quoth Aliena) and with that they rose up, and marched forward till towards the even, and then comming into a faire valley (compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleasaunt shrubbes) they descrie where two flockes of sheepe did feed. Then, looking about, they might perceive where an old shepheard sate (and with him a yoong swaine)

under a covert most pleasantly scituated. The ground where they sate was diapred with Floras riches, as if she ment to wrap Tellus in the glorie of her vestments: round about in the forme of an amphitheater were most curiously planted pine trees, interseamed with lymons and cytrons, which with the thicknesse of their boughes so shadowed the place, that Phœbus could not prie into the secret of that arbour; so united were the tops with so thick a closure, that Venus might there in her jollitie have dallied unseene with her deerest paramour. Fast by (to make the place more gorgious) was there a fount so christalline and cleare, that it seemed Diana with her Driades and Hemadriades had that spring, as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious arbour satte these two shepheardes (seeing their sheepe feede) playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musicke and melodie falling into much amorous chat. Drawing more nigh we might descry the countenance of the one to be full of sorrow, his face to bee the very pourtraiture of discontent, and his eyes full of woes, that living he seemed to dye: we (to heare what these were) stole privily behinde the thicke, where we overheard this discourse.

A PLEASANT EGLOG BETWEEN MONTANUS AND CORIDON.

Coridon.

Say, shepheards boy, what makes thee greet so sore?
Why leaves thy pipe his pleasure and delight?
Yoong are thy yeares, thy cheeks with roses dight:
Then sing for joy (sweet swain) and sigh no more.

This milk-white poppy, and this climbing pine
Both promise shade; then sit thee downe and sing,
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,
Till Phœbus daine all westward to decline.

Montanus.

Ah (Coridon) unmeet is melody
To him whom proud contempt hath overborn :
Slain are my joyes by Phœbus bitter scorn ;
Far hence my weale, and nere my jeopardy.

Loves burning brand is couched in my breast,
Making a Phoenix of my faintfull hart :
And though his fury doo inforce my smart,
Ay blyth am I to honour his behest.

Preparde to woes, since so my Phœbe wils,
My lookes dismaid, since Phœbe will disdain ;
I banish blisse and welcome home my pain :
So stream my teares as showers from alpine hils.

In errors maske I blindfold judgements eye,
I fetter reason in the snares of lust,
I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust ;
I live by that which makes me living dye.

Devoyd of rest, companion of distresse,
Plague to myselfe, consumed by my thought,
How may my voyce or pipe in tune be brought,
Since I am reft of solace and delight ?

Coridon.

Ah, lorrell lad, what makes thee herry love ?
A sugred harme, a poyson full of pleasure,
A painted shrine full-fild with rotten treasure ;
A heaven in shew, a hell to them that prove.

A gaine in seeming, shadowed stil with want,
A broken staffe which follie doth upholde,
A flower that fades with everie frostie colde,
An orient rose sprong from a withred plant.

A minutes joy to gaine a world of grieve,
A subtil net to snare the idle minde,
A seeing scorpion, yet in seeming blinde,
A poore rejoyce, a plague without reliefe.

For thy, Montanus, follow mine arreedē,
 (Whom age hath taught the traines that fancy useth)
 Leave foolish love, for beautie wit abuseth,
 And drownes (by folly) vertues springing seede.

Montanus.

So blames the childe the flame, because it burnes,
 And bird the snare, because it doth intrap,
 And fooles true love, because of sorry hap,
 And saylers curse the ship that overturnes.

But would the childe forbear to play with flame,
 And birds beware to trust the fowlers gin,
 And fooles foresee before they fall and sin,
 And maisters guide their ships in better frame ;

The childe would praise the fire, because it warmes,
 And birds rejoyce to see the fowler faile,
 And fooles prevent before their plagues prevaile,
 And saylers blesse the barke that saves from harmes

Ah, Coridon, though many be thy yeares,
 And crooked elde hath some experience left,
 Yet is thy mind of judgement quite bereft,
 In view of love, whose power in me appeares.

The ploughman litle wots to turn the pen,
 Or bookeman skills to guide the ploughmans cart ;
 Nor can the cobbler count the tearmes of art,
 Nor base men judge the thoughts of mighty men.

Nor withered age (unmeet for beauties guide,
 Uncapable of loves impression)
 Discourse of that whose choyce possession
 May never to so base a man be tied.

But I (whom nature makes of tender mold,
 And youth most pliant yeelds to fancies fire)
 Do build my haven and heaven on sweet desire,
 On sweet desire, more deere to me than gold.

Thinke I of love, O, how my lines aspire !
 How hast the muses to imbrace my browes,
 And hem my temples in with lawrell bowes,
 And fill my braines with chast and holy fire !

Then leave my lines their homely equipage,
Mounted beyond the circle of the sunne :
Amazed I read the stile when I have done,
And herry love that sent that heavenly rage.

Of Phœbe then, of Phœbe then I sing,
Drawing the puritie of all the spheares,
The pride of earth, or what in heaven appeares,
Her honoured face and fame to light to bring.

In fluent numbers, and in pleasant vaines,
I robbe both sea and earth of all their state,
To praise her parts : I charme both time and fate,
To bless the nymph that yeelds me love sicke paines.

My sheepe are turnd to thoughts, whom froward will
Guydes in the restles laborynth of love ;
Feare lends them pasture whereso ere they move,
And by their death their life renueth still.

My sheephooke is my pen, mine oaten reed
My paper, where my many woes are written.
Thus silly swaine (with love and fancie bitten)
I trace the plaines of paine in wofull weed.

Yet are my cares, my broken sleepes, my teares,
My dreames, my doubts, for Phœbe sweet to me :
Who wayteth heaven in sorrowes vale must be,
And glory shines where daunger most appeares.

Then, Coridon, although I blith me not,
Blame me not, man, since sorrow is my sweet :
So willeth love, and Phœbe thinkes it meet,
And kind Montanus liketh well his lot.

Coridon.

Oh, staylesse youth, by errour so misguided,
Where will proscribeth lawes to perfect wits,
Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,
And folly poysoneth all that time provided !

With wilfull blindnesse bleard, prepar'd to shame,
 Prone to neglect Occasion when she smiles :
 Alas, that love, by fond and froward guiles,
 Should make thee tract the path to endlesse blame !

Ah (my Montanus) cursed is the charme,
 That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes.
 Leave off in time to like these vanities,
 Be forward to thy good, and fly thy harme.

As many bees as Hibla daily shields,
 As many frie as fleet on oceans face ;
 As many heards as on the earth do trace,
 As many flowers as decke the fragrant fields ;

As many stars as glorious heaven contains,
 As many storms as wayward winter weepes,
 As many plagues as hell inclosed keepes,
 So many griefs in love, so many pains.

Suspitions, thoughts, desires, opinions, prayers,
 Mislikes, misdeedes, fond joies, and fained peace,
 Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,
 Vowes, hope, acceptance, scorns, and deepe despaires ;

Truce, warre, and wo do wait at beauties gate ;
 Time lost, laments, reports, and privy grudge,
 And lust : fierce love is but a partiall judge,
 Who yeelds for service shame, for friendship hate.

Montanus.

All adder-like I stop mine eares (fond swaine)
 So charm no more, for I will never change.
 Call home thy flocks betime that stragling range,
 For loe, the sunne declineth hence amaine.

Terentius.

In amore hæc insunt vitia : induciæ, inimicitia, bellum, pax rursum :
 incerta hæc si tu postules, ratione certa fieri nihilo plus agas, quam
 fides operam, ut cum ratione insanias.

The shepheards having thus ended their Eglogue, *Aliena* stept with *Ganimede* from behind the thicket; at whose sodayne sight the shepheards arose, and *Aliena* saluted them thus: Shepheards, all haile (for such wee deeme you by your flockes) and lovers, good lucke, (for such you seeme by your passions) our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by love, yet by fortune, I am a distressed gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts. Wandring this way in a forrest unknown, onely I and my page, wearied with travel, would faine have some place of rest. May you appoint us any place of quiet harbour (bee it never so meane) I shall bee thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whosoever shall be mine host. *Coridon*, hearing the gentlewoman speake so courteously, returned her mildly and reverently this answer.

Faire mistresse, wee returne you as hearty a welcome as you gave us a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, and this a lover, as watchful to please his wench as to feed his sheep: ful of fancies, and therefore, say I, full of follyes. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot; for love admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But leaving him to his passions, if you be distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie: pray for you I may, but releeve you I cannot. Marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowd your selves in a shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbour. *Aliena* thank't *Coridon* greatly, and presently sate her downe and *Ganimede* by hir, *Coridon* looking earnestly upon her, and with a curious survey viewing all her perfections applauded (in his thought) her excellence, and pitying her distresse was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question her thus.

If I should not (faire *Damosell*) occasionate offence, or renew your griefs by rubbing the scar, I would faine crave so much favour as to know the cause of your misfortunes, and why, and whither you wander with your page in so dan-

gerous forest? Aliena (that was as courteous as she was fayre) made this replie. Shepheard, a friendly demaund ought never to be offensive, and questions of curtesie carry priviledged pardons in their forheads. Know, therefore, to discover my fortunes were to renew my sorrowes, and I should, by discoursing my mishaps, but rake fire out of the cynders. Therefore let this suffice, gentle shepheard: my distress is as great as my travaile is dangerous, and I wander in this forrest to light on some cotage where I and my page may dwell: for I meane to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardesse, meaning to live low, and content mee with a country life; for I have heard the swaines saye, that they drunke without suspition, and slept without care. Marry, mistress, quoth Coridon, if you meane so you came in good time, for my landlord intends to sell both the farme I tyll, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may have them for ready money: and for a shepheards life (oh mistres) did you but live a while in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here, mistresse, shal not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggery, so it can bee no extreame prejudice: the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirres not us, we covet not to climbe, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as wee exceed not ill dyet, so we have inough to satisfie: and, mistresse, I have so much Latin, *satis est quod sufficit*.

By my trueth, shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest mee in love with your countrey life, and therfore send for thy landlord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me bee overseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field, and folde them. Thus will I live quiet, unknowne, and contented. This newes so gladded the hart of

Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that putting off his shepheards bonnet, he did hir all the reverence that he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phœbe, whom he wooed long, but was in no hope to win. Ganimede, who stil had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughtes, tooke delight to see the poore shepherd passionate, laughing at love, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last, when she had noted his teares that stole down his cheeks, and his sighes that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demanded of Coridon why the yong shepherd looked so sorrowfull? Ah sir (quoth he) the boy is in love. Why (quoth Ganimede) can shepheards love? I (quoth Montanus) and over-love, els shouldst not thou see me so pensive. Love, I tell thee, is as pretious in a shepheards eye, as in the lookes of a king, and we cuntry swains intertaine fancie with as great delight as the proudest courtier doth affection. Opportunity (that is the sweetest friend to Venus) harboureth in our cottages, and loyaltie (the chieftest fealty that Cupid requireth) is found more among shepheardes than higher degrees. Then, aske not if suche silly swains can love? What is the cause then, quoth Ganimede, that love being so sweet to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull? Because quoth Montanus, the party beloved is froward, and having curtesie in her lookes, holdeth disdain in her tongues ende. What hath she, then, quoth Aliena, in heart? Desire (I hope madame) quoth he, or else my hope lost: dispaire in love were death. As thus they chatted, the sunne being ready to set, and they not having folded their sheepe, Coridon requested she would sit there with her page, till Montanus and hee lodged theyr sheepe for that night. You shall goe quoth Aliena, but first I will intreate Montanus to sing some amorous sonnet that hee made when he hath beene deeply passionate. That I will quoth Montanus, and with that he began thus.

MONTANUS SONNET.

Phœbe sate,
 Sweet she sate,
 Sweet sate Phœbe when I saw her,
 White her brow,
 Coy her eye :
 Brow and eye how much you please me !
 Words I spent,
 Sighes I sent ;
 Sighs and words could never draw hir.
 Oh my love,
 Thou art lost,
 Since no sight could ever ease thee.

Phœbe sat
 By a fount,
 Sitting by a fount I spide her :
 Sweet hir touch,
 Rare her voyce :
 Touch and voyce what may distain you ?
 As she sung
 I did sigh,
 And by sighs whilst that I tride her,
 Oh mine eyes !
 You did loose
 Hir first sight whose want did pain you.

Phœbes flockes,
 White as wooll,
 Yet were Phœbes locks more whiter.
 Phœbes eyes
 Dovelike mild,
 Dovelike eyes, both mild and cruell.
 Montan sweares,
 In your lampes
 He will die for to delight her.
 Phœbe yeeld,
 Or I die.
 Shall true hearts be fancies fuell ?

Montanus had no sooner ended his sonnet, but Coridon with a lowe curtesie rose up, and went with his fellow, and shut their sheepe in the folds; and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home weary to his poore cottage. By the waye there was much good chat with Montanus about his loves, hee resolving Aliena that Phœbe was the fairest shepherdice in al France, and that in his eye her beautie was equal with the nimphs. But, quoth he: as of all stones the diamond is most cleerest, and yet most hard for the lapidorie to cut, as of all flowres the rose is the fairest, and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles: so of al our country lasses Phœbe is the brightest, but the most coy of all to stoop unto desire. But let her take heed quoth he, I have heard of Narcissus, who for his high disdain against love, perished in the folly of his owne love. With this they were at Coridons cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Aliena and Ganimede glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore swaine; and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so greate, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearyed with the toyle of unaccustomed travaile; but assoone as they got up, Aliena resolved there to set up her rest, and by the helpe of Coridon swapt a bargain with his landslord, and so became mistres of the farme and the flocke, her selfe putting on the attyre of a shepherdesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: everye day leading forth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thought no content to the blisse of a countrey cottage. Leaving her thus famous amongst the shepherds of Arden, againe to Saladyne.

When Saladyne had a long while concealed a secrete resolution of revenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flax, nor oyle in the flame, (for envy is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fog) it chaunced on a morning very

early he cald up certain of his servants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, hee entred with his crue, and surprised his brother when he was a sleepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his hall chained him to a post. Rosader, amazed at this strange chaunce, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this soudaine extremity, wherin he had wrongd, and what fault he had committed worthy so sharpe a penance? Saladyne answered him onely with a look of disdain, and went his way, leaving poore Rosader in a deepe perplexity; who, thus abused, fell into sundry passions, but no means of releefe could be had: wherupon for anger he grew into a discontented melancholy. In which humour he continued two or three daies without meat, insomuch that seeing his brother would give him no food, he fel into despaire of his life. Which Adam Spencer, the old servant of Sir John of Bourdeaux, seeing, touched with the dutie and love hee ought to his olde maister, felt a remorse in his conscience of his sonnes mishap; and therefore, although Saladyne had given a generall charge to his servants that none of them upon pain of death should give either meat or drink to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could provide, and unlockt him, and set him at liberty. After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt he was loose, straight his thoughts aymed at revenge, and now (all being a sleepe) hee would have quit Saladyne with the methode of his own mischiefe. But Adam Spencer did perswade him to the contrary with these reasons. Sir, quoth hee, be content, for this night go againe into your olde fetters, so shall you trie the faith of friends, and save the life of an old servant. Tomorrow hath your brother invited al your kinred and allyes to a solempne breakefast, onely to see you, telling them all that you are mad, and faine to be tied to a poast. Assoone as they come complain to them of the abuse proffered you by Saladyne. If they redresse you, why so: but if they passe over your playntes *sicco pede*, and hold with the violence of your

brother before your innocence, then thus: I will leave you unlockt that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the ende of the hall shall you see stand a couple of good pollaxes, one for you and another for mee. When I give you a wincke, shake off your chaines, and let us plaie the men, and make havocke amongst them, drive them out of the house and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the king hath made a redresse of your abuses.

These wordes of Adam Spencer so perswaded Rosader, that he went to the place of his punishment, and stood there while the next morning. About the time appointed, came all the guesstes bidden by Saladyne, whom hee intreated with curteous and curious entertainment, as they all perceived their welcome to be great. The tables in the hall, where Rosader was tyed, were covered, and Saladyne bringing in his guests together, shewed them where his brother was bound, and was inchainde as a man lunaticke. Rosader made reply, and with some invectives made complaintes of the wrongs proffered him by Saladyne, desiring they would in pitie seeke some meanes for his reliefe. But in vaine, they had stopt their eares with Ulisses, that were his words never so forceable, he breathed onely his passions into the winde. They, carelesse, sat downe with Saladyne to dinner, beeing very frolicke and pleasant, washing their heades well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entered peale meale into their braines, they began in satyricall speeches to raile against Rosader: which Adam Spencer no longer brooking, gave the signe, and Rosader shaking off his chaines got a pollaxe in his hande, and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, slew some, and drave his brother and the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleare, he shut the doores, and being sore an hungred, and seeing such good victuals, he sat him downe with Adam Spencer, and such good fellows as he knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such provision as Saladyne had provided for his friends.

After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampierd up the house, least upon a sodeine his brother should raise some crew of his tennants, and surprise them unawares. But Saladyne tooke a contrary course, and went to the sheriffe of the shire and made complaint of Rosader, who giving credite to Saladyne, in a determined resolution to revenge the gentlemans wrongs, tooke with him five and twentie tall men, and made a vow, either to break into the house and take Rosader, or else to coope him in till hee made him yeeld by famine. In this determination, gathering a crue together, hee went forward to set Saladyne in his former estate. Newes of this was brought unto Rosader, who smiling at the cowardize of his brother, brookt al the injuries of fortune with patience, expecting the comming of the sheriffe. As he walked upon the battlements of the house, he descryed where Saladyne and he drew neare, with a troupe of lustie gallants. At this he smilde, and calde Adam Spencer, and shewed him the envious treacherie of his brother, and the folly of the sheriffe to bee so credulous. Now, Adam, quoth he, what shall I do? It rests for me either to yeeld up the house to my brother and seek a reconcilment, or els issue out, and break through the company with courage, for coopt in like a coward I will not bee. If I submit (ah Adam!) I dishonor my selfe, and that is worse then death, for by such open disgraces, the fame of men growes odious: if I issue out amongst them, fortune may favour mee, and I may escape with life; but suppose the worst: if I be slaine, then my death shall be honorable to me, and so inequall a revenge infamous to Saladyne. Why then, master, forward and feare not: out amongst them: they bee but faint hearted lozels, and for Adam Spencer, if hee die not at your foote, say he is a dastard.

These words cheered up so the heart of yong Rosader, that he thought himselfe sufficient for them al, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to entertaine the sheriffe; for no sooner came Saladyne and he to

the gates, but Rosader, unlookt for, leapt out and assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to give backe, so that Adam and he broke through the prease in despite of them all, and tooke their way towards the forrest of Arden. This repulse so set the sheriffs hart on fire to revenge, that he straight raised all the country, and made hue and crie after them. But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret waies that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thether, they were glad they had so good a harbor: but fortune (who is like the camelion) variable with every object, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrours of her mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandred five or sixe dayes without meate, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieve them; and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer, (being olde) began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.

ADAM SPENCERS SPEECH.

Oh, how the life of man may well bee compared to the state of the ocean seas, that for every calme hath a thousand storms, resembling the rose tree, that for a few flowers hath a multitude of sharpe prickles! All our pleasures ende in paine, and our highest delightes are crossed with deepest discontents. The joyes of man, as they are few, so are they momentarie, scarce ripe before they are rotten, and withering in the blossom, either parched with the heate of envy or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friend, that in all thy deedes art fro-

ward and fickle, delighting in the povertie of the lowest, and the overthrow of the highest! To decypher thy inconstancy thou standest upon a globe, and thy wings are plumed with Times feathers, that thou maist ever be restlesse: thou art double faced like Janus, carrying frownes in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray. Thou profferest an eele, and performest a scorpion, and wher thy greatest favours be, there is the feare of the extreamest misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why, Adam, doest thou exclaime against Fortune? she laughes at the plaintes of the distressed, and there is nothing more pleasing unto her, then to heare fooles boast in her fading allurements, or sorrowfull men to discover the sower of their passions. Glut her not, Adam, then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishappes with patience. For there is no greater check to the pride of Fortune, then with a resolute courage to passe over her crosses without care. Thou art old, Adam, and thy haire waxe white: the palme tree is alreadie full of bloomes, and in the furrowes of thy face appeares the kalenders of death: wert thou blessed by Fortune thy yeares could not bee many, nor the date of thy life long: then sith Nature must have her due, what is it for thee to resigne her debt a little before the day.—Ah, it is not that which grieveth mee, nor do I care what mishaps Fortune can wage against mee, but the sight of Rosader that galleth unto the quicke. When I remember the worships of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe, then doo I say, that Fortune and the Fates are most injurious, to censure so hard extreames, against a youth of so great hope. Oh, Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thy yeares, buxsome and full of May. Nature hath prodigally inricht thee with her favours, and vertue made thee the myrror of her excellence; and now, through the decree of the unjust starres, to have all these good partes nipped in the blade, and blemisht by the inconstancie of Fortune! Ah, Rosader, could I helpe thee, my grieve were the lesse, and

happie should my death be, if it might bee the beginning of thy reliefe: but seeing we perish both in one extreame, it is a double sorrow. What shall I doo? prevent the sight of his further misfortune with a present dispatch of mine owne life? Ah, despaire is a merciless sinne!

As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him chaunge colour, hee rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, said, What cheere, maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these wordes Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. Ah, Adam, quoth he, I sorrow not to dye, but I grieve at the maner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wilde beast, and perish as his praie, I were satisfied; but to die with hunger, O, Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames! Maister (quoth he) you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate; seeing therefore we can finde no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overworne with age, you are yoong, and are the hope of many honours: let me then dye, I will presently cut my veynes, and, maister, with the warme blood relieve your fainting spirites: sucke on that till I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage (though verie faint) rose up, and wisht A. Spencer to sit there til his returne; for my mind gives me, quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man, he rose up, and raunged up and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or els pledge his life in pawn for his loyaltie. It chaunced that day, that Gerismond, the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of outlawes lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bolde

yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lymon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus :—

Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may : know, that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food: perish wee must, unlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such as are everie way woorthie of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou proove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword ; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was mooved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but the lord of the feast. Gramercy, sir (quoth Rosader) but I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I wil gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go ; wherupon Rosader got him up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship ; and Rosader, having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe

Adam Spencer. Well, to be short, those hungry squires fell to their victuals, and feasted themselves with good delicates, and great store of wine. Assoone as they had taken their repast, Gerismond (desirous to heare what hard fortune drave them into those bitter extreames) requested Rosader to discourse, (as it were not any way prejudicall unto him) the cause of his travell. Rosader (desirous any way to satisfie the curtesie of his favourable host, first beginning his *exordium* with a volley of sighes, and a fewe luke warme teares) prosecuted his discourse, and told him from point to point all his fortunes: how he was the yongest sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundry times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the sheriffe, and hurting his men, hee fled. And this old man (quoth he) whom I so much love and honour, is surnamed Adam Spencer, an old servant of my fathers, and one (that for his love) never fayled me in all my misfortunes.

When Gerismond heard this, he fell on the neck of Rosader, and next discoursing unto him, how he was Gerismond their lawfull king, exiled by Torismond, what familiaritie had ever been betwixt his father, Sir John of Bourdeaux, and him, how faithfull a subject hee lived, and how honourably he dyed; promising (for his sake) to give both him and his friend such curteous entertainment as his present estate could minister; and upon this made him one of his forresters. Rosader seeing it was the king, cravde pardon for his boldnesse, in that hee did not doo him due reverence, and humbly gave him thanks for his favourable curtesie. Gerismond, not satisfied yet with newes, beganne to enquire if he had been lately in the court of Torismond, and whether he had seene his daughter Rosalynd, or no? At this, Rosader fetcht a deep sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answer: yet at last, gathering his spirits together, he revealed unto the king, how Rosalynde was banished, and how there was such a simpathie of affections betwixt Alinda and her, that shee chose rather to be partaker of her exile, then to part fellowship: whereupone the

unnaturall king banished them both ; and now they are wandered none knowes whither, neither could any learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes drive the king into a great melancholy, that presently hee arose from all the company, and went into his privie chamber, so secrete as the harbour of the woods would allow him. The company was all dasht at these tydings, and Rosader and Adam Spencer, having such opportunitie, went to take their rest. Where we leave them, and retorne againe to Torismond.

The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladyne was sole heire of the landes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire revenewes, found just occasion to quarrell with Saladyne about the wrongs he proffered to his brother ; and therefore, dispatching a herehault, he sent for Saladyne in all poast haste. Who marveiling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein hee had offended his highnesse ; but imboldened with his innocence, he boldly went with the herehault unto the court ; where, assoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the king, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladyne, chiefly in that the jayler had a straight charge over him, to see that he should be close prisoner. Many passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, full of sorrow, grief and disquieted passions, he resolved into these tearmes.

SALADYNES COMPLAINT.

Unhappie Saladyne ! whome folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton desires wrapt within the laborinth of these calamities. Are not the heavens doomers of mens deedes ? And holdes not God a ballance in his fist, to reward with favour, and revenge with justice ? Oh, Saladyne, the faults

of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule, and not onely discovering little nourture, but blemishing the excellence of nature. Whelpes of one litter are ever most loving, and brothers that are sonnes of one father should live in friendship without jarre. Oh, Saladyne, so it should bee; but thou hast with the deere fedde against the winde, with the crabbe strove against the streame, and sought to pervert nature by unkindnesse. Rosaders wrongs, the wrongs of Rosader (Saladyne) cryes for revenge: his youth pleads to God to inflict some penance upon thee, his vertues are pleas that inforce writtes of displeasure to crosse thee: thou hast highly abused thy kynde and naturall brother, and the heavens cannot spare to quite thee with punishment. There is no sting to the worme of conscience, no hell to a minde toucht with guilt. Every wrong I offred him (called now to remembrance) wringeth a drop of blood from my heart, every bad looke, every frowne pincheth me at the quicke, and saies, Saladyne thou hast sinned against Rosader. Be penitent, and assigne thyselfe some pennance to discover thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the king, who with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladyne made answer, that upon some ryot made against the sheriffe of the shire, he was fled from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whither. Nay, villaine (quoth he) I have heard of the wronges thou hast proffered thy brother, since the death of thy father, and by thy means have I lost a most brave and resolute chevalier. Therefore, in justice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for ever from the court and countrey of France; and see thy departure be within tenne dayes, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head. And with that the king flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladyne greatly perplexed; who grieving at his exile, yet determined to bear it with patience, and in penance of his former folies

to travaile abroad in every coast till he had found out his brother Rosader. With whom now I beginne.

Rosader, beeing thus preferred to the place of a forrester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers unkindnes by continuall exercise, traversing the groves and wilde forrests, partly to heare the melody of the sweete birds which recorded, and partly to shew his diligent indeavour in his masters behalfe. Yet whatsoever he did, or howsoever he walked, the lively image of Rosalynde remained in memorie: on her sweete perfections he fed his thoughts, proving himselfe like the eagle a true borne bird, since that the one is knowne by beholding the sunne, so was he by regarding excellent beautie. One day among the rest, finding a fit opportunity and place convenient, desirous to discover his woes to the woodes, hee engraved with his knife on the bark of a mir tre, this pretye estimate of his mistres perfection.

SONNETTO.

Of all chast birdes the phoenix doth excell,
Of all strong beastes the lyon beares the bell,
Of all sweet flowers the rose doth sweetest smel,
Of all faire maydes my Rosalynd is fairest.

Of all pure mettals gold is onely purest,
Of all high trees the pine hath highest crest,
Of all soft sweets I like my mistris brest,
Of all chast thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest.

Of all proud birds the eagle pleaseth Jove,
Of pretie fowles kind Venus likes the dove,
Of trees Minerva doth the olive love,
Of all sweet nymphs I honour Rosalynd.

Of all her gifts her wisdomes pleaseth most,
Of all her graces vertue she doth boast:
For all these gifts my life and joy is lost,
If Rosalynde prove cruell and unkind.

In these and such like passions Rosader did every day eternize the name of his Rosalynd; and this day especially when Aliena and Ganimede (inforced by the heat of the sun to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arrived in that place, where this amorous forrester registred his melancholy passions. They saw the sodaine change of his looks, his folded armes, his passionate sighes: they heard him often abruptly cal on Rosalynd, who (poore soule) was as hotly burned as himselfe, but that shee shrouded her paines in the cinders of honorable modesty. Whereupon (gessing him to be in love, and according to the nature of their sexe being pittifull in that behalfe) they sodainly brake off his melancholy by theyr approach, and Ganimede shooke him out of his dumps thus.

What newes, forrester? hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse: thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the horns: tis hunters lucke to ayme faire and misse; and a woodmans fortune to strike and yet go without the game.

Thou art beyond the marke Ganimede (quoth Aliena): his passions are greater, and his sighs discovers more losse: perhaps in traversing these thickets, he hath seene some beautifull nimph, and is growne amorous. It may be so (quoth Ganimede) for here he hath newly ingraven some sonnet: come, and see the discourse of the forresters poems. Reading the sonnet over, and hearing him name Rosalynde, Aliena lookt on Ganimede and laught, and Ganimede looking backe on the forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht; yet thinking to shrowd all under her pages apparell, she boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tell me, forrester, what is this Rosalynd for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is shee some nymph that wayts upon Dianaes traine, whose chastitie thou hast deciphred in such epethites? Or is she some shepherdesse that hants these playnes whose beautie hath so bewitched thy fancie, whose name thou shaddowest in covert

under the figure of Rosalynd, as Ovid did Julia under the name of Corinna? or say mee forsooth, is it that Rosalynde, of whome wee shepheards have heard talke, shee, forrester, that is the daughter of Gerismond, that once was king, and now an outlawe in the Forrest of Arden? At this Rosader fecht a deepe sigh, and sayde, It is she, O gentle swayne, it is she: that saint it is whom I serve, that goddessse at whose shrine I doe bend all my devotions: the most fayrest of all faires, the phenix of all the sexe, and the puritie of all earthly perfection. And why (gentle forrester) if shee be so beautifull, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happily she resembleth the rose, that is sweete, but full of prickles? or the serpent regius that hath scales as glorious as the sunne, and a breath as infectious as the aconitum is deadly? So thy Rosalynd may be most amiable, and yet unkind; full of favour and yet froward, coy without wit, and disdainfull without reason.

Oh, Shepheard (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her personage, graced with the excellence of all perfection, beeing a harbour wherein the graces shrowd their vertues, thou wouldest not breath out such blasphemy against the beauteous Rosalind. She is a diamond, bright, but not hard, yet of most chast operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a rose without prickles, and a princesse absolute, as well in beauty as in vertue. But I, unhappy I, have let mine eye soare with the eagle against so bright a sun, that I am quite blind: I have with Apollo enamoured myselfe of a Daphne, not (as she) disdainful, but farre more chast than Daphne: I have with Ixion laide my love on Juno, and shall (I feare) embrace nought but a clowde. Ah, Shepheard, I have reacht at a starre: my desires have mounted above my degree, and my thoughts above my fortunes. I being a peasant, have ventured to gaze on a princesse, whose honors are too high to vouchsafe such base loves.

Why, forrester, quoth Ganimede, comfort thy selfe: be blyth and frolike man. Love sowsæth as low as she soar-

eth high: Cupid shootes at a ragge assoon as at a roabe; and Venus eye that was so curious, sparkled favour on pole-footed Vulcan. Feare not, man, womens lookes are not tied to dignities feathers, nor make they curious esteeme where the stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not, forrester: faint heart never woone faire ladye. But where lives Rosalynde now? at the court?

Oh no, quoth Rosader, she lives I knowe not where, and that is my sorrow, banished by Toresmond, and that is my hell: for might I but finde her sacred personage, and plead before the bar of her pitie the plaint of my passions, hope telles me shee would grace me with some favour, and that would suffice as a recompence of all my former miseries.

Much have I heard of thy mistres excellence, and I know, forrester, thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hast survaid all her parts with a curious eye; then doo that favour, to tell me what her perfections be. That I wil, quoth Rosader, for I glorie to make all eares wonder at my mistres excellence. And with that he pulde a paper foorth his bosome, wherein he read this.

ROSALYNDES DESCRIPTION.

Like to the cleere in highest spheare,
Where all imperiall glorie shines,
Of selfe same colour is her haire,
Whether unfolded, or in twines:
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Her eyes are saphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wincke:
The gods do feare when as they glow,
And I doo tremble when I thinke:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her chekes are lyke the blushing clowde
That bewtifies Auroraes face,
Or lyke the silver crimson shrowde,
That Phœbus smiling lookes doth grace:
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynd.

Her lippes are like two budded roses,
Whome ranckes of lillies neighbour nie,
Within which bounds she balme incloses,
Apt to intice a Deitie :

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke, like to a stately tower,
When love himselfe imprisoned lies,
To watch for glaunces every houre,
From her devine and sacred eyes :

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Her pappes are centers of delight,
Her pappes are orbes of heavenly frame,
Where nature molds the deaw of light,
To feed perfection with the same :

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With orient pearle, with rubie red,
With marble white, with saphire blew,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view :

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Nature her selfe her shape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her sight,
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light :

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Then muse not, nymphes, though I bemone
The absence of faire Rosalynde,
Since for her faire there is fairer none,
Nor for her vertues so devine :

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Heigh ho, my heart, would God that she were mine !

Periit, quia deperibat.

Beleeve me (quoth Ganimede) eyther the forrester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalynde farre above wonder; so it makes me blush to heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so unperfect.

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly, gentle page, thou hast cause to complaine thee, wert thou the

substance, but resembling the shadow, content thyselfe ; for it is excellence inough to be like the excellence of nature. He hath aunswered you, Ganimede, quoth Aliena, it is enough for pages to wait on beautiful ladies, and not to be beautiful themselves. Oh, mistres, quoth Ganimede, hold you your peace, for you are partiall : who knowes not, but that all women have desire to tye soveraintie to their petticotes, and ascribe beauty to themselves, wher, if boies might put on their garments, perhaps they would prove as comely, if not as comely, as courteous. But tel me, forrester (and with that she turned to Rosader) under whom maintainest thou thy walke ? Gentle swaine, under the king of outlawes, said he ; the unfortunate Gerismond, who having lost his kingdome, crowneth his thoughtes with content, accounting it better to governe among poore men in peace, then great men in danger. But hast thou not, said she, (having so melancholy opportunities as this forrest affoordeth thee) written more sonets in commendations of thy mistris ? I have, gentle swaine, quoth he, but they be not about me : to morrow by dawn of day, if your flocks feed in these pastures, I will bring them you ; wherein you shall read my passions, whiles I feele them, judge my patience when you read it : til when I bid farewell. So giving both Ganimede and Aliena a gentle good night, he resorted to his lodge, leaving them to their prittle prattle. So Ganimede (said Aliena, the forrester being gone) you are mightily beloved : men make ditties in your praise, spend sighs for your sake, make an idoll of your beauty : believe mee, it greeves mee not a little to see the poore man so pensive, and you so pittillesse.

Ah, Aliena (quoth she) be not peremptory in your judgments. I heare Rosalynde praisd as I am Ganimede, but were I Rosalynde, I could answere the forrester : if he mourne for love, there are medicines for love : Rosalynde cannot be faire and unkind. And so, madame, you see it is time to fold our flocks, or else Coridon will frown and say, you will never prove good huswife. With that they put

their sheepe into the coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage, Aliena as merry as might bee that she was thus in the company of her Rosalynde; but shee, poore soule, that had love her loadstarre, and her thoughtes set on fire with the flame of fancie, could take no rest, but being alone began to consider what passionate pennance poore Rosader was enjoyned to by love and fortune, that at last shee fell into this humour with her selfe.

ROSALYNDE PASSIONATE ALONE.

Ah, Rosalynd, how the Fates have set down in theyr Sinode to make thee unhappy: for when Fortune hath done hir worst, then Love comes in to begin a new tragedie: she seeks to lodge her sonne in thyne eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware, fond girle, he is an unruly guest to harbour: for entring in by intreats, he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuell, as no water is able to quench. Seest thou not how Venus seekes to wrap thee in her laborynth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrowes, cares, and discontent? she is a syren, stop thine eares to her melodie; she is a basiliske, shutte thy eyes, and gaze not at her least thou perish. Thou art now placed in the countrey content, where are heavenly thoughtes and meane desires: in those lawnes where thy flocks feed Diana haunts: be as her nymphes chast, and enemie to love, for there is no greater honour to a mayd, than to account of fancie as a mortal foe to their sexe. Daphne, that bonny wench, was not turned into a bay tree, as the poets fain, but for her chas-titie: her fame was immortall, resembling the lawrell that is ever greene. Follow thou her steps, Rosalynd, and the rather, for that thou art an exile, and banished from the court; whose distresse, and it is appeased with patience, so it would be renewed with amorous passions. Have minde on thy forepassed fortunes; feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies, least loving in hast, thou repent thee at

leisure. Ah, but yet, Rosalynd, it is Rosader that courts thee : one who as he is beutifull, so hee is vertuous, and harboureth in his minde as manie good qualities as his face is shadowed with gracious favours ; and therefore Rosalynde stoope to love, least, beeing eyther too coy or too cruell, Venus waxe wroth, and plague thee with the reward of disdaine.

Rosalynde thus passionate, was wakened from her dumpes by Aliena, who sayd it was time to goe to bed. Coridon swore that was true, for Charls Waine was risen in the north ; wheruppon each taking leave of other, went to their rest, all but the poore Rosalynde, who was so full of passions, that she could not possesse any content. Well, leaving her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning.

The sunne was no sooner stept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganimede, who, restlesse all night, had tossed in her passions, saying it was then time to go to the field to unfold their sheepe. Aliena (that spied where the hare was by the hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasaunt with her Ganimede, and therefore replied thus : What, wanton ; the sun is but new up, and as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosome of Flora : Phœbus hath not dried up the pearled dew, and so long Coridon hath taught me it is not fitte to lead the sheepe abroad, least the deaw being unwholesome, they get the rot : but now see I the old proverbe true, he is in hast whom the devill drives, and where love prickes forward, there is no worse death then delay. Ah, my good page ; is there fancie in thine eye, and passions in thy heart ? What, hast thou wrapt love in thy looks, and sette all thy thoughts on fire by affection ? I tell thee, it is a flame as harde to be quencht as that of Aetna. But nature must have her course : womens eies have faculty attractive like the jeat, and retentive like the diamond : they dally in the delight of faire objects, til gazing on the panthers beautiful skin, repenting experience tel them he hath a devouring paunch. Come on (quoth Ganimede) this sermon of

yours is but a subiltie to lie stil a bed, because either you think the morning cold, or els I being gone, you would steale a nappe: this shift carries no paulme, and therefore up and away. And for Love, let me alone: Ile whip him away with nettles, and set disdaine as a charme to withstand his forces; and therefore looke you to your selfe: be not too bold, for Venus can make you bend, nor to coy, for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie *peccavi*. And that is it (quoth Aliena) that hath raised you so earlie this morning. And with that she slipt on her peticoat, and start up; and assoone as she had made her ready, and taken her breakfast, away goe these two with their bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of mynd then ever they were in the court of Torismond. They came no sooner nigh the foldes, but they might see where their discontented forrester was walking in his melancholy. Assoone as Aliena saw him, she smiled, and sayd to Ganymede, Wipe your eyes, sweeting, for yonder is your sweet heart this morning in deep prayers, no doubt, to Venus, that she may make you as pitifull as hee is passionate. Come on, Ganymede, I pray thee, lets have a litle sport with him. Content (quoth Ganymede) and with that, to waken him out of his deep *memento*, he began thus:

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions. What makes you so early abroad this morne? in contemplation, no doubt, of your Rosalynd. Take heede, forrester; step not too farre, the foord may be deep, and you slip over your shooes. I tell thee, flyes have their spleen, the antes choller, the least haires shadows, and the smallest loves great desires. Tis good (forrester) to love, but not to overlove, least in loving her that likes not thee, thou fold thy selfe in an endlesse laborinth. Rosader, seeing the faire shep-herdesse and her prettie swayne in whose company he felt the greatest ease of his care, hee returned them a salute on this maner.

Gentle shepheards, all haile, and as heathfull be your flocks as you happie in content. Love is restlesse, and my bedde is

but the cell of my bane, in that there I finde busie thoughtes and broken slumbers: heere (although every where passionate) yet I brooke love with more patience, in that everie object feedes mine eye with varietie of fancies. When I looke on Floraes beauteous tapestrie, checkered with the pride of all her treasure, I call to minde the faire face of Rosalynd, whose heavenly hue exceeds the rose and the lilly in their highest excellence: the brightnesse of Phœbus shine puts mee in minde to think of the sparkeling flames that flew from her eyes, and set my heart first on fire: the sweet harmony of the birds, puts me in remembrance of the rare melody of her voyce, which lyke the syren enchaunteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I salve my sorrowes, which applying the perfection of every object to the excellencie of her qualities.

She is much beholding unto you (quoth Aliena) and so much, that I have oft wisht with my selfe, that if I should ever prove as amorous as CEnone, I might finde as faithfull a Paris as your selfe.

How say you by this item, forrester? (quoth Ganimede) the faire shepheardesse favours you, who is mistresse of so manye flockes. Leave of, man, the supposition of Rosalynds love, when as watching at her, you rove beyond the moone, and cast your lookes upon my mistresse, who no doubt is as faire though not so royall, one bird in the hand is worth two in the wood: better possesse the love of Aliena, then catch furiously at the shadowe of Rosalynd.

Ile tel thee boy (quoth Rosader) so is my fancy fixed on my Rosalynde, that were thy mistresse as faire as Læda or Danae, whom Jove courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to entertaine their beauties: and so hath love lockt me in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then absolutely possesse the excellence of any other. Venus is too blame (forrester) if having so true a servant of you, shee reward you not with Rosalynd, if Rosalynd were more fairer than her self.

But leaving this prattle, now Ile put you in mynd of your promise about those sonnets, which you sayd were at home in your lodge.

I have them about mee (quoth Rosader) let us sit downe, and then you shall heare what a poeticall fury love will infuse into a man. With that they sate downe upon a greene banke, shadowed with figge trees, and Rosader, fetching a deep sigh, read them this sonnet.

ROSADERS SONNET.

In sorowes cell I layd me downe to sleepe,
 But waking woes were jealous of mine eyes,
 They made them watch, and bend themselves to weepe,
 But weeping teares their want could not suffice :
 Yet since for her they wept who guides my hart,
 They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

Of these my teares a fountaine fiercely springs,
 Where Venus baynes her selfe incenst with love,
 Where Cupid bowseth his faire feathred wings,
 But I behold what paines I must approve.
 Care drinks it drie ; but when on her I thinke,
 Love makes me weepe it full unto the brinke.

Meane while my sighes yeeld truce unto my teares,
 By them the windes increast and fiercely blow :
 Yet when I sigh the flame more plaine appeares,
 And by their force with greater power doth glow :
 Amids these paines, all Phoenix like I thrive
 Since love, that yeelds me death, may life revive.

Rosader en esperance.

Now, surely, forrester (quoth Aliena), when thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither too fearfull, as despairing of thy mistresse favours, nor too glee-some, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile (quoth Gany-mede) at the sonnettoes, canzones, madrigales, roundes and roundelaies, that these pensive patients powre out when their eyes are more full of wantonnesse, then their hearts of pas-

sions. Then, as the fishers put the sweetest bayt to the fairest fish, so these Ovidians (holding *amo* in their tongues, when their thoughtes come at hap hazard) write that they bee wrapt in an endlesse laborinth of sorrow, when walking in the large leas of libertie, they only have their humours in their inckpot. If they find women so fond, that they will with such painted lures come to their lust, then they triumph till they be full gorgde with pleasures; and then flye they away (like ramage kytes) to their own content, leaving the tame foole, their mistresse, full of fancie, yet without ever a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some wary wanton, that wants not such a one as themselves, but spies their subiltie), they ende their amors with a few fained sighes; and so theyr excuse is, their mistresse is cruell, and they smother passions with patience. Such, gentle forrester, we may deeme you to be, that rather passe away the time heere in these woods with wryting amoretts, then to be deeply enamoured (as you say) of your Rosalynde. If you bee such a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortunes at the highest, and your desires to bee most excellent, then that you may with Ixion embrace Juno in a cloude, and have nothing but a marble mistresse to release your martyrdome; but if you be true and trustie, eye-paynd and heart sick, then accursed be Rosalynd if she proove cruel: for, forrester (I flatter not), thou art worthie of as faire as shee. Aliena, spying the storme by the winde, smiled to see how Gany-mede flew to the fist without any call; but Rosader, who tooke him flat for a shepherds swayne, made him this answer.

Trust me, swayne (quoth Rosader), but my canzon was written in no such humor; for mine eye and my heart are relatives, the one drawing fancy by sight, the other entreteining her by sorrow. If thou sawest my Rosalynd, with what beauties Nature hath favoured her—with what perfection the heavens hath graced her—with what qualities the gods have endued her, then woulst thou say, there is none so fickle that

could be fleeting unto her. If she had been Æneas, Dido, had Venus and Juno both scolded him from Carthage, yet her excellence, despite of them, would have detained him at Tyre. If Phillis had been as beautiful, or Ariadne as virtuous, or both as honourable and excellent as she, neither had the philbert tree sorrowed in the death of despairing Phillis, nor the starres been graced with Ariadne, but Demophoon and Theseus had been trustie to their paragons. I wil tel thee, swayne, if with a deep insight thou couldst pierce into the secrets of my loves, and see what deep impressions of her idea affection hath made in my heart, then wouldst thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse indued with admirable patience. Why (quoth Aliena) needs there patience in love? Or else in nothing (quoth Rosader); for it is a restlesse sore, that hath no ease; a cankar that still frets; a disease that taketh away all hope of sleepe. If then so many sorrowes, sodaine joyes, momentary pleasures, continuall feares, daily griefes, and nightly woes be founde in love, then is not hee to bee accounted patient that smothers all these passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth Ganimede) and therefore we hold al thy wordes for axiomes. But is love such a lingring maladie? It is (quoth he) either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the partie that entertaines it; for, as the weedes grow longer untoucht then the prettie floures, and the flint lyes safe in the quarry, when the emerauld is suffering the lapidaries toole, so meane men are freed from Venus injuries, when kings are environed with a laborinth of her cares. The whiter the lawne is, the deeper is the moale; the more purer the chrysolite, the sooner stained; and such as have their hearts ful of honour, have their loves ful of the greatest sorowes. But in whomsoever (quoth Rosader) hee fixeth his dart, hee never leaveth to assault him, till either hee hath wonne him to folly or fancy; for as the moone never goes without the starre lunisequa, so a lover never goeth without the unrest of his thoughts. For prooffe you shall

heare another fancy of my making. Now doo, gentle forrester (quoth Ganimede); and with that he read over this sonetto.

ROSADERS SECOND SONETTO.

Turne I my lookes unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eies;
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then [in] every floure is found.
Search I the shade to flie my paine,
He meets me in the shade againe:
Wend I to walke in secret grove,
Even there I meet with sacred love.
If so I bayne me in the spring,
Even on the brinke I heare him sing:
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my mone.
If so I mourn, he weeps with me,
And where I am, there will he be.
When, as I talke of Rosalynd,
The god from coyresse waxeth kind,
And seems in self same flames to fry,
Because he loves as well as I.
Sweet Rosalynd, for pittie rue;
For why, then Love I am more true:
He, if he speed, will quickly flie,
But in thy love I live and die.

How like you this sonnet (quoth Rosader)? Marry (quoth Ganimede), for the pen well, for the passion ill; for as I praise the one, I pitie the other, in that thou shouldest hunt after a cloude, and love either without reward or regard. Tis neither frowardnesse (quoth Rosader), but my hard fortunes, whose destenies have crost me with her absence; for did shee feelee my loves, she would not let me linger in these sorrowes. Women, as they are faire, so they respect faith, and estimate more (if they be honourable) the wil than the wealth, having loyaltie the object wherat they ayme their

fancies. But leaving off these interparleyes, you shall heare my last sonnetto, and then you have heard all my poetry ; and with that he sight out this :--

ROSADERS THIRD SONNET.

Of vertuous love myself may boast alone,
 Since no suspect my service may attaint :
 For perfect faire she is the only one
 Whom I esteem for my beloved saint.
 Thus, for my faith I only beare the bell,
 And for her faire she only doth excell.

Then let fond Petrarch shrowd his Lawraes praise,
 And Tasso cease to publish his affect,
 Since mine the faith confirmd at all assaies,
 And hers the faire, which all men do respect.
 My lines hir faire, hir faire my faith assures ;
 Thus I by love, and love by me indures.

Thus (quoth Rosader), here is an ende of my poems, but for all this no release of my passions ; so that I resemble him that, in the deapth of his distresse, hath none but the eccho to answere him. Ganimede, pittying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of his amorous melancholy, said, that now the sunne was in his meridionall heat, and that it was high noone, therefore wee shepheards say, tis time to go to dinner ; for the sunne and our stomackes are shepheards dials. Therefore, forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answere whatsoever thou wantest in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and tolde Rosader hee should bee her guest. He thankt them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweet than all their courtly junkets.

Assoone as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thanks for his good cheare, would have been gone ; but Ganimede, that was loath to let him passe out of her

presence, began thus: Nay, forrester, quoth she, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and plaie us melodie. Content (quoth Rosader), and Aliena, shee, to shew her willingnesse, drew forth a recorder, and began to winde it. Then the lovyng Forrester began thus.

THE WOOING EGLOGUE BETWIXT ROSALYNDE
AND ROSADER.

ROSADER.

I pray thee, nymph, by all the working words,
By all the teares and sighs that lovers know,
Or what our thoughts or faltring tongue affords,
I crave for mine in ripping up my woe.
Sweet Rosalynd, my love (would God, my love)
My life (would God, my life), aye, pitie me!
Thy lips are kind, and humble like the dove,
And but with beautie pitie wil not be.
Looke on mine eyes, made red with ruffull teares,
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth,
All pale in lookes, and I though yoong in yeares,
And nought but love or death my dayes befriendeth.
Oh let no stormy rigour knit thy browes,
Which love appointed for his mercy seat:
The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes;
The yron yeels with hammer, and to heat.
Oh, Rosalynd, then be thou pittifull,
For Rosalynd is only beautifull.

ROSALYNDE.

Loves wantons arme their traitrous sutes with teares,
With vows, with oaths, with lookes, with showers of gold;
But when the fruit of their affects appeares,
The simple heart by subtil sleights are sold.

Thus sucks the yeelding eare the poysoned bait,
 Thus feeds the hart upon his endles harmes,
 Thus glut the thoughts themselves on self deceit,
 Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtil charmes.
 The lovely lookes, the sighs that storme so sore,
 The deaw of deep dissembled doublenesse,
 These may attempt, but are of power no more
 Where beauty leanes to wit and soothfastnesse.

Oh, Rosader, then be thou wittifull,
 For Rosalynd scorns foolish pitifull.

ROSADER.

I pray thee, Rosalynd, by those sweet eyes
 That stain the sun in shine, the morne in cleare,
 By those sweet cheeks where Love incamped lyes
 To kisse the roses of the springing yeare.
 I tempt thee, Rosalynd, by ruthfull plaints,
 Not seasoned with deceit or fraudfull guile,
 But firm in payn, far more than toong depaints,
 Sweet Nymph, be kind, and grace me with a smile.
 So may the heavens preserve from hurtfull food
 Thy harmless flockes; so may the summer yeeld
 The pride of all her riches and her good,
 To fat thy sheepe (the cittizens of field.)
 Oh, leave to arme thy lovely browes with scorne:
 The birds their beake, the lyon hath his taile,
 And lovers nought but sighs and bitter mourne,
 The spotlesse fort of fancie to assaile.
 Oh, Rosalynde, then be thou pittifull,
 For Rosalynde is onely beautifull.

ROSALYNDE.

The hardned steele by fire is brought in frame.

ROSADER.

And Rosalynde, my love, that any wooll more softer;
 And shall not sighes her tender hart inflame?

ROSALYNDE.

Were lovers true, maydes would beleewe them after.

ROSADER.

Truth, and regard, and honour, guid my love.

ROSALYNDE.

Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie.

ROSADER.

Oh pittie me, sweet nymph, and do but prove.

ROSALYNDE.

I would resist, but yet I know not why.

ROSADER.

Oh, Rosalynde, be kinde, for times will change,
Thy lookes ay will be faire as now they be ;
Thine age from beautie may thy lookes estrange :
Ah, yeeld in time, sweet nymph, and pittie me.

ROSALYNDE.

Oh, Rosalynde, thou must be pittifull,
For Rosader is yong and beautifull.

ROSADER.

Oh gaine, more great than kingdomes or a crowne !

ROSALYNDE.

Oh trust betraid if Rosader abuse me.

ROSADER.

First let the heavens conspire to pull me downe
And heaven and earth as abject quite refuse me
Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bower,
And retchless horror hatch within my brest :
Let beauties eye afflict me with a lower,
Let deepe despair pursue me without rest,
Ere Rosalynde my loyaltie disprove,
Ere Rosalynde accuse me for unkind.

ROSALYNDE.

Then Rosalynde will grace thee with her love,
Then Rosalynde will have thee still in mind.

ROSADER.

Then let me triumph more than Tithons deere,
Since Rosalynde will Rosader respect :
Then let my face exile his sorry cheere,
And frolike in the comfort of affect ;
And say that Rosalynde is onely pittifull,
Since Rosalynde is onely beautifull.

When thus they had finished their courting eglogue in such a familiar clause, Ganimede, as augure of some good fortunes to light upon their affections, began to be thus pleasant. How now, forrester, have I not fitted your turne ? have I not playde the woman handsomely, and shewed myselfe as coy in graunts as courteous in desires, and beene as full of suspicion, as men of flattery ? and yet to salve all, jumpe I not all up with the sweet union of love ? Did not Rosalynde content her Rosader ? The forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes made this merrie reply.

Truth, gentle swaine, Rosader hath his Rosalynde ; but as Ixion had Juno, who, thinking to possesse a goddessse, only imbraced a clowd : in these imaginary fruitions of fancie I resemble the birds that fed themselves with Zeuxis painted grapes ; but they grew so leane with pecking at shadows, that they were glad, with Æsops cocke, to scrape for a barley cornell. So fareth it with me, who to feed my self with the hope of my mistres favors, sooth my selfe in thy sutes, and onely in concept reape a wished for content ; but if my foode bee no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yeares end, shal find me but a leane lover. Yet do I take these follyes for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections do devine some unfained ende of ensuing fancies. And thereupon (quoth Aliena) Ile play the priest : from this daye forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganimede wife, and so wee le have a marriage. Content

(quoth Rosader) and laught. Content (quoth Ganimede) and chaunged as red as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking hee had wooed and woonne his Rosalynde.

But all was well; hope is a sweet string to harpe on, and therefore let the forrester a while shape himselfe to his shadow, and tarrie fortunes leysure, till she may make a metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I digresse; and therefore to Aliena, who saide, the wedding was not worth a pinne, unless there were some cheare, nor that bargaine well made that was not stricken up with a cuppe of wine: and therefore she wild Ganimede to set out such cates as they had, and to draw out her bottle, charging the Forrester, as he had imagined his loves, so to conceipt these cates to be a most sumptuous banquet, and to take a mazer of wine and to drinke to his Rosalynde; which Rosader did, and so they passed awaye the day in many pleasant devices. Till at last Aliena perceyved time would tarry no man, and that the sun waxed very low, readie to set, which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and end the banquet with a fresh carrowse: which done, they all three arose, and Aliena brake off thus.

Now, forrester, Phœbus that all this while hath beene partaker of our sports, seeing every woodman more fortunate in his loves than he in his fancies, seeing thou hast woon Rosalynde, when he could not woo Daphne, hides his head for shame, and bids us adiew in a clowd. Our sheepe, they poore wantons, wander towards their foldes, as taught by nature their due times of rest, which tels us, forrester, we must depart. Marry, though there were a mariage, yet I must carry this night the bride with mee, and tomorrow morning if you meete us heere, Ile promise to deliver you her as good a mayd as I find her. Content (quoth Rosader) tis enough for me in the night to dreame on love, that in the day am so fond to doate on love: and so till to morrowe you to your folds, and I will to my lodge. And thus the Forrester and they parted.

He was no sooner gone, but Aliena and Ganimede went and folded their flocks, and taking up their hookes, their bags, and their bottles, hyed homeward. By the way Aliena (to make the time seeme short) began to prattle with Ganimede thus. I have heard them say, that what the Fates forepoint, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period; that the starres are slicklers in Venus court, and Desire hangs at the heele of Destenie: if it be so, then by all probable conjectures, this match will be a marriage: for if augurisme be authentically, or the devines doomes principles, it cannot bee but such a shadow portends the issue of a substance, for to that ende did the gods force the conceit of this eglogue, that they might discover the ensuing consent of your affections: so that ere it bee long, I hope (in earnest) to daunce at your wedding.

Tush (quoth Ganimede) all is not malte that is cast on the kill: there goes more wordes to a bargaine than one. Love feelles no footing in the aire, and Fancie holdes it slippery harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made, but hee may misse of his market; but if fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe: and so I pray you (gentle mistresse Aliena) take it. I take all things well (quoth she) that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours; for now I hope your thoughts will bee at quiet: your eye that ever looked at love, will now lende a glaunce on your lambes, and then they will prove more buxsome, and you more blyth, for the eyes of the maister feedes the cattle. As thus they were in chat, they spyed olde Coridon where he came plodding to meet them, who told them supper was ready, which news made them speed them home. Where we will leave them to the next morrow, and returne to Saladyne.

All this while did poore Saladyne (banished from Bourdeaux and the court of France by Torismond) wander up and downe in the forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travail through Germany into Italie: but the forrest beeing full of by pathes, and he unskilfull of the country coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced up into the desert, not farre from the place

where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses; and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He spyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stoode gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marvelling what should drive his brother to traverse those secrete desarts, without any companie, in such distresse and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages, for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away, and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated with himselfe.

ROSADERS MEDITATION.

Now, Rosader, Fortune that long hath whipt thee with nettles, meanes to salve thee with roses, and having crost thee with many frownes, now she presents thee with the bright-

nesse of her favors. Thou that didst count thyselfe the most distressed of all men, maiest account thy selfe the most fortunate amongst men, if fortune can make men happy, or sweet revenge be wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou seest Saladyne thine enemy, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subject to the crueltie of a mercilesse lyon, brought into this miserie by the gods, that they might seeme just in revenging his rigour, and thy injuries. Seest thou not how the starres are in a favourable aspect, the planets in some pleasing conjunction, the fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the destinies performers of thy desires, in that Saladyne shall die, and thou bee free of his blood: he receive meed for his amisse, and thou erect his tombe with innocent handes. Now, Rosader, shalt thou retourne unto Bourdeaux and enjoy thy possessions by birth, and his renewes by inheritance: now mayest thou triumph in love, and hang fortunes altars with garlands. For when Rosalynde heares of thy wealth, it will make her love thee the more willingly: for womens eyes are made of chrisecoll, that is ever unperfect unlesse tempred with gold, and Jupiter soonest enjoyed Danae, because hee came to her in so rich a shower. Thus shall this lyon (Rosader) ende the life of a miserable man, and from distresse raise thee to be most fortunate. And with that, casting his boare speare on his necke, away he began to trudge.

But hee had not stept backe two or three paces, but a new motion stroke him to the very hart, that resting his boare speare against his brest, he fell into this passionate humour.

Ah, Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, whose vertues exceeded his valour, and the most hardiest knight in all Europe? Should the honour of the father shine in the actions of the sonne? and wilt thou dishonour thy parentage, in forgetting the nature of a gentleman? Did not thy father at his last gaspe breath out this golden principle? Brothers amitie is like the drops of Balsamum, that salveth the most daungerous sores. Did he make a large exhort unto concord, and wilt thou shew thy selfe carelesse?

Oh Rosader, what though Saladyne hath wronged thee, and made the live an exile in the forrest, shall thy nature bee so cruell, or thy nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so savage, as to suffer so dismall a revenge? What, to let him be devoured by wilde beastes? *Non sapit, qui non sibi sapit* is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Loose not his life Rosader, to win a worlde of treasure; for in having him thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou gettest a friend, and reconcilest an enemy: and more honour shalt thou purchase by pleasuring a foe, than revenging a thousand injuries.

With that his brother began to stirre, and the lyon to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the boare speare, and wounded the lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him a sore pinch on the brest, that he had almost faln; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded. He presently (as he was of a ripe conceipt) began to conjecture that the gentleman had slaine him in his defence. Whereupon (as a man in a traunce) he stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother, being in that disguise: at last he burst into these tearmes.

Sir, whatsoever thou be (as full of honour thou must needes be, by the view of thy present valour) I perceive thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage, and saved my life with thine own losse, which tyes me to be thine in all humble service. Thankes thou shalt have as thy due, and more thou canst not have, for my abilitie denies me to performe a deeper debt. But if any wayes it please thee to commaund me, use mee as farre as the power of a poore gentleman may stretch.

Rosader seeing hee was unknowne to his brother, woondered

to heare such courteous wordes come from his crabbed nature ; but glad of such reformed nurture, he made this answere. I am, sir (whatsoever thou art) a forrester and ranger of these walkes, who, following my deere to the fall, was conducted hither by some assenting fate, that I might save thee, and disparage my selfe. For comming into this place, I saw thee a sleepe, and the lyon watching thy awake, that at thy rising hee might pray uppon thy carkasse. At the first sight I conjectured thee a gentleman (for all mens thoughts ought to bee favorable in imagination) and I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliefe, though with the losse of his owne blood, which I have performed (thou seest) to mine owne prejudice. If therefore thou be a man of such worth as I value thee by thy exterior liniaments, make discourse unto me what is the cause of thy present misfortunes; for by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be crost with her frownes: but whatsoever, or howsoever, lett emee crave that favour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate. Saladyne sitting downe, and fetching a deepe sigh, began thus.

SALADYNES DISCOURSE TO ROSADER UNKNOWNNE.

Although the discourse of my fortunes be the renewing of of my sorrowes, and the rubbing of the scarre will open a fresh wound, yet that I may not proove ingratefull to so courteous a gentleman, I wil rather sitte downe and sigh out my estate, then give any offence by smothering my griefe with silence. Knowe therefore (sir) that I am of Bourdeaux, and the sonne and heyre of Sir John of Bourdeaux, a man for his vertues and valour so famous, that I cannot thinke but the fame of his honours hath reacht further than the knowledge of his personage. The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a knight am I, my name, Saladine; who succeeding my father in possessions, but not in qualities, having two brethren committed by my father at his death to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherly concorde, as might have pierst like the syrens melodie into any humane eare. But I (with

Uliſſes became deafe againſt his philoſophicall harmony, and made more value of profit than of vertue, eſteeming gold ſufficient honour, and wealth the fitteſt title for a gentlemans dignitie. I ſette my middle brother to the uniuerſitie to bee a ſcholler, counting it enough if he might pore on a booke while I fed on his reuenewes; and for the yoongest (which was my fathers joye) yoong Rosader—And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladyne ſate him downe and wept.

Nay, forward man (quoth the forreſter) teares are the unfitteſt ſalve that any man can apply for to cure ſorrows, and therefore ceaſe from ſuch feminine follies, as ſhould drop out of a womans eye to deceive, not out of a gentlemans looke to diſcover his thoughts, and forward with thy diſcourſe.

Ah, ſir (quoth Saladyne) this Rosader that wrings tears from my eyes, and blood from my heart, was like my father in exteriour perſonage and in inward qualities; for in the prime of his yeres he aymed all his acts at honor, and coveted rather to die than to brooke any injury unworthy a gentlemans credite. I, whom envy had made blinde, and covetousneſſe masked with the vayle of ſelfe-love, ſeeing the palme tree grow ſtraight, thought to ſuppreſſe it, being a twig; but nature wil have her courſe, the cedar will be tall, the diamond bright, the carbuncle gliſtering, and vertue wil ſhine though it be never ſo much obſcured. For I kept Rosader as a ſlave, and uſed him as one of my ſervile hindes, until age grew on, and a ſecret insight of my abuſe entred into his minde: inſomuch, that he could not brooke it, but coveted to have what his father left him, and to live of himſelfe. To be ſhort, ſir, I repined at his fortunes, and he countercheckt me, not with abilitie but valour, until at laſt, by my friends, and ayde of ſuch as folowed gold more than right or vertue, I banisht him from Bourdeaux, and hee, poore gentleman, lives no man knowes where, in ſome diſtreſſed diſcontent. The gods, not able to ſuffer ſuch impietie unrevenged, ſo wrought, that the king pickt a cauſeſeſſe quarrel againſt me, in hope to have my lands, and ſo hath exiled me out of

France for ever. Thus, thus, sir, am I the most miserable of al men, as having a blemish in my thoughts for the wrongs I profered Rosader, and a touch in my estate to be throwne from my proper possessions by injustice. Passionat thus with many griefs, in penance of my former follies I go thus pilgrime like to seeke out my brother, that I may reconcile myselfe to him in all submission, and afterward wend to the Holy Land, to ende my yeares in as many vertues as I have spent my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader, hearing the resolution of his brother Saladyne, began to compassionate his sorrowes, and not able to smother the sparkes of nature with fained secrecie, he burst into these loving speeches. Then know, Saladyne, (quoth hee) that thou hast met with Rosader, who grieves as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feele the burthen of thy misery. Saladyne casting up his eye, and noting well the phisnomy of the forrester, knew that it was his brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him, which he did in such sort, that hee shewed how highly he held revenge in scorne. Much ado there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former injuries; the one submissee, the other curteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kynd and loving, that at length nature working an union of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of the country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his brother began to have a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humor Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his brother to the king, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. The king looking upon Saladyne, found him a man of a most beautifull personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of ensuing honors, gave him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconcilment, promised such favour as the povertie of his estate might affoord, which Saladyne gratefully accepted

And so Gerismond fell to question Torismonds life. Saladyne briefly discourst unto him his injustice and tyrannies with such modestie (although hee had wronged him) that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the yoong gentleman.

Many questions past, but at last Gerismond began with a deepe sigh to inquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Alinda, or his daughter Rosalynd? None, sir, quoth Saladyne, for since their departure they were never heard of. Injurious fortune (quoth the king) that to double the fathers miserie, wrongst the daughter with misfortunes! And with that (surcharged with sorrowes) he went into his cell, and left Saladyne and Rosader, whome Rosader straight conducted to the sight of Adam Spencer. Who, seeing Saladyne in that estate, was in a browne study; but when he heard the whole matter, although hee grieved for the exile of his maister, yet he joyed that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lascivious youth he was proved a vertuous gentleman. Looking a longer while, and seeing what familiaritie past betweene them, and what favours were interchanged with brotherly affection, he sayd thus. I marry, thus it should be: this was the concord that old Sir John of Bourdeaux wisht betwyxt you. Now fulfil you those precepts hee breathed out at his death, and in observing them, looke to live fortunate and die honorable. Well sayd, Adam Spencer (quoth Rosader), but hast any victuals in store for us? A piece of a red deer (quoth he) and a bottle of wine. Tis forresters fare, brother, quoth Rosader: and so they sat downe and fel to their cates. Assoone as they had taken their repast, and had wel dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladyne by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that mean estate. Thus for two or three dayes he walked up and downe with his brother to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his walke. In which time hee was mist of his Ganymede, who mused greatly (with Aliena) what should become of their forester. Some while they

thought he had taken some word unkindly, and had taken the pet: then they imagined some new love had withdrawne his fancie, or happely that he was sicke, or detained by some great businesse of Gerismonds; or that hee had made a reconcilement with his brother, and so returned to Bourdeaux.

These conjectures did they cast in their heades, but specially Ganimede, who, havynge love in heart, prooved restlesse, and halfe without patience, that Rosader wronged her with so long absence; for Love measures every minute, and thinkes houres to bee dayes, and dayes to bee moneths, till they feede theyr eyes with the sight of theyr desired object. Thus perplexed lived poore Ganimede, while on a day, sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his forrest bill on his necke. At that sight her colour changde, and shee said to Aliena, See, mistresse, where our jolly forrester comes. And you are not a little glad thereof (quoth Aliena), your nose bewrayes what porredge you love: the winde cannot be tyed within his quarter, the sun shadowed with a vayle, oyle hidden in water, nor love kept out of a womans lookes: but no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula*. Assoone as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues ende, Aliena began thus. Why, how now, gentle forrester, what winde hath kept thee from hence? that being so newly marryed, you have no more care of your Rosalynd, but to absent yourself so many dayes? are these the passions you painted out so in your sonnets and roundelaies? I see well hote love is soone cold, and that the fancy of men is like to a loose feather that wandreth in the ayre with the blast of every wynd. You are deceived, mistres, quoth Rosader; 'twas a copy of unkindnes that kept me hence, in that, I being married, you caried away the bride: but if I have given any occasion of offence by absenting my selfe these three daies, I humbly sue for pardon, which you must grant of course, in that the fault is so friendly confest with penance. But to tel you the truth (faire mistresse, and my good Rosalynd) my eldest brother by the injury of

Torismond is banished from Bourdeaux, and by chance hee and I met in the forrest. And heere Rosader discourst unto them what had happened betwixt them, which reconcilement made them glad, especially Ganimede. But Aliena, hearing of the tyrannie of her father, grieved inwardly, and yet smothered all things with such secrecy, that the concealing was more sorrow then the concept: yet that her estate might bee hyd stil, she made faire weather of it, and so let all passe.

Fortune that sawe how these parties valued not her deitie, but helde her power in scorne, thought to have about with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine rascals that lived by prowling in the forest, who for feare of the provost marshall had caves in the groaves and thickets to shrowde themselves from his traines, hearing of the beautie of this faire shepheardesse, Aliena, thought to steale her away, and to give her to the king for a present; hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons, and therefore came to take her and her page away. Thus resolved, while Aliena and Ganimede were in sad talke, they came rushing in, and layd violent hands upon Aliena and her page, which made them crye out to Rosader; who having the valour of his father stamped in his hart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, than any way bee toucht with the least blemish of dishonour, and therefore dealt such blowes amongst them with his weapon, as he did witnesse well upon their carkasses that hee was no coward. But as *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos*, so Rosader could not resist a multitude, having none to backe him; so that hee was not onely rebatted, but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede had been quite carryed away by these rascalles, had not fortune (that meant to turne her frowne into a favour) brought Saladyne that way by chance, who wandring to find out his brothers walk, encountred this crue: and seeing not onely a shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his brother wounded, he heaved up a forrest bill he had on his neck, and

the first he stroke had never after more need of the phisition; redoubling his blowes with such courage that the slaves were amazed at his valour. Rosader, espying his brother so fortunately arrived, and seeing how valiantly he behaved himselfe, though sore wounded rushed amongst them, and layd on such loade, that some of the crue were slaine, and the rest fled, leaving Aliena and Ganimede in the possession of Rosader and Saladyne.

Aliena after shee had breathed awhile and was come to her selfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where Ganimede was busie dressyng up the woundes of the forrester: but shee cast her eye upon this curteous champion that had made so hotte a rescue, and that with such affection, that shee began to measure every part of him with favour, and in her selfe to commend his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resolute man, that durst assaile such a troupe of unbrydeled villaines. At last, gathering her spirits together, she returned him these thankes.

Gentle sir, whatsoever you bee that have adventured your flesh to relieve our fortunes, and to have as many hidden vertues as you have manifest resolutions. Wee poore shepherdes have no wealth but our flocks, and therefore can wee not make requitall with any great treasures; but our recompence is thankes, and our rewards to our friends without faining. For rannsme therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde gramercy as a poore shepherdesse and her page may give, with promise (in what wee may) never to proove ingratefull. For this gentleman that is hurt, yoong Rosader, hee is our good neighbour and familiar acquaintance: wee le pay him with smiles, and feed him with love-lookes; and though he be never the fatter at the yeares ende, yet wee le so hamper him that he shall hold himselfe satisfied.

Saladyne, hearing this shepherdesse speake so wisely, began more narrowly to pry into her perfection, and to survey all her liniaments with a curious insight; so long dallying in

the flame of her beautie, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent. For love that lurked in all these broyles to have a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountered them both with such a veny, that the stroke pierst to the heart so deep as it could never after be raced out. At last, after hee had looked so long, till Aliena waxt red, he returned her this answere.

Faire shepheardesse, if Fortune graced me with such good hap as to doo you any favour, I hold my selfe as contented as if I had gotten a great conquest; for the reliefe of distressed women is the speciall point that gentlemen are tyed unto by honor: seeing then my hazard to rescue your harmes was rather duty than curtesie, thanks is more than belongs to the requitall of such a favour. But least I might seeme either too coy or too carelesse of a gentlewomans proffer, I will take your kinde gramercie for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganimede lookt earnestly upon him, and sayd, Truly, Rosader, this gentleman favours you much in the feature of your face. No marvell (quoth he, gentle swayne) for tis my eldest brother Saladyne. Your brother, quoth Aliena? (and with that she blusht) he is the more welcome, and I hold myselfe the more his debter: and for that he hath in my behalf done such a piece of service, if it please him to do me that honor, I will cal him servant, and he shall cal me mistresse. Content, sweet mistresse, quoth Saladyne, and when I forget to call you so, I will be unmindfull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of love, quoth Rosader, and give me some drinke, for I am passyng thirstie, and then will I home, for my woundes bleed sore, and I will have them drest. Ganimede had teares in her eyes, and passions in her heart to see her Rosader so payned, and therefore stept hastily to the bottle, and filling out some wine in a mazer, she spiced it with such comfortable drugges as she had about her, and gave it him, which did comfort Rosader, that rysing (with the helpe of his brother) hee tooke his leave of them, and went to his lodge. Ganimede, assoone

as they were out of sight, led his flocks downe to a vale, and there under the shadow of a beech tree sat downe, and began to mourne the misfortunes of her sweet heart.

And Aliena (as a woman passyng discontent) severing herselfe from her Ganimede, sitting under a lymon tree, began to sigh out the passions of her new love, and to meditate with hir selfe in this maner.

ALIENAES MEDITATION.

Aye me ! now I see, and sorrowing sigh to see, that Dianaes lawrels are harbours for Venus doves; that there trace as well through the lawnes wantons as chast ones; that Calisto, be she never so charie, wil cast one amorous eye at courting Jove; that Diana her selfe will chaunge her shape, but shee will honour Love in a shaddow; that maydens eyes bee they as hard as diamonds, yet Cupide hath drugs to make them more pliable than waxe. See, Alinda, how Fortune and Love have interleagued themselves to be thy foes, and to make thee theyr subject, or els an abject, have inveigled thy sight with a most beautiful object. Alate thou didst hold Venus for a giglot, not a goddesse, and now thou shalt bee forst to sue suppliant to her deitie. Cupide was a boy and blinde; but, alas, his eye had ayme inough to pierce thee to the hart. While I lived in the court I held love in contempt, and in high seats I had small desires. I knew not affection while I lived in dignitie, nor could Venus counterchecke me, as long as my fortune was majestie, and my thoughtes honour: and shall I now bee high in desires, when I am made lowe by destinie? I have heard them say, that Love lookes not at low cottages, that Venus jettes in roabes not in ragges, that Cupide flyes so high, that hee scornes to touch povertie with his heele. Tush, Alinda, these are but olde wives tales, and neither authentically precepts, nor infallible principles; for experience tels thee, that peasauntes have theyr passions as well as princes, that swaynes as they have theyr labours, so

they have theyr amoures, and Love lurkes assoone about a sheepcoate as a pallaice.

Ah, Alinda, this day in avoyding a prejudice thou art fallen into a deeper mischief; being rescued from the robbers, thou art become captive to Saladyne: and what then? Women must love, or they must cease to live; and therefore did nature frame them faire, that they might be subject to fancy. But perhaps Saladines eye is levelde upon a more seemlier saint. If it be so, beare thy passions with patience; say Love hath wrongd thee, that hath not wroong him; and if he be proud in contempt, be thou rich in content, and rather dye than discover any desire: for there is nothing more pretious in a woman than to conceale love, and to die modest. He is the sonne and heire of Sir John of Bourdeaux, a youth comely enough. Oh, Alinda, too comely, els hadst not thou been thus discontent: valiant, and that fettered thine eye: wise, else hadst thou not been now wonne; and for all these vertues banished by thy father, and therefore if he know thy parentage, he wil hate the fruit for the tree, and condemne the yoong sien for the old stock. Well, howsoever, I must love, and whomsoever I will; and, whatsoever betide, Aliena will thinke wel of Saladyne, suppose he of me as he please.

And with that fetching a deep sigh, she rise up, and went to Ganimede, who all this while sat in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader: but now Aliena began to comfort her, her selfe being over growne with sorrowes, and to recall her from her melancholy with many pleasaunt perswasions. Ganimede tooke all in the best part, and so they went home together after they had folded their flocks, supping with old Coridon, who had provided there cates. Hee, after supper, to passe away the night while bed time, began a long discourse, how Montanus the yoong shepherd, that was in love with Phœbe, could by no meanes obtaine any favour at her hands, but still pained in restlesse passions remained a hopelesse and perplexed lover. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once see that Phœbe. Is she so faire

that she thinks no shepheard worthy of her beauty? or so froward that no love nor loyaltie will content her? or so coy, that she requires a long time to be wooed? or so foolish that she forgets, that like a fop she must have a large harvest for a little corne?

I cannot distinguish (quoth Coridon) of these nice qualities; but one of these dayes Ile bring Montanus and her downe, that you may both see their persons, and note their passions; and then where the blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure, quoth Coridon, if al maidens were of her mind, the world would grow to a mad passe; for there would be great store of wooing and litle wedding, many words and little worship, much folly and no faith. At this sad sentence of Coridon, so solempnly brought forth, Aliena smiled, and because it waxt late, she and her page went to bed, both of them having fleas in their eares to keep them awake, Ganimede for the hurt of her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection she bore to Saladyne. In this discontented humour they past away the time, till falling on sleepe, their sences at rest, Love left them to their quiet slumbers, which were not long. For as soon as Phœbus rose from his Aurora, and began to mount him in the skie, summoning plough-swaines to their handy labour, Aliena arose, and going to the couch where Ganimede lay, awakened her page, and said the morning was farre spent, the deaw small, and time called them away to their foldes. Ah, ah! quoth Ganimede, is the wind in that doore? then in fayth I perceive that there is no diamond so hard but will yeeld to the file, no cedar so strong but the wind will shake, nor any mind so chaste but love will change. Well, Aliena, must Saladyne be the man, and will it be a match? Trust me, he is faire and valiant, the sonne of a worthy knight, whome if he imitate in perfection, as he represents him in proportion, he is worthy of no lesse than Aliena. But he is an exile. What then? I hope my mistresse respectes the vertues not the wealth, and measures the qualities not the substance. Those dames that are like Danae, that like Jove in no shape but in

a shower of gold, I wish them husbands with much-wealth and little witte, that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It should (my Aliena) stayne the honour of a shepheards life to set the end of passions upon pelfe. Loves eyes looks not so low as golde: there is no fees to be payd in Cupids courtes, and in elder time (as Coridon hath told me) the shepheardes love-gifts were apples and chest-nuts, and then their desires were loyall, and their thoughts constant. But now,

Quærenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

And the time is grown to that which Horace in his satyres wrote on:

Omnis enim res
Virtus fama decus divina humanaque pulchris
Divitiis parent: quas qui constrinxerit ille
Clarus erit, fortis, justus, sapiens, etiam et rex
Et quicquid volet—

But, Aliena, lette it not be so with thee in thy fancies, but respect his faith and there an ende. Aliena, hearing Ganimede thus forward to further Saladyne in his affections, thought shee kist the child for the nurses sake, and woed for him that she might please Rosader, made this reply. Why, Ganimede, whereof growes this perswasion? Hast thou seene love in my lookes, or are mine eyes growne so amorous, that they discover some newe entertayned fancies? If thou measured my thoughts by my countenance, thou maiest prove as ill a phisiognomer, as the lapidarie that aymes at the secret vertues of the topaze by the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the agate is not known by the strakes, nor the diamond prized by his brightnesse, but by his hardnesse. The carbuncle that shineth most is not ever the most pretious; and the apothecaries choose not flowers for their colours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwayes calenders of fancie, nor do their thoughts and their lookes ever agree; for when their eyes are fullest of favors,

then are they oft most emptie of desire; and when they seeme to frowne at disdain, then are they most forward to affection. If I bee melancholie, then, Ganimede, tis not a consequence that I am intangled with the perfection of Saladyne. But seeing fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor love kept so covert but it will be spyed, what shoulde friends conceale fancies? knowe, my Ganimede, the beautie and valour, the wit and prowesse of Saladyne hath fettered Aliena so farre, as there is no object pleasing to her eyes but the sight of Saladyne; and if Love have done me justice to wrap his thoughts in the foldes of my face, and that he be as deeply enamoured as I am passionate, I tell thee, Ganimede, there shall not be much wooing, for she is already wonne, and what needes a longer battery. I am glad, quoth Ganimede, that it shall be thus proportioned, you to match with Saladyne, and I with Rosader: thus have the destenies favoured us with some pleasing aspect, that have made us as private in our loves, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this Ganimede start up, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where unfolding their flockes, they sate them downe under an olive tree, both of them amcrous, and yet diversly affected, Aliena joying in the excellence of Saladyne, and Ganimede sorowing for the wounds of her Rosader; not quiet in thought till shee might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumpes, they might espie where Coridon came running towards them (almost out of breath with his hast). What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such post? Oh, mistres (quoth Coridon) you have a long time desired to see Phœbe, the faire shepheardesse whom Montanus loves; so now if you please, you and Ganimede, to walke with mee to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus aud her sitting by a fountaine, he courting her with her countrey ditties, and she as coy as if she held love in disdaine.

The newes were so welcome to the two lovers, that up they rose, and went with Coridon. Assoone as they drew nigh

the thicket, they might espie where Phœbe sate (the fairest shepherdesse in all Arden, and he the frolickst swaine in the whole forrest) she in a petticote of scarlet, covered with a green mantle, and to shrowd her from the sunne, a chaplet of roses, from under which appeared a face full of natures excellence, and two such eyes as might have amated a greater man than Montanus. At gaze uppon this gorgeous nymph sate the shepherd, feeding his eyes with her favours, wooing with such piteous lookes, and courting with such deepe strained sighs, as would have made Diana her selfe to have beene compassionate: at last, fixing his lookes on the riches of her face, his head on his hande, and his elbow on his knee, hee sung this mournfull dittie.

Montanus Sonnet.

A turtle sate upon a leavelesse tree,
 Mourning her absent pheare,
 With sad and sorry cheare :
 About her wondring stood
 The citizens of wood,
 And whilest her plumes she rents,
 And for her love laments,
 The stately trees complaine them,
 The birds with sorrow paine them.
 Each one that doth her view,
 Her paine and sorrowes rue ;
 But were the sorrowes knowne
 That me hath overthrowne,
 Oh how would Phœbe sigh, if shee did looke on me ?

The love sicke Polypheme, that could not see,
 Who on the barraine shore,
 His fortunes doth deplore,
 And melteth all in mone
 For Galatea gone ;
 And with his piteous cries,
 Afflicts both earth and skies,
 And to his woe betooke,
 Doth breake both pipe and hooke ;

EUPHUES GOLDEN LEGACIE.

For whom complains the morne,
 For whom the sea nymphs mourne :
 Alas, his paine is nought ;
 For were my woe but thought,
 Oh how would Phœbe sigh, if shee did looke on me ?

Beyond compare my paine ;
 Yet glad am I,
 If gentle Phœbe daine
 To see her Montan die.

After this, Montanus felte his passions so extreame, that he
 fel into this exclamation against the injustice of Love:—

Helas Tirant, plein de rigueur,
 Modere un peu ta violence :
 Que te sert si grande dispense ?
 C'est trop de flammes pour un cuer.
 Esparguez en une estincelle,
 Puis fay ton effort d'esmouvoir,
 La fiere qui ne veut point voir,
 En quel feu je brousle pour elle.
 Execute, amour, ce dessein,
 Et rabaisse un peu son audace :
 Son cuer ne doit estre de glace,
 Bien que elle ait de niege le sein.

Montanus ended his sonet with such a volley of sighs,
 and such a streame of teares, as might have moved any but
 Phœbe to have granted him favor. But she, measuring all
 his passions with a coy disdaine, and triumphing in the poore
 shepheards patheticall humors, smiling at his martyrdome as
 though love had beene no maladie, scornfully warbled out this
 sonet.

PHŒBES SONET, A REPLIE TO MONTANUS PASSION.

Downe a downe,
 Thus Phyllis sung,
 By fancie once distressed :
 Who so by foolish love aré stung,
 Are worthily oppressed.
 And so sing I. With a downe, downe, &c.

When Love was first begot,
And by the movers will
Did fall to humane lot
His solace to fulfill,
Devoid of all deceit,
A chaste and holy fire
Did quicken mans conceipt,
And womens brest inspire.
The Gods that saw the good
That mortalls did approve,
With kind and holy mood,
Began to talke of Love.

Downe a downe,
Thus Phyllis sung
By fancie once distressed, &c.

But during this accord,
A wonder strange to heare,
Whilest Love in deed and word
Most faithfull did appeare,
False semblance came in place,
By jealousie attended,
And with a double face
Both love and fancie blended;
Which make the Gods forsake,
And men from fancie flie,
And maidens scorne a make,
For sooth, and so will I.

Downe a downe,
Thus Phyllis sung,
By fancie once distressed:
Who so by foolish love are stung
Are worthily oppressed.

And so sing I, with downe, a downe, a downe a.

Montanus, hearing the cruell resolution of Phœbe, was so overgrowne with passions, that from amorous ditties he fel flat into these tearmes: Ah, Phœbe, quoth he, wherof art thou made, that thou regardest not thy maladie? Am I so hatefull an object that thine eyes condemne mee for an object? or so base, that thy desires cannot stoope so low as to lend me a

gratious looke? My passions are many, my loves more, my thoughts loyaltie, and my fancie faith: al devoted in humble devoire to the service of Phœbe; and shall I reape no reward for such fealties? The swaines dayly labours is quit with the evenings hire, the ploughmans toyle is eased with the hope of corne, what the oxe sweates out at the plough, he fatneth at the cribbe; but infortunate Montanus hath no salve for his sorrowes, nor any hope of recompence for the hazard of his perplexed passions. If, Phœbe, time maye plead the profe of my truth, twise seaven winters have I loved faire Phœbe: if constancie be a cause to further my sute, Montanus thoughts have beene sealed in the sweete of Phœbes excellence, as far from change as she from love: if outward passions may discover inward affections, the furrows in my face may discover the sorrows of my heart, and the mappe of my looks the griefs of my mind. Thou seest (Phœbe) the teares of despayre have made my cheeks full of wrinckes, and my scalding sighes have made the ayre eccho her pittie conceived in my plaintes: Philomele hearing my passions, hath left her mournfull tunes to listen to the discourse of my miseries. I have pourtrayed in every tree the beauty of my mistres, and the despaire of my loves. What is it in the woods cannot witnes my woes? and who is it would not pittie my plaints? only Phœbe. And why? Because I am Montanus, and she Phœbe: I a worthless swaine, and she the most excellent of all faires. Beautifull Phœbe! oh, might I say pittifull, then happy were I, though I tasted but one minute of that good hap. Measure Montanus, not by his fortunes, but by his loves, and ballance not his wealth, but his desires, and lende but one gracious looke to cure a heape of disquieted cares. If not, ah! if Phœbe cannot love, let a storme of frownes end the discontent of my thoughts, and so let me perish in my desires, because they are above my deserts: onely at my death this favour cannot be denied me, that al shal say Montanus died for love of hard hearted Phœbe. At these wordes she fild her face full of frowns, and made him this short and sharpe reply.

Importunate shepheard, whose loves are lawlesse, because restlesse, are thy passions so extreame that thou canst not conceale them with patience? or art thou so folly-sicke, that thou must needes be fancie-sicke, and in thy affection tyed to such an exigent, as none serves but Phœbe? Well, sir, if your market can be made no where els, home againe, for your mart is at the fayrest. Phœbe is no lettice for your lips, and her grapes hang so high, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet, Montanus, I speake not this in pride, but in disdaine: not that I scorne thee, but that I hate love; for I count it as great honor to triumph over fancie as over fortune. Rest thee content therefore, Montanus: cease from thy loves, and bridle thy lookes, quench the sparkles before they grow to a further flame; for in loving mee thou shalt but live by losse, and what thou utterest in wordes are all written in the wind. Wert thou (Montanus) as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as loving as Leander, Phœbe could not love, because she cannot love at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with Phœbus, I must flie with Daphne.

Ganimede, overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke the crueltie of Phœbe, but starting from behind the bush said: And if, damzell, you fled from mee, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet. Phœbe at this so-daine replye was amazed, especially when shee saw so faire a swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore, she would have bene gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: What, shepheardesse, so faire and so cruell? Disdaine beseemes not cottages, nor coynesse maids; for either they be condemned to be too proud, or too froward. Take heed, faire nymph, that in despising love, you be not over-reacht with love, and in shaking off all, shape yourselfe to your owne shadow, and so with Narcissus prove passionat and yet unpitied. Oft have I heard, and sometime have I seene, high disdaine turnd to hot desires. Because thou art

beautifull be not so coy: as there is nothing more fair, so there is nothing more fading; as momentary as the shadowes which growes from a cloudy sunne. Such (my faire shepheardesse) as disdaine in youth desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter, that might have been loved in the prime. A wringled mayd is like to a parched rose, that is cast up in coffers to please the smell, not worne in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in love to had I wist, and therefore be rulde by mee. Love while thou art yoong, least thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot be recalde, and if thou love, like of Montanus; for if his desires are many, so his deserts are great.

Phoebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply enamored on his perfection as Montanus inveigled with hers; for her eye made survey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare, that she thought the ghost of Adonis had leapt from Elizium in the shape of a swaine. When she blusht at her owne folly to looke so long on a stranger, she mildely made answer to Ganimede thus. I cannot deny, sir, but I have heard of love, though I never felt love; and have read of such a goddesse as Venus, though I never sawe any but her picture; and, perhaps,—and with that shee waxed red and bashfull, and with all silent: which Ganimede perceiving, commended in her selfe the bashfulnesse of the mayd, and desired her to go forward. And perhaps, sir (quoth she), mine eye hath been more prodigal to day than ever before: and with that she stayd againe, as one greatly passionate and perplexed. Aliena seeing the hare through the maze, bade her forward with her prattle, but in vaine; for at this abrupt period she broke off, and with her eyes full of teares, and her face covered with a vermillion die, she sat downe and sighed. Whereupon Aliena and Ganimede, seeing the shepheardesse in such a straunge plight, left Phoebe with her Montanus, wishing hir friendly that she would be more pliant to Love, least in penance Venus joyned her to some sharpe repentance. Phoebe made no reply, but fetcht such a sigh, that Eccho made

relation of hir plaint, giving Ganimede such an adieu with a piercing glance, that the amorous girle-boy perceived Phœbe was pincht by the heele.

But leaving Phœbe to the follies of her new fancie, and Montanus to attend uppon her, to Saladyne, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Aliena; inso-much that he framed a sweet conceited sonnet to content his humor, which hee put in his bosome, being requested by his brother Rosader to go to Aliena and Ganimede, to signify unto them that his woundes were not dangerous. A more happy message could not happen to Saladyne, that taking his forrest bill on his neck, he trudgeth in all haste towards the plaines where Alienaes flockes did feede, comming just to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phœbe. Fortune so conducted this jolly forrester, that he encountred them and Coridon, whom hee presently saluted in this maner.

Faire shepheardesse, and too faire, unless your beautie be tempred with curtesie, and the liniaments of the face graced with the lowlinesse of mynd, as many good fortunes to you and your page, as your selves can desire or imagine. My brother Rosader (in the grief of his green wounds stil myndful of his friends) hath sent me to you with a kynd salute, to shew that he brookes his paines with the more patience, in that he holds the parties precious in whose defence hee received the prejudice. The report of your welfare will be a great comfort to his distempered body and distressed thoughts, and therefore he sent me with a strickt charge to visite you. And you (quoth Aliena) are the more welcome in that you are messenger from so kynd a gentleman, whose paines we compassionate with as great sorrow as he brookes them with griefe; and his wounds breeds in us as many passions as in him extremities, so that what disquiet he feeles in bodie, we partake in heart, wishing (if wee might) that your mishap might salve his malady. But seeing our wils yeelds him litle ease, our orizons are never idle to the gods for his recovery. I pray, youth, (quoth Ganimede with teares in his

eyes) when the surgion searcht him, held hee his woundes dangerous? Dangerous (quoth Saladyne) but, not mortall, and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of any paines: whereupon my brother hopes within these ten dayes to walke abroad and visite you himselfe. In the meane time (quoth Ganimede) say his Rosalynde commends her to him, and bids him be of good cheare. I know not (quoth Saladyne) who that Rosalynde is, but whatsoever shee is, her name is never out of his mouth, but amidst the deepest of his passions hee useth Rosalynde as a charme to appease all sorrowes with patience; insomuch that I conjecture my brother is in love, and shee some paragon that holdes his heart perplexed, whose name he oft records with sighes, sometimes with teares, straight with joye, then with smiles; as if in one person Love had lodged a chaos of confused passions. Wherin I have noted the variable disposition of fancy, that lyke the polype in colours, so it changeth into sundry humors, being as it should seeme, a combat myxt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet prejudice, lyke to the sinople tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruit infects the taste.

By my fayth (quoth Aliena) sir, you are deep read in love, or growes your insight into affection by experience? howsoever, you are a great philosopher in Venus principles, els could you not discover our secret aphorismes. But, sir, our countrey amours are not lyke your courtly fancies, nor is our wooing lyke your suing; for pore shepheards never plaine them till love paine them, where the courtiers eyes is full of passions, when his heart is most free from affection: they court to discover their eloquence, wee woove to ease our sorrowes: every faire face with them must have a new fancy sealed with a fore-finger kisse, and a farre fetcht sigh: we heere love one, and live to that one, so long as life can maintaine love, using few ceremonies, because we know fewe subtilties, and litle eloquence, for that we lightly accompt of flattery: onely faith and troth, thats shepheards wooing;

and, sir, how lyke you of this? So (quoth Saladyne) as I could tie my self to such love. What, and looke so low as a shepheardesse, being the sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux? such desires were a disgrace to your honors. And with that surveying exquisitely every part of him, as uttering all these wordes in a deepe passion, she espied the paper in his bosom; wherupon growing jealous that it was some amorous sonnet, she sodeinly snacht it out of his bosome, and asked if it were anye secret? she was bashfull, and Saladyne blusht, which she preceiving, sayd: Nay then, sir, if you waxe redde, my life for yours tis some love matter. I will see your mistresse name, her praises, and your passions: and with that she lookt on it, which was written to this effect.

SALADYNES SONNET.

If it be true, that heavens eternall course
 With restlesse sway and ceaseless turning glides;
 If aire inconstant be, and swelling sourse
 Turne and returns with many fluent tides;
 If earth in winter summer pride estrange,
 And nature seemeth onely faire in change;

If it be true, that our immortall spright,
 Derivde from heavenly pure, in wandring still
 In noveltie and strangenesse doth delight,
 And by discoverent power discerneth ill;
 And if the body for to worke his best
 Doth with the seasons change his place of rest;

Whence comes it that (inforst by furious skies)
 I change both place and soyle, but not my hart,
 Yet salve not in this change my maladies?
 Whence growes it that each object workes my smart?
 Alas, I see my faith procures my misse,
 And change in love against my nature is.

Et florida pungunt.

Aliena having read over his sonnet, began thus pleasantly to descant upon it. I see, Saladyne (quoth she), that as the sun is no sun without his brightnesse, nor the diamond ac-

counted for precious unlesse it be hard, so men are not men unless they be in love; and their honors are measured by their amours, not their labors, counting it more commendable for a gentleman to be full of fancy, than full of vertue. I had thought

Otia si tollas periere Cupidinis arcus,
Contemptæque jacēt, & sine luce faces :

But I see Ovids axiome is not authenticall, for even labour hath her loves, and extremitie is no pumice stone to race out fancy. Yourselfe exiled from your wealth, friendes, and country by Torismond, (sorrowes inough to suppress affections) yet amidst the depth of these extremities, Love will be lord, and shew his power to bee more predominant than fortune. But I pray you, sir, (if without offence I may crave it) are they some new thoughts, or some olde desires? Saladyne (that now saw opportunitie pleasant) thought to strike while the yron was hotte, and therefore taking Aliena by the hand, sate downe by her; and Ganimede, to give them leave to their loves, found her selfe busie about the foldes, whilst Saladyne fell into this prattle with Aliena.

Faire mistresse, if I be blunt in discovering my affections, and use little eloquence in levelling out my loves, I appeale for pardon to your owne principles, that say, shepherds use few ceremonies, for that they acquaint themselves with few subtilties. To frame my selfe therefore to your country fashion with much faith and little flattery, know, bewtifull shepherdesse, that whylest I lived in the court I knew not loves comber, but I helde affection as a toy, not as a malady; using fancy as the Hiperborei doo their flowers, which they weare in their bosome all day, and cast them in the fire for fuell at night. I lyked all, because I loved none, and who was most faire, on her I fed mine eye; but as charily as the bee, that assoone as shee hath suckt honny from the rose, flies straight to the next marigold. Living thus at mine owne list, I wondred at such as were in love, and when I read their passions, I tooke them onely for poemes that flowed from the quicknesse

of the wyt, not the sorrowes of the heart. But now (faire nymph) since I became a forrester, Love hath taught me such a lesson that I must confesse his deitie and dignitie, and saie as there is nothing so pretious as beuty, so there is nothing more piercing than fancy. For since first I arrivèd at this place, and mine eye tooke a curious survey of your excellence, I have been so fettered with your beautie and vertue, as (sweet Aliena) Saladyne without further circumstance loves Aliena. I could paynt out my desires with long ambages; but seeing in many words lyes mistrust, and that truth is ever naked, let this suffice for a country wooing, Saladyne loves Aliena, and none but Aliena.

Although these wordes were most heavenly harmony in the eares of the shepheardesse, yet to seeme coye at the first courting, and to disdaine love howsoever she desired love, she made this reply.

Ah, Saladyne, though I seeme simple, yet I am more subtile than to swallow the hooke because it hath a painted bayt: as men are wily so women are wary, especially if they have that wyt by others harmes to beware. Do we not know, Saladyne, mens toongs are like Mercuries pipe, that can inchant Argus with an hundreth eyes? and their words are prejudiciall as the charmes of Circes, that transforme men into monsters. If such syrens sing, we poore women had need stoppe our eares, least in hearing wee prove so foolish hardy as to believe them, and so perish in trusting much, and suspecting litle. Saladyne, *piscator ictus sapit*, hee that hath been once poisoned, and afterwards fears not to bowse of every potion, is worthy to suffer double pennance. Give mee leave then to mistrust, though I doo not condemne. Saladyne is now in love with Aliena, hee a gentleman of great parentage, shee a shep-hardesse of meane parents; he honorable, and shee poore: Can love consist of contrarieties? Wyll the fawlcon pearch with the kistresse, the lyon harbor with the wolfe? Will Venus joyne robes and rags together, or can there be a sympathie betweene a king and a begger? Then, Saladyne, how

can I believe thee that love should unite our thoughts, when fortune hath set such a difference betweene our degrees? but suppose thou likest Alienaes bewtie: men in their fancy resemble the waspe, which scornes that flower from which she hath fetcht her waxe; playing lyke the inhabitants of the iland Tenerifa, who, when they have gathered the sweet spices, use the trees for fuell: so men, when they have glutted themselves with the faire of women faces, holde them for necessary evils, and wearied with that which they seemed so much to love, cast away fancy as children doo their rattles, and loathing that which so deeply before they liked; especially such as take love in a minute, and have their eyes attractive, lyke jeate apt to entertaine any object, are as redie to let it slip againe. Saladyne, hearing how Aliena harpt still upon one string, which was the doubt of mens constancy, he broke off her sharpe invective thus.

I grant, Aliena (quoth hee), many men have done amisse, in proving soone ripe and soone rotten; but particular instances inferre no generall conclusions, and therefore I hope what others have faulted in, shall not prejudice my favours. I wil not use sophistry to confirme my love, for that is subtiltie; nor long discourses, least my wordes might be thought more than my fayth: but if this will suffice, that by the honor of a gentleman I love Aliena, and wooe Aliena, not to crop the blossomes and reject the tree, but to consummate my faithfull desires in the honorable ende of marriage.

At the word marriage Aliena stood in a maze what to answer, fearing that if shee were too coy, to drive him away with her disdain, and if she were too curteous, to discover the heate of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to doo, at last this she sayd. Saladyne, ever since I saw thee, I favoured thee; I cannot dissemble my desires, because I see thou doest faithfully manifest thy thoughtes, and in liking thee I love thee so farre as mine honor holdes fancy still in suspence; but if I knew thee as verteous as thy father, or as well qualified as thy brother Rosader, the doubt should be

quickly decided: but for this time to give thee an answer, assure thy selfe this, I will either marry with Saladyne, or still live a virgine. And with this they strained one anothers hand; which Ganimede espying, thinking hee had had his mistresse long inough at shrift, sayd: What, a match or no? A match (quoth Aliena) or els it were an ill market. I am glad (quoth Ganimede): I wold Rosader were wel here to make up a messe. Well remembred (quoth Saladyne); I forgot I left my brother Rosader alone, and therefore least, being solitary hee should encrease his sorrowes, I wil hast me to him. May it please you, then, to command mee any service to him, I am readie to bee a dutifull messenger. Onely at this time commend me to him (quoth Aliena) and tell him, though wee cannot pleasure him we pray for him. And forget not (quoth Ganimede) my commendations; but say to him that Rosalynd sheds as many teares from her heart as he drops of blood from his wounds, for the sorrow of his misfortunes, feathering all her thoughts with disquiet, till his welfare procure her content. Say thus (good Saladyne), and so farwel. He having his message, gave a courteous adieu to them both, especially to Aliena, and so playing loath to depart, went to his brother. But Aliena, she perplexed and yet joyfull, past away the day pleasantly, still praising the perfection of Saladyne, not ceasing to chat of her new love till evening drew on; and then they folding their sheep, went home to bed. Where we leave them and return to Phœbe.

Phœbe, fiered with the uncouth flame of love, returned to her fathers house, so gauled with restlesse passions, as now shee began to acknowledge, that as there was no flower so fresh but might be parched with the sunne, no tree so strong but might be shaken with a storme, so there was no thought so chaste, but time armed with love could make amorous; for shee that held Diana for the goddessse of her devotion, was now faine to flie to the aulter of Venus, as suppliant now with praiers, as she was froward afore with disdaine. As shee lay in her bed, shee called to mynd the several bewties of

yoong Ganimede: first his locks, which being amber hued, passeth the wreath that Phœbus puts on to make his front glorious: his browe of yvorie was like the seate where love and majestie sits inthronde to enchaine fancy: his eyes as bright as the burnishing of the heaven, darting forth frowns with disdain, and smiles with favour, lightning such looks as would enflame desire, werē she wrapt in the circle of the frozen zoane: in his cheekes the vermillion teinture of the rose florished upon naturall alabaster, the blushe of the morne and Lunaes silver showe were so lively pourtrayed, that the Troyan that filles out wine to Jupiter was not halfe so bewtiful: his face was full of pleasance, and al the rest of his liniments proportioned with such excellence, as Phœbe was fettred in the sweetnes of his feature. The idea of these perfections tumbling in her mynde made the poore shepheardesse so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure tempred with intollerable paines, and yet a disquiet mixed with a content, shee rather wished to die than to live in this amorous anguish. But wishing is litle worth in such extreames, and therefore was she forst to pine in her malady, without any salve for her sorrows. Reveale it she durst not, as daring in such matters to make none her secretarie; and to conceale it, why, it doubled her grieve. for as fire supprest growes to the greater flame, and the current stopt to the more violent streame, so love smothered wrings the hart with the deeper passions.

Perplexed thus with sundry agonies, her food began to faile, and the disquiet of her mind began to worke a distemperature of her body, that, to be short, Phœbe fell extreme sicke, and so sicke as there was almost left no recovery of health. Her father, seeing his faire Phœbe thus distrest, sent for his friends, who sought by medecine to cure, and by counsaile to pacifie, but all in vaine; for although her body was feeble through long fasting, yet did shee *magis ægrotare animo quàm corpore*. Which her friends perceyved and sorrowed at, but salve it they could not.

The newes of her sicknesse was bruted abroad though all

the forrest, which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but hee, like a mad man, came to visit Phœbe. Where sitting by her bed side he began his exordium with so many teares and sighes, that she, perceiving the extremitie of his sorrows, began now as a lover to pittie them, although Ganimede helde her from redressing them. Montanus craved to know the cause of her sicknesse, tempred with secret plaints, but she answered him (as the rest) with silence, having still the forme of Ganimede in her mind, and conjecturing how she might reveale her loves. To utter it in wordes she found her selfe too bashfull; to discourse by any friend shee would not trust any in her amours; to remain thus perplexed still, and conceale all, it was a double death. Whereupon, for her last refuge, she resolved to write unto Ganimede, and therefore desired Montanus to absent himselfe a while, but not to depart, for she would see if she could steale a nappe. Hee was no sooner gone out of the chamber, but reaching to her standish, shee tooke penne and paper, and wrote a letter to this effect.

PHOEBE TO GANIMEDE, WISHETH WHAT SHE WANTS .
HER SELFE.

Faire shepheard (and therefore is Phœbe infortunate, because thou art so faire), although hitherto mine eyes were adamant to resist love, yet I no sooner saw thy face, but they became amorous to intertaine love; more devoted to fancie, than before they were repugnant to affection, addicted to the one by nature, and drawn to the other by beauty: which being rare, and made the more excellent by many vertues, hath so snared the freedome of Phœbe, as shee restes at thy mercie, either to bee made the most fortunate of all maydens, or the most miserable of all women. Measure not, Ganimede, my loves by my wealth, nor my desires by my degrees; but thinke my thoughts as full of faith, as thy face of amiable favors. Then, as thou knowest thy selfe most beautifull, suppose me

most constant. If thou deemest mee hard harted because I hated Montanus, think I was forst to it by fate: if thou saist I am kind hearted, because so lightly I loved thee at the first looke, think I was driven to it by desteny, whose influence, as it is mighty, so is it not to be resisted. If my fortunes were any thing but infortunate love, I would strive with fortune: but he that wrests against the will of Venus, seekes to quench fire with oyle, and to thrust out one thorn by putting in another. If then, Ganimede, love enters at the eye, harbours in the heart, and wil neither be driven out with phisicke nor reason, pittie mee, as one whose malady hath no salve but from thy sweet self, whose grieve hath no ease but through thy grant; and think I am a virgin who is deeply wrongd when I am forst to woo, and conjecture love to be strong, that is more forceable then nature. Thus distressed unless by thee eased, I expect either to lyve fortunate by thy favour, or die miserable by thy denyall. Living in hope. Farewell.

She that must be thine,
or not be at all,

PHŒBE.

To this letter she annexed this sonnet.

SONNETTO.

My boate doth passe the straights
Of seas incenst with fire,
Filde with forgetfulnesse:
Amidst the winters night,
A blind and carelesse boy
(Brought up by fond desire)
Doth guide me in the sea
Of sorrow and despight.

For every oare he sets
A ranke of foolish thoughts,
And cuts (instead of wave)
A hope without distresse:

The winds of my deepe sighes
(That thunder still for noughts)
Have split my sayles with feare,
With care and heavinesse.

A mightie storme of teares,
A blacke and hideous cloude,
A thousand fierce disdaines
Doe slacke the halyards oft :
Till ignorance doe pull,
And errorr hale the shrowds,
No starre for safetie shines,
No Phœbe from aloft.
Time hath subdued art, and joy is slave to woe :
Alas (Loves guid) be kind ! what, shall I perish so ?

This letter and the sonnet being ended, she could find no fit messenger to send it by, and therefore she called in Montanus, and intreated him to carry it to Ganimede. Although poore Montanus saw day at a little hole, and did perceive what passion pinched her, yet (that he might seeme dutifull to his mistresse in all service) he dissembled the matter, and became a willing messenger of his owne martyrdome. And so (taking the letter) went the next morne very earlie to the plaines where Aliena fedde hir flocks, and there he found Ganimede, sitting under a pomegranade tree, sorrowing for the hard fortunes of her Rosader. Montanus saluted him, and according to his charge delivered Ganimede the letters, which (he said) came from Phœbe. At this the wanton blusht, as being abasht to thinke what news should come from an unknowne shepheardesse; but taking the letters, unript the seales, and read over the discourse of Phœbes fancies. When she had read and over-read them Ganimede beganne to smile, and looking on Montanus, fell into a great laughter, and with that called Aliena, to whome shee shewed the writings. Who, having perused them, conceived them very pleasantly, and smiled to see how love had yokt her, who before would

not stoop to the lure. Aliena whispering Ganimede in the eare, and saying, Knew Phœbe what want there were in thee to performe her will, and how unfit thy kind is to be kind to her, she would be more wise, and lesse enamoured; but leaving that, I pray thee let us sport with this swaine. At that word Ganimede, turning to Montanus, began to glaunce at him thus.

I pray thee, tell me, shepheard, by those sweet thoughts and pleasing sighes that grow from my mistresse favours, art thou in love with Phœbe? Oh, my youth, quoth Montanus, were Phœbe so farre in love with me, my flocks would be more fatte, and their maister more quiet; for through the sorrows of my discontent growes the leannesse of my sheepe. Alas, poore swaine, quoth Ganimede, are thy passions so extreame, or thy fancie so resolute, that no reason wil blemish the pride of thy affection, and race out that which thou strivest for without hope? Nothing can make me forget Phœbe, while Montanus forget himselfe; for those characters which true love hath stamped, neither the envie of time nor fortune can wipe away. Why but, Montanus, quoth Ganimede, enter with a deep insight into the despaire of thy fancies, and thou shalt see the depth of thine owne follies; for (poore man) thy progresse in love is a regresse to losse, swimming again the streame with the crab, and flying with *Apis Indica* against wind and weather. Thou seekest with Phœbus to win Daphne, and shee flies faster than thou canst follow: thy desires soare with the hobbie, but her disdain reacheth higher than thou canst make wing. I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moone, and roavest at such a marke with thy thoughts, as is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to love, when love is pittillesse, and thy malady remedillesse. For prooffe, Montanus, read these letters, wherein thou shalt see thy great follyes and little hope.

With that Montanus tooke them and perused them, but

with such sorrow in his lookes, as they bewrayed a sourse of confused passions in his heart: at every line his colour changed, and every sentence was ended with a period of sighes.

At last, noting Phœbes extreame desire toward Ganimede, and her disdain towards him, giving Ganimede the letter, the shepheard stood as though he had neyther won nor lost. Which Ganimede perceiving wakened him out of his dreame thus: Now, Montanus, doest thou see thou vowest great service and obtainest but little reward: but in lieu of thy loyalty, she maketh thee, as Bellephoron, carry thine owne bane. Then drinke not willingly of that potion wherein thou knowest is poyson: creepe not to her that cares not for thee. What, Montanus, there are many as faire as Phœbe, but most of all more courteous than Phœbe. I tell thee, shepheard, favour is loves fuell: then since thou canst not get that, lette the flame vanish into smoake, and rather sorrowe for a while then repent thee for ever.

I tell thee, Ganimede, (quoth Montanus) as they which are stung with the scorpion, cannot be recovered but by the scorpion, nor he that was wounded with Achilles lance bee cured but with the same truncheon, so Apollo was faine to cry out that love was onely eased with love, and fancy healed by no medicine but favour. Phœbus had hearbs to heale all hurts but this passion: Cyrces had charms for all chances but for affection, and Mercurie subtile reasons to refell all griefs but love. Perswasions are bootles, reason lends no remedy, counsell no comfort, to such whome fancie hath made resolute; and therefore though Phœbe loves Ganimede, yet Montanus must honor none but Phœbe.

Then, quoth Ganimede, may I rightly tearme thee a despairing lover, that livest without joy, and lovest without hope. But what shal I do, Montanus, to pleasure thee? Shall I despise Phœbe, as she disdaines thee? Ah (quoth Montanus), that were to renew my griefs, and double my sorrows: for the sight of her discontent were the censure of my death. Alas, Ganimede! though I perish in my thoughts, let not her die in

her desires. Of all passions, love is most impatient: then lette not so faire a creature as Phœbe sinke under the burden of so deepe distresse. Being love sicke, she is proved hart sicke, and all for the beautie of Ganimede. Thy proportion hath intangled her affections, and she is snared in the beauty of thy excellence. Then, sith she loves thee so deare, mislike not her deadly. Be thou paramour to such a paragon: she hath beauty to please thine eye, and flockes to enrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for more than thou shalt win by her; for she is beautifull, vertuous and wealthy, three deepe perswasions to make love frolicke. Aliena seeing Montanus cut it against the haire, and pleade that Ganimede ought to love Phœbe, when his onely life was the love of Phœbe, answered him thus. Why, Montanus, dost thou further this motion, seeing if Ganimede marry Phœbe thy market is cleane mard? Ah, mistres (q. he) so hath love taught me to honour Phœbe, that I would prejudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despaire rather than shee should perish for want. It shall suffice me to see her contented, and to feed mine eye on her favour. If she marry, though it bee my martyrdome, yet if she be pleased I wil brooke it with patience, and triumph in mine owne stars to see her desires satisfied. Therefore, if Ganimede be as courteous as he is beautifull, let him shew his vertues in redressing Phœbes miseries. And this Montanus pronounst with such an assured countenance, that it amazed both Aliena and Ganimede to see the resolution of his loves; so that they pitied his passions and commended his patience, devising how they might by any subiltie get Montanus the favour of Phœbe. Straight (as womens heads are full of wiles) Ganimede had a fetch to force Phœbe to fancie the shepheard, malgrado the resolution of her minde: he prosecuted his policie thus. Montanus, quoth he, seeing Phœbe is so forlorne, least I might be counted unkind in not saluting so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phœbe, and there heare her selfe in word utter that which shee hath discourst with her pen; and then, as love wils mee, I will set

downe my censure. I will home by our house, and send Coridon to accompany Aliena. Montanus seemed glad of this determination, and away they goe towards the house of Phœbe. When they drew nigh to the cottage, Montanus ran afore, and went in and told Phœbe that Ganimede was at the doore. This word Ganimede sounding in the eares of Phœbe, drave hir into such an extasie for joy, that rising up in her bed, she was halfe revived, and her wan colour began to waxe red: and with that came Ganimede in, who saluted Phœbe with such a courteous looke, that it was half a salve to her sorows. Sitting him downe by hir bed side, he questioned about hir disease, and where the paine chiefly helde hir? Phœbe looking as lovely as Venus in her night gear, tainting her face with as ruddy a blus has Clitia did when shee bewrayed her loves to Phœbus, taking Ganimede by the hande began thus. Faire Shepheard, if love were not more strong than nature, or fancie the sharpest extreame, my immodesty were the more, and my vertues the les; for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their harts full of feare, and theyr tongs ful of silence; but love, that imperious love, where his power is predominant, then he perverts all, and wrests the wealth of nature to his owne wil: an instance in my selfe, fayre Ganimede, for such a fire hath he kindeled in my thoughts, that to finde ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the bounds of modesty, and seek a salve at thy hands for my harms. Blame me not if I be over bold, for it is thy beauty, and if I bee too forward it is fancie, and the deepe insight into thy vertues that makes me thus fond; for let me say in a word what may be contained in a volume, Phœbe loves Ganimede. At this shee held downe her head and wept, and Ganimede rose as one that would suffer no fish to hang on his fingers, made this reply. Water not thy plants, Phœbe, for I do pity thy plaints, nor seek not to discover thy loves in teares, for I conjecture thy truth by thy passions: sorrow is no salve for loves, nor sighs no remedy for affection. Therefore frolick, Phœbe; for if Ganimede can cure thee,

doubt not of recovery. Yet this let me say without offence, that it grieves me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires have been so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall. But thou alledgest that thou art forst from him by fate: so I tell thee, Phœbe, either some starre, or else some destenie, fittes my mind, rather with Adonis to die in chase, than be counted a wanton on Venus knee. Although I pitie thy martyrdome, yet I can grant no marriage; for though I held thee fair, yet mine eie is not fettred. Love grows not, like the hearb spattanna, to his perfection in one night, but creeps with the snaile, and yet at last attaines to the top. Festina lenter, especially in love, for momentary fancies are oftentimes the fruits of follies. If, Phœbe, I should like thee as the Hiperborei do theyr dates, which banket with them in the morning and throw them away at night, my folly should be great, and thy repentance more. Therefore I wil have time to turn my thoghts, and my loves shall growe up as the water cresses, slowly, but with a deepe roote. Thus, Phœbe, thou maist see I disdaine not, though I desire not; remaining indifferent til time and love makes me resolute. Therefore, Phœbe, seek not to suppress affection, and with the love of Montanus quench the remembraunce of Ganimede: strive thou to hate mee as I seeke to like of thee, and ever have the duties of Montanus in thy minde, for I promise thee thou mayest have one more wealthy, but not more loyall. These wordes were corasives to the perplexed Phœbe, that sobbing out sighes, and straining out teares, she blubbered out these words.

And shall I then have no salve of Ganimede but suspence, no hope but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but be posted off to the will of Time? justly have the Gods ballanst my fortunes, who, being cruel to Montanus, found Ganimede as unkind to my selfe: so in forcing him perish for love, I shall die my selfe with over-much love. I am glad, quoth Ganimede, you looke into your own faults, and see where your shoo wrings you, measuring now the pains of Montanus by your owne passions. Truth, q. Phœbe, and so deeply I repent me of my

frowardnesse towards the shepheard, that could I cease to love Ganimede, I would resolve to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phœbe to mislike of Ganimede, wil she then favour Montanus? When reason (quoth she) doth quench that love I owe to thee, then will I fancie him; conditionally, that if my love can bee suppress with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will onely wed himselfe to Phœbe. I graunt it, faire shepheardesse, quoth he; and to feed thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolve on: I wil never marry my selfe to woman but unto thy selfe. And with that Ganimede gave Phœbe a fruitlesse kisse, and such wordes of comfort, that before Ganimede departed shee arose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus such cheare, as could bee founde in such a country cottage, Ganimede in the midst of their banket rehearsing the promises of either in Montanus favour, which highly pleased the shepheard. Thus all three content, and soothed up in hope, Ganimede tooke his leave of Phœbe and departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. But poore Ganimede, who had her thoughtes on her Rosader, when she cald to remembrance his wounds, fild her eies full of teares, and her heart full of sorrowes, plodded to finde Aliena at the folds, thinking with her presence to drive away her passions. As she came on the plaines shee might espy where Rosader and Saladyne sat with Aliena under the shade; which sight was a salve to her grieve, and such a cordiall unto her heart, that shee tript amongst the lawnes full of joy.

At last Coridon, who was with them, spied Ganimede, and with that the clown rose, and, running to meet him, cried, Oh sirha, a match, a match! our mistres shal be maried on Sunday. Thus the poore peasant frolict it before Ganimede, who comming to the crue saluted them all, and especially Rosader, saying that he was glad to see him so wel recovered of his wounds. I had not gone abroad so soone, quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which, on Sunday next, must bee solempnized betweene my brother and Aliena. I

see well where love leads delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serves where both the parties are willing. Truth, quoth Ganimede; but a happy day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynd. Ah, good Ganimede (quoth he), by naming Rosalynd, renew not my sorrowes; for the thought of her perfections is the thrall of my miseries. Tush; bee of good cheare, man, quoth Ganimede: I have a friend that is deeply experienst in negromancy and magicke; what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage. I will cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or any bordering nation harbour her; and upon that take the faith of a yoong shepherd. Aliena smilde to see how Rosader frownd, thinking that Ganimede had jested with him. But, breaking off from those matters, the page (somewhat pleasant) began to discourse unto them what had past between him and Phœbe; which as they laught, so they wondered at, all confessyng that there is none so chaste but love will change. Thus they past away the day in chat, and when the sun began to set they tooke their leaves and departed; Aliena providing for their marriage day such solemne cheare and handsome robes as fitted their country estate, and yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond thither as a guest. Ganimede (who then ment to discover herselfe before her father) had made her a gowne of green, and a kirtle of the finest sendal, in such sort that she seemed some heavenly nymph harboured in country attire.

Saladyne was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader unmindfull to bid guests, who invited Gerismond and all his folowers to the feast, who willingly granted, so that there was nothing but the day wanting to his marriage. In the mean while, Phœbe being a bidden guest made herself as gorgious as might be to please the eye of Ganimede; and Montanus suted himself with the cost of many of his flocks to be gallant against the day, for then was Ganimede to give Phœbe an answer of her loves, and Montanus either to heare the doome of his miserie, or the censure of his hap-

pinesse. But while this geare was a brewing, Phœbe past not one day without visiting her Ganimede, so far was she wrapt in the beauties of this lovely swaine. Much prattle they had, and the discourse of many passions, Phœbe wishing for the day (as she thought) of her welfare, and Ganimede smiling to thinke what unexpected events would fall out at the wedding. In these humors the weeke went away, that at last Sunday came.

No sooner did Phœbus hench-man appeare in the skie, to give warning that his maisters horses should be trapt in his glorious coach, but Coridon, in his holiday sute marvellous seemely, in a russet jacket, welted with the same and faced with red worsted, having a paire of blew chamblet sleeves, bound at the wrests with foure yeolow laces, closed afore very richly with a dozen of pewter buttons; his hose was of gray karsie, with a large sloppe bard over thwart the pocket holes with three faire gards, stitcht of either side with red threed; his stock was of the owne, sewed close to his breech, and for to bewtifie his hose, he had trust himselfe round with a dozen of new thredden points in medley colour: his bonnet was greene, wheron stood a copper brooch with the picture of St. Denis; and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old dayes, hee had a faire shyrt band of fine lockeram, whipt over with Coventry blew of no small cost. Thus attired, Coridon bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, and had strowed al the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Floraes choyce bowers than any country cottage.

Thether repaired Phœbe with all the maides of the forrest, to set out the bride in the most seemliest sort that might bee; but howsoever shee helpt to prancke out Aliena, yet her eye was still on Ganimede, who was so neat in a sute of gray, that he seemed Endymion when he won Luna with his lookes, or Paris when he playd the swain to get the bewtie of the nymph CEnone. Ganimede, like a prettie page, waited on his mistresse Aliena, and overlookt that all was in a readines

against the bridegroom shuld come, who, attired in a forresters sute, came accompanied with Gerismond and his brother Rosader early in the morning, where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena and the rest of the country swains; Gerismond very highly commending the fortunate choice of Saladyne, in that he had chosen a shepheardesse, whose vertues appeared in her outward bewties, being no lesse faire than seeming modest. Ganimede comming in, and seeing her father, began to blush, Nature woorking affects by her secret effects. Scarce could she abstain from teares to see her father in so low fortunes: he that was wont to sit in his royall pallaice, attended on by twelve noble peeres, now to be contented with a simple cottage, and a troupe of revelling woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall made Ganimede full of sorrowes; yet, that she might triumph over fortune with patience, and not any way dash that merry day with her dumps, she smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth, and verie reverently welcommed the king, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such dilligence as Gerismond began to commend the page for his exquisit person and excellent qualities.

As thus the king with his forresters frolickt it among the shepherds, Coridon came in with a faire mazer full of sidar, and presented it to Gerismond with such a clownish salute that he began to smile, and tooke it of the old shepheard very kindly, drinking to Aliena and the rest of her faire maydes, amongst whom Phœbe was the formost. Aliena pledged the king, and drunk to Rosader: so the carowse went rounde from him to Phœbe, &c. As they were thus drinking and ready to goe to church, came in Montanus, apparalled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his head hee wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side, whereon was painted dispaire, and on his sheephooke hung two sonnets, as lables of his loves and fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of grieve as his heart was of sorowes, shewing in his counte-

nance the map of extremities. As soon as the shepherds saw him, they did him all the honor they could, as being the flower of all the swaines in Arden; for a bonnier boy was there not seen since that wanton wag of Troy that kept sheep in Ida. He seeing the king, and gessyng it to be Gerismond, did him all the reverence his country curtesie could afford; insomuch that the king wondring at his attire, began to question what he was. Montanus overhearing him, made this reply:—I am, sir (quoth he), loves swaine, as ful of inward discontents as I seeme fraught with outward follies. Mine eyes like bees delight in sweet flowers, but sucking their fill on the faire of beauty, they carry home to the hive of my heart farre more gaul than hony, and for one drop of pure deaw, a tun full of deadly Aconiton. I hunt with the fly to pursue the eagle, that flying too nigh the sun, I perish with the sun: my thoughts are above my reach, and my desires more than my fortunes, yet neither greater than my loves. But daring with Phaeton, I fal with Icarus; and seeking to passe the mean, I die for being so mean: my night sleeps are waking slombers, as full of sorrowes as they be far from rest; and my dayes labors are fruitlesse amors, staring at a star and stombling at a straw, leaving reason to follow after repentance: yet every passion is a pleasure thogh it pinch, because love hides his wormeseed in figs, his poysons in sweet potions, and shadows prejudize with the maske of pleasure. The wisest counsellers are my deep discontents, and I hate that which should salve my harm, like the patient which stung with the tarantula loaths musick, and yet the disease incurable but by melody. Thus (sir) restlesse I hold myselfe remediles, as loving without either reward or regard, and yet loving bicause there is none worthy to be loved but the mistresse of my thoughts. And that I am as full of passions as I have discourst in my plaintes, sir, if you please, see my sonnets, and by them censure of my sorrowes.

These wordes of Montanus brought the king into a great wonder, amazed as much at his wit as at his attire, insomuch

that he tooke the papers off his hooke, and read them to this effect.

MONTANUS FIRST SONNET.

Alas! how wander I amidst these woods,
Whereas no day bright shine doth finde accesse;
But where the melancholy fleeting floods
(Dark as the night) my night of woes expresse.
Disarmde of reason, spoilde of Natures goods,
Without redresse to salve my heavinesse
I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my harmes),
With endles grief my heedles judgement charmes.

My silent tongue assailde by secret feare,
My traitrous eyes imprisoned in their joy,
My fatall peace devoured in fained cheare,
My heart inforst to harbour in annoy,
My reason robde of power by yeelding eare,
My fond opinions slave to every toy.
Oh, Love! thou guide in my uncertaine way,
Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay.
Et florida pungunt.

When the king had read this sonnet he highly commended the device of the shepheard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a shaddow, and so covertly conceale that which bred his chiefest discontent; affirming, that as the least shrubs have their tops, the smallest haire their shaddowes, so the meanest swaines had their fancies, and in their kynde were as charie of love as a king. Whetted on with this device, he tooke the second, and read it: the effects were these—

MONTANUS SECOND SONNET.

When a dog
Full of rage,
With his irefull eyes
Frownes amidst the skies,
The shepheard to asswage

The fury of the heat,
 Himselfe doth fafely seat
 By a fount
 Full of faire,
 Where a gentle breath
 (Mounting from beneath)
 Tempreth the aire.
 There his flocks
 Drinke their fill,
 And with ease repose,
 Whilest sweet sleepe doth close
 Eyes from toylsome ill;
 But I burne
 Without rest,
 No defensive power
 Shields from Phœbes lower:
 Sorrow is my best.
 Gentle Love,
 Lowre no more:
 If thou wilt invade
 In the secret shade,
 Labour not so sore.
 I my selfe
 And my flocks,
 They their love to please,
 I my selfe to ease,
 Both leave the shadie oakes:
 Content to burne in fire,
 Sith Love doth so desire.

Et florida pungunt.

Gerismond, seeing the pithy vaine of those sonets, began to make further enquiry what he was? whereupon Rosader discourst unto him the love of Montanus to Phœbe, his great loyaltie and her deep crueltie, and how in revenge the gods had made the curious nymph amorous of yoong Ganimede. Upon this discourse the king was desirous to see Phœbe, who being broght before Gerismond by Rosader, shadowed the beauty of her face with such a vermillion teinture, that the kings eyes began to dazle at the puritie of her excellence. After Gerismond had fed his lookes a while upon her faire,

he questioned with her why she rewarded Montanus love with so little regard, seeing his desertes were many, and his passions extreame? Phœbe, to make reply to the kings demaund, answered thus:—Love (sir) is charitie in his lawes, and whatsoever hee sets downe for justice (bee it never so unjust), the sentence cannot be reverst: womens fancies lende favours not ever by desert, but as they are inforst by their desires; for fancy is tied to the wings of fate, and what the starres decree, stands for an infallible doome. I know Montanus is wise, and womens ears are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly escaping the charme of a pleasant toong, as Ulisses the melody of the Syrens. Montanus is bewtifull, and womens eyes are snared in the excellence of objects, as desirous to feede their lookes with a faire face, as the bee to suck on a sweet floure. Montanus is welthy, and an ounce of give me perswades a woman more than a pound of heare me. Danae was won with a golden shower, when she could not be gotten with all the intreaties of Jupiter. I tell you, sir, the string of a woman's heart reacheth to the pulse of her hand; and let a man rub that with gold, and tis hard but she wil proove his hearts gold. Montanus is yoong, a great clause in fancies court: Montanus is vertuous, the richest argument that Love yeelds; and yet knowing all these perfections, I praise them, and wonder at them, loving the qualities, but not affecting the person, because the destenies have set downe a contrary censure. Yet Venus, to ad revenge, hath given me wine of the same grape, a sip of the same sauce, and firing me with the like passion, hath crost me with as ill a penance; for I am in love with a shepherds swaine, as coy to mee as I am cruel to Montanus, as peremptory in disdain as I was perverse in desire; and that is (quoth she) Alienaes page, yong Ganimede.

Gerismond, desirous to prosecute the ende of these passions, called in Ganimede, who, knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the christall of his face with a ruddie brightnesse. The king noting well the phisnomy of Ganimede, began by his favours to cal to mind

the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader, that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore ? Because, Rosader (quoth hee), the favour of Ganimede puts mee in minde of Rosalynde. At this word Rosader sight so deeply, as though his heart would have burst. And whats the matter (quoth Gerismond) that you quite mee with such a sigh ? Pardon me, sir (quoth Rosader), because I love none but Rosalynd. And upon that condition (quoth Gerismond) that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnd her head and smilde upon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keep countenance. Yet shee salved all with secrecie ; and Gerismond, to drive away his dumpes, questioned with Ganimede, what the reason was he regarded not Phœbes love, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine ? Ganimede mildly answered, If I shuld affect the faire Phœbe, I should offer poore Montanus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet have I promised to the bewtiful shepheardesse to wed my selfe never to woman except unto her ; but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppress Phœbes love towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus. To that, q. Phœbe, I stand ; for my love is so far beyond reason, as wil admit no persuasion of reason. For justice, q. he, I appeale to Gerismond : and to his censure wil I stand, q. Phœbe. And in your victory, q. Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortunes ; for if Ganimede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit loves monarch : if Phœbe winne, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controversie, q. Gerismond, and then we will to church : therefore, Ganimede, let us heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while (quoth shee), and you shall see one in store.

In went Ganimede and drest her self in womans attire, having on a gowne of greene, with kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forrest : upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her

such a grace that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her floures. Thus attired came Rosalind in, and presented hir self at hir fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that country disguised.

Gerismond, seeing his daughter, rose from his seat and fel upon her necke, uttering the passions of his joy in watry plaints, driven into such an extasie of content, that he could not utter one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed and joyfull, I refer my selfe to the judgement of such as have experience in love, seeing his Rosalynd before his face whom so long and deeply he had affected. At last Gerismond recovered his spirites, and in most fatherly tearmes entertained his daughter Rosalynd, after many questions demanding of her what had past betweene her and Rosader? So much, sir (quoth she) as there wants nothing but your grace to make up the mariage. Why, then (quoth Gerismond) Rosader take her: shee is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptials. Rosader beyond measure content, humbly thankt the king, and imbraced his Rosalynde, who turning to Phœbe, demanded if she had shewen sufficient reason to suppress the force of her loves. Yea, quoth Phœbe, and so great a perswasive, that if it please you Madame and Aliena to give us leave, Montanus and I will make this day the thirde couple in marriage. She had no sooner spake this word, but Montanus threw away his garland of willow, his bottle, where was painted dispaire, and cast his sonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolicke as Paris when he hanseled his love with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded that Montanus and Phœbe should keepe their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena seeing Saladyne stand in a dumpe, to wake him from his dreame began thus. Why how now, my Saladyne, all a mort? what melancholy, man, at the day of marriage? perchaunce thou art sorrowfull to thinke on thy brothers high fortunes, and thyne owne base desires to chuse so meane a shepheardize. Cheare

up thy hart, man; for this day thou shalt bee married to the daughter of a king; for know, Saladyne, I am not Aliena, but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortal enemy Torismond. At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising up, tooke Alinda in his armes, and said to Rosalynd, Is this that faire Alinda famous for so many vertues, that forsake her fathers court to live with thee exilde in the country? The same, q. Rosalynde. Then, quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladyne, jolly forrester be frolick, for thy fortunes are great, and thy desires excellent: thou hast got a princesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. And she hath with her beauty won (quoth Saladyne) an humble servant, as full of faith as she of amiable favour. While every one was amazed with these comicall eventes, Coridon came skipping in, and told them that the priest was at church, and tarried for their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed; where to the admiration of all the countrey swains in Arden their mariages were solemnly solemnized. As soone as the priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readines. Dinner was provided, and the tables being spread, and the brides set downe by Gerismond, Rosader, Saladyne, and Montanus that day were servitors: homely cheare they had, such as their country could affoord, but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat, and many discourses of their loves and fortunes. About mid dinner, to make them mery, Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to which he sung this pleasant song.

CORIDONS SONG.

A blyth and bonny country lasse,
Heigh ho, the bonny lasse!
Sate sighing on the tender grasse
And weeping said, Will none come woo me?
A smicker boy, a lyther swaine,
Heigh ho, a smicker swaine!
That in his love was wanton faine,
With smiling looks straight came unto her.

When, as the wanton wench espied,
 Heigh ho, when she espied!
 The meanes to make her selfe a bride,
 She simpred smooth like bonny bell:
 The swaine, that saw her squint eied kind,
 Heigh ho, squint eyed kind!
 His armes about her body twind,
 And, faire lasse, how fare ye, well?

The country kit said, Well, forsooth,
 Heigh ho, well forsooth!
 But that I have a longing tooth,
 A longing tooth that makes me crie:
 Alas! said he, what garres thy grief?
 Heigh ho, what garres thy grief?
 A wound, quoth she, without reliefe,—
 I fear a maid that I shall die.

If that be all, the shepheard said,
 Heigh ho, the shepheard said!
 He make thee wive it gentle mayd,
 And so recure thy maladie.
 Hereon they kist with many a oath,
 Heigh ho, with many a oath!
 And fore God Pan did plight their troath,
 And to the church they hied them fast.

And God send every pretie peate,
 Heigh ho, the pretie peate!
 That feares to die of this conceate,
 So kind a friend to helpe at last.

Coridon having thus made them merry, as they were in the midst of their jollitie, word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine, was arived, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond overhearing this newes, demaunded who it was? It is, sir (q. Rosader) our middle brother, that lives a scholler in Paris; but what fortune hath driven him to seek us out I know not. With that Saladine went and met his brother, whom he welcommed with all curtesie, and Rosader gave him no lesse frendly entertainment: brought he was by his two brothers into the parlour where they all sate at dinner. Fernandine,

as one that knew as many maners, as he could points of sophistry, and was as wel brought up as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee, he did him what reverence belonged to his estate, and with that burst forth into these speaches. Although (right mighty prince) this day of my brothers marriage be a daye of mirth, yet time craves another course; and therefore from dantie cates rise to sharpe weapons. And you, the sonnes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, leave off your amors and fal to arms: change your loves into lances, and now this day shew your selves valiant, as hitherto you have been passionate. For know, Gerismond, that harde by at the edge of this forrest the twelve peeres of France are up in arms to recover thy right; and Torismond, troupt with a crue of desperate runnagates, is ready to bid them battaile. The armies are ready to joyne: therefore shewe thy selfe in the field to encourage thy subjects. And you, Saladyne and Rosader, mount you, and shew your selves as hardy soldiers as you have been harty lovers: so shal you for the benefit of your country, discover the idea of your fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honorable a parent. At this alarum, given him by Fernandine, Gerismond leapt from the boord, and Saladyne and Rosader betooke themselves to their weapons. Nay (q. Gerismond) go with me: I have horse and armor for us all, and then, being well mounted, let us shew that we carry revenge and honor at our fauchons points. Thus they leave the brides full of sorrow, and especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father: hee, not returning a word because his hast was great, hied him home to his lodge, wher he delivered Saladyne and Rosader horse and armour, and himselfe armed royally led the way, not having ridden two leagues before they discovered where in a valley both the battailes were joyned. Gerismond seeing the wing wherein the peeres fought, thrust in there, and cryed S. Denis! laying on such load upon his enemies, that he shewed how highly he did estimate of a crowne. When the peeres perceived that their lawful king

was there, they grew more eager; and Saladyne and Rosader so behaved themselves, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons. To be short, the peeres were conquerors, Torismonds army put to flight, and himself slain in battaile. The peers then gathered themselves together, and saluted their king, conducted him royally into Paris, where he was received with great joy of all the cittizens. Assoone as all was quiet, and he had received againe the crowne, he sent for Alinda and Rosalynd to the court, Alinda being very passionat for the death of her father, yet brooking it with the more patience, in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladyne. Wel, assoone as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royal feast for the peeres and lords of his land, which continued thirtie dayes, in which time summoning a parliament, by the consent of his nobles, he created Rosader heire apparant to the kingdome: hee restored Saladyne to all his fathers land, and gave him the dukedome of Nameurs: he made Fernandine principall secretarie to himselfe; and that fortune might every way seeme frolicke, he made Montanus lord over all the Forrest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings Gard, and Coridon maister of Alindas flocks.

Heere, gentlemen, may you see in Euphues Golden Legacie, that such as neglect their fathers precepts, incur much prejudice; that division in nature, as it is a blemish in nurture, so tis a breach of good fortunes; that vertue is not measured by birth but by action; that yonger brethren, though inferiour in yeares, yet may bee superiour to honors; that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amity betwixt brothers more forceable than fortune. If you gather any fruits by this legacie, speake wel of Euphues for writing it, and me for fetching it. If you grace me with that favor, you incorage me to be more froward: and assoone as I have overlookt my labors, expect the Sailers Kalender.

TH. LODGE.

FINIS.

NOTES.

P. 6, l. 1, "The Schedule annexed to Euphues Testament" is not in the edition of 1590, but was first added to that of 1592. It appears in all the subsequent impressions that have fallen under our notice.

P. 6, l. 16, Ought we not to read *unitie* for *vanitie*, as it stands in the old copies?

P. 7, l. 17, "having the prime," &c. "having *passed* the prime," &c. edit. 1598.

P. 8, l. 22, "essential *fortune* of his proportion," edit. 1598, reads "essentiall *forme*," which is no doubt right.

P. 9, l. 31, "The baarran leafe." Edit. 1598 reads "The *Baatan* leafe."

P. 13, l. 26, The edit. 1598 reads "honour" for "*humour*," which is, perhaps, right.

P. 14, l. 28, "As, quoth hee," &c. The edit. of 1598 has it "*Alas*, quoth hee," which must be the true reading.

P. 16, l. 1, "*lap* holde on him:" the correct reading seems to be "*lay* holde on him," and so it stands in the edit. 1598.

P. 34, l. 21, "the dead mens graves:" the edit. of 1598 reads "the dead men graves," which seems right.

P. 34, l. 30. This stanza is clearly surplusage, and is made up, by error of the printer, from parts of the preceding and succeeding stanzas. The poem is correctly given in the edit. of 1598, consisting of only four stanzas.

P. 36, l. 24, "greet so sore," or "*grede* so sore," is "*cry* so sore." This pastoral has several other achaisms, as "*lorell*" for *lost*, "*herry*" for *bless* or *praise*, "for thy" for *therefore*, &c. and is obviously written in imitation of Spenser.

P. 42, l. 27, "as we exceed not *ill* dyet"—so both the edit. of 1592 and 1598; but ought we not to read "*in* dyet?"

P. 51, l. 34, "It chaunced that day:" the edit. of 1598 reads "It *hapned* that day."

P. 52, l. 23, "but the lord of the feast." The word *be* seems to have dropped out after *but*.

P. 53, l. 6, "as it were:" the edit. of 1598 reads "*if* it were," which seems right.

P. 54, l. 3, "This newes drive the King." The edit. of 1598 has it "*drave*," which, of course, is the correct reading.

P. 59, l. 2. The edit. of 1598 reads still more corruptly "*pale-footed*;" but the true word is "*polt-footed*."

P. 60, l. 7, "When love himselfe:" the edit. of 1598 more correctly reads "*Where* love himselfe."

P. 65, l. 13, "Which applying:" the true reading is "*with* applying," and so it stands in the edit. 1598.

P. 65, l. 23. Ought we not to read *reaching* instead of *watching*?

P. 65, l. 28, *Ganimede* is misprinted for *Rosader* in the editions of 1592 and 1598.

P. 71, l. 36. The edit. of 1598 properly reads *is* instead of "*are* sold," as it stands in the copy of 1592.

P. 72, l. 33. We ought to read "*than* any wooll more softer."

P. 73, l. 11. The edit. of 1598 reads, no doubt correctly, *will* for "will."

P. 82, l. 3, for "touch in my estate," the edit. of 1598 reads "*couch* in my estate."

P. 86, l. 20. A word (perhaps *seem*) has evidently dropped out in this line, and it is not supplied by the old copies.

P. 90, l. 5. Perhaps this is the oldest instance of the use of the word *fop* in our language, although Shakespeare has it in "King Lear." It means a foolish fellow. The sentence in the text ought obviously to run thus, "or so foolish that she forgets, like a fop, that she must have a large harvest for a little corne."

P. 91, l. 25. The edit. of 1598 reads "If thou *measur*est," which seems right.

P. 94, l. 12. Lodge appears to have been rather vain of his French compositions, and this is not the only instance in which he has introduced them, either in his own works or as laudatory of those of others. To put French verses into the mouth of Montanus is a gross piece of indecorum as respects the preservation of character.

P. 95, l. 38, "condemne mee for an *abject*" seems the true reading, and we have before had the same species of antithesis.

P. 103, l. 34, for *Kistresse*, as it is printed in the old editions, we ought to read *Kistrelle*.

P. 112, l. 34. The edit. of 1598 reads "in not *salving* so faire a creature."

P. 113, l. 1, "Home *to* our house," edit. 1598.

P. 115, l. 27. The edit. of 1598 reads *amongst* for "*alongst*."

P. 116, l. 3, "But *what* a happy day," is the reading of edit. 1598.

P. 120, l. 30. The edit. of 1598 reads, no doubt correctly, "When *the* dog," &c.

P. 122, l. 4. Ought we not rather to read "Love (sir) is *charie* in his lawes," though not supported by the old copies?

THE
HISTORY
OF
H A M L E T,

PRINCE OF DENMARK;

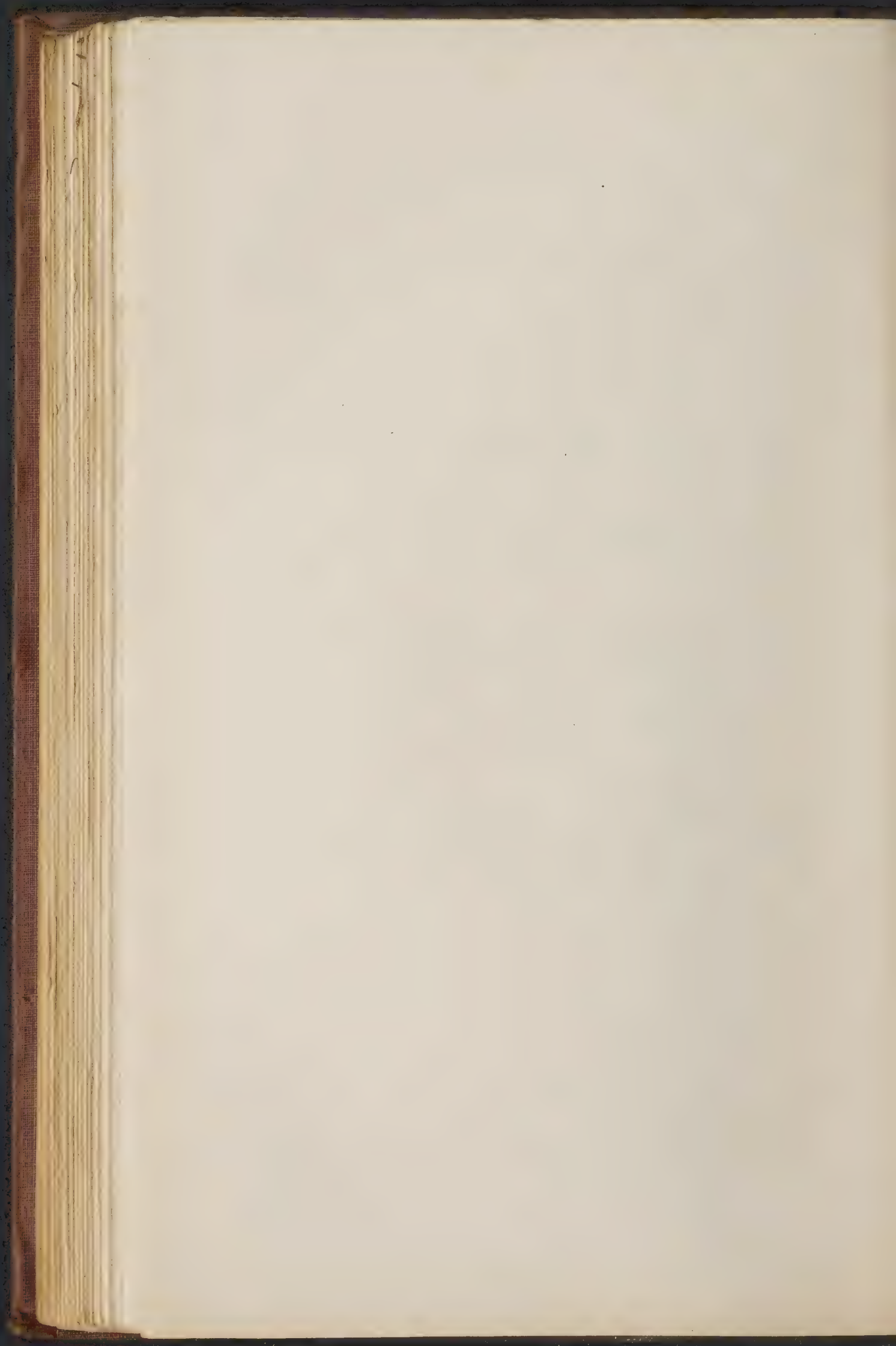
UPON WHICH SHAKESPEARE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE
FOUNDED HIS TRAGEDY.

REPRINTED FROM THE ONLY KNOWN COPY, PUBLISHED
IN 1608.

LONDON:

THOMAS RODD, 2, GREAT NEWPORT STREET.

MDCCCXLI.



INTRODUCTION.

THE only known copy of the following novel is preserved among Capell's books, at Cambridge, and bears date in 1608 : it was printed by Richard Bradocke, for Thomas Pavier, a well-known stationer of that time. There can be little doubt that it had originally come from the press considerably before the commencement of the seventeenth century, although the multiplicity of readers of productions of the kind, and the carelessness with which such books were regarded after perusal, has led to the destruction, as far as can now be ascertained, of every earlier copy. That which we have used for our re-impression, of a considerably later date, has alone escaped. Should any accident unluckily befall that interesting and valuable relic, the misfortune could never be repaired ; and it seems almost a matter of duty, therefore, accurately to reprint such productions, that they may not at any future time be utterly lost.

That a play upon the story of Hamlet had been written some years before 1590, we have every reason to believe. Robert Greene (according to Mr. Dyce, whom it is generally safe to follow, especially on questions of date) published his

"Menaphon" in 1587, prefixing to it an Epistle by Thomas Nash, in which he alludes to a tragedy of that name; and on the 9th June 1594, Henslowe registers in his MS. Diary, preserved at Dulwich College, that "Hamlet" was performed by his company, while acting at Newington Butts, apparently, in conjunction with the association to which Shakespeare belonged: it was then an old play, and produced him only eight shillings as his share of the receipts; though, when new pieces were represented, his proportion at the same period was usually more than three pounds. Malone, who erred as to the date of Greene's "Menaphon" (Shakesp. by Boswell, ii, 370) confidently, though conjecturally, assigned the "Hamlet," spoken of by Nash and mentioned by Henslowe, to Thomas Kyd: it is often alluded to by contemporaries, and there is not a moment's doubt that it was written and acted many years before Shakespeare's tragedy of the same name was produced. It is most probable that Kyd's play (supposing it to be his) was founded upon the novel under consideration, which, therefore, must have been originally printed before 1587, and that, to a certain extent, our great Dramatist availed himself both of the old drama and of the still older "History."

An earlier copy of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" than that with which Malone was acquainted has turned up comparatively recently, and is now in the library of the Duke of Devonshire; but it was not deposited among the extraordinary rarities of that now matchless dramatic collection, until, by permission of his Grace, a reprint had been made of it, we believe under the superintendence of Messrs. Payne and Foss,

of Pall Mall. It is one of the most faithful and accurate re-impressions ever completed, and a minute collation of it with the original only detected two or three trifling literal variations. This quarto bears date in 1603, and it was printed by N. L. (Nicholas Ling), who was interested in the known quarto of 1604, which, until this discovery was made, was looked upon as the first edition of Shakespeare's "Hamlet." From a careful comparison of the two, it seems nearly certain that the copy of 1603 was printed from MS. taken down in short-hand from the players' mouths, as the dialogue was delivered on the stage; and the additional lines there found were, for some reason, omitted in the more authentic edition published in the succeeding year. We are well satisfied that the "Hamlet" of 1603 was not Shakespeare's first draught of the tragedy, which he enlarged and improved as it appeared in 1604.

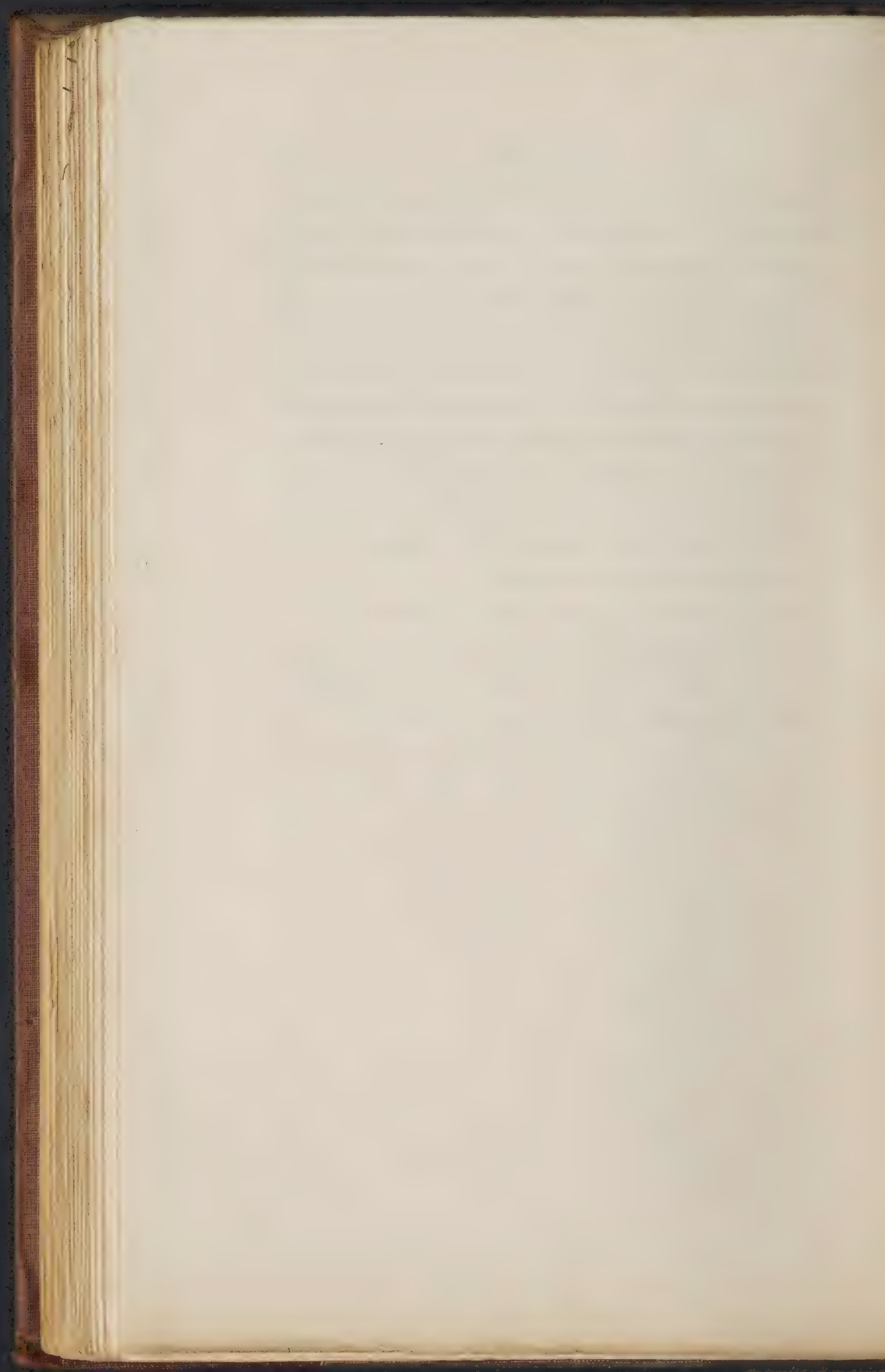
It will be found that the Tragedy varies in many important particulars from the Novel, especially towards the conclusion; that nearly the whole conduct of the story is different; that the catastrophe is totally dissimilar, and that the character of the hero in the prose narrative is utterly degraded below the rank he is entitled to take in the commencement. The murder of Hamlet's father, the marriage of his mother with the murderer, Hamlet's pretended madness, his interview with his mother, and his voyage to England, are nearly the only points in common. We thus are able to see how far Shakespeare followed the "History;" but we shall probably never be able to ascertain to what extent he made use of the antecedent play.

The prose narrative of 1608 is a bald, literal, and, in many respects, uncouth translation from the *Histoires Tragiques* of Belleforest, who was himself by no means an elegant writer for the time in which he lived: he began publishing his series of novels in 1564, and his story of "Amleth" was professedly copied from an earlier author, whom he does not name, but who was either Saxo Grammaticus, or some writer, who had intermediately borrowed the incidents, and converted them to his own purposes. Belleforest gives it the following title:—*Avec quelle ruse Amleth, qui depuis fut Roy de Danne-march, vengea la mort de son pere Horrvendile, occis par Fengon, son frere, et autre occurrence de son histoire.* The English translator, especially in the descriptive portion of his work, has multiplied all the faults of Belleforest, including his lengthened and involved periods, and his frequent confusion of persons. It may be suspected that one or two of the longer speeches, and particularly the Oration of Hamlet, occupying nearly the whole of Chapter VI, was by another and a better hand, who had a more complete knowledge of French, and a happier use of his own language.

We need not have much hesitation in believing that the oldest copy (perhaps printed about the year 1585) was sufficiently corrupt in its readings; but the corruptions increased with the re-impressions, and a few portions of the edition of 1608 seem almost to defy correction. Some passages might be rendered more intelligible, such as "distill a field of tears" (p. 169), instead of "distill a *flood* of tears"—"deface his desire of revenge" (p. 172), instead of "*deferre* his desire of revenge"—"she thought fit for no men but herself" (p. 173),

instead of "she thought fit for no *one* but herself"—"desired she to see" (p. 173), instead of "desired *her* to see"—"without *and* any faithfull assurance" (p. 180), instead of "without any faithfull assurance," &c.; but it was thought best to present the curious relic, as nearly as it could be done, in the shape and state in which it issued from the press not quite two centuries and a half ago. For this reason it has not been considered right to make the orthography of the name of the hero uniform: sometimes he is called *Hamblet* (as, no doubt, it stood in the first impression), and at other times *Hamlet*, as we have every reason to suppose it was altered in the old play, and as we find it in Shakespeare.

All the introductory matter to the ensuing pages is by Belleforest, the translator having deemed it necessary to preserve the French "Argument," and to convert some preliminary observations into what he terms a "Preface."

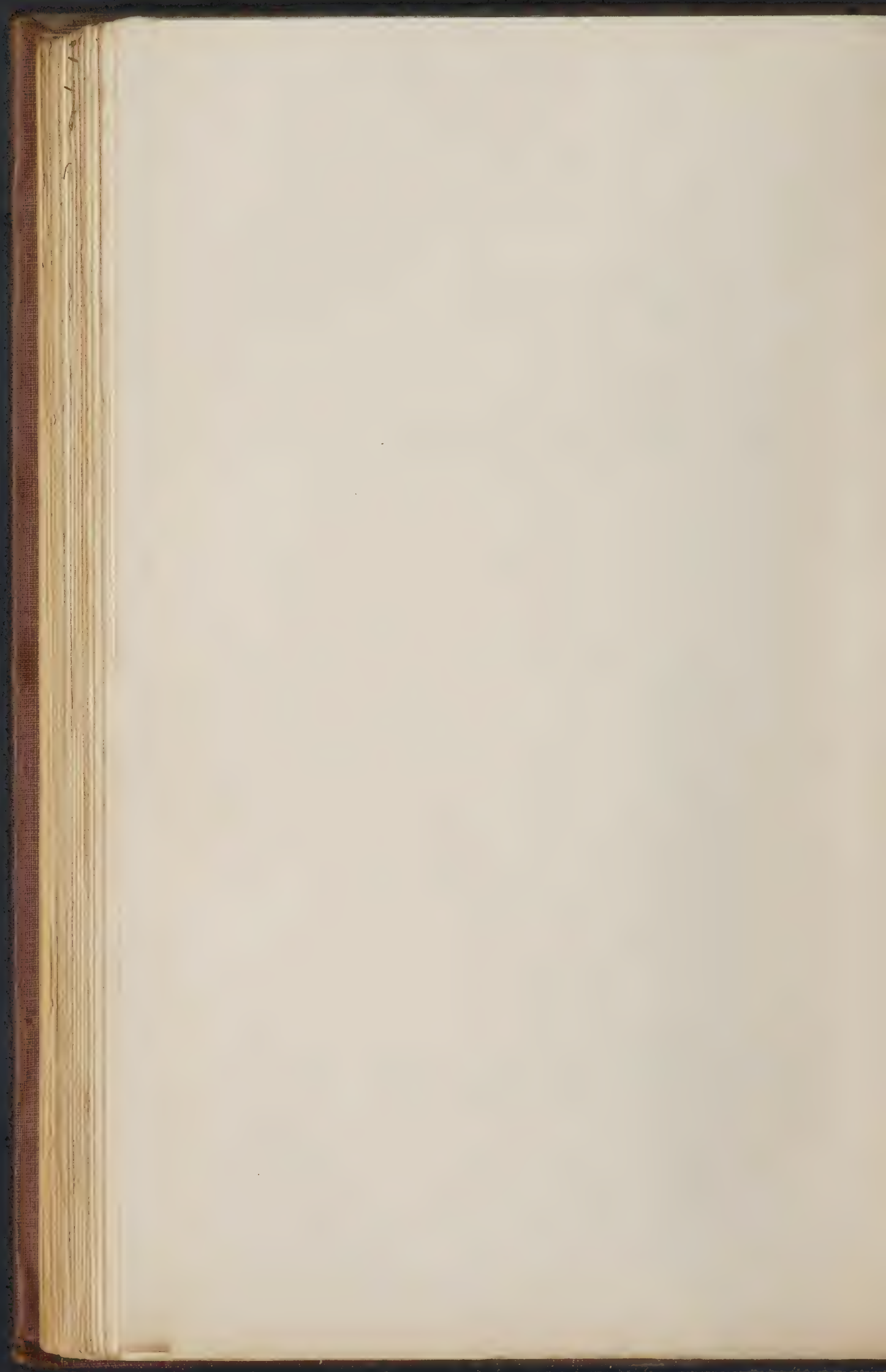


THE
HISTORIE
OF HAMBLET.

LONDON :

Imprinted by *Richard Braddocke*, for *Thomas Pavier*, and
are to be sold at his shop in Corne-hill, neere to the Royall
Exchange.

1608.



THE
ARGUMENT.

It is not at this present, neither yet a small time since, that envy raigning in the worlde hath in such sort blinded men, that without respect of consanguinitie, friendship, or favour whatsoever, they forget themselves so much as that they spared not to defile their hands with the blood of those men, who by all law and right they ought chiefly to defend and cherish. For what other impression was it that entered into Romulus heart, when, under pretence of I know not what lawe, he defiled his hands with the blood of his owne brother, but the abhominable vice of desire to raigne? which, if in all the accurrences, prosperities, and circumstances thereof, it were well wayed and considered, I know not any man that had not rather live at his ease, and privately without charge, then, being feared and honored of all men, to beare all the charge and burden upon his shoulders; to serve and please the fantasies of the common people; to live continually in feare, and to see himself exposed to a thousand occasions of danger, and most commonly assailed and spoiled when hee thinkes verily to hold Fortune as slave to his fantasies and will, and yet buyes such and so great misery for the vaine and fraile pleasures of this world, with the losse of his owne soule; making so large a measure of his conscience, that it is not once mooved at any murther, treason, deceit, nor wickednes whatsoever he committed, so the way may be opened and made plaine unto him, whereby hee may attaine to that miserable felicitie, to command and governe a multitude of men (as I said of Romulus), who, by a most abhominable action, prepared himselfe a way to heaven (but not by vertue).

The desire
of rule caus-
eth men to
become tray-
tors and mur-
therers.

The miser-
able condi-
tion of such
as rule over
others.

Romulus,
for small or
no cause,
killed his
brother.

The ambitious and seditious Orator of Rome supposed the

Cicero in his
Paradoxes.

Tarquin the
elder slaine in
Rome.

Servius
Tullius slaine
by his sonne
in law.

Wherefore
Rome was
subject to se-
ditions.

Divers at-
tained to the
empire by
murther.

degrees and steps to heaven, and the wayes to vertue, to consist in the treasons, ravishments, and massacres committed by him that first layd the foundations of that citty. And not to leave the hystories of Rome, what, I pray you, incited Ancius Martinus to massacre Tarquin the Elder, but the desire of raigning as a king, who before had bin the onely man to move and sollicite the saide Tarquinius to bereave the right heires and inheriters thereof? What caused Tarquinius the Proud traiterously to imbrue his hands in the blood of Servius Tullius, his father in law, but onely that furnish and unbridled desire to be commander over the cittie of Rome? which practise never ceased nor discontinued in the said principall cittie of the empire, as long as it was governed by the greatest and wisest personages chosen and elected by the people; for therein have been seen infinite numbers of seditions, troubles, pledges, ransommings, confiscations and massacres, onely proceeding from this ground and principle, which entereth into mens hearts, and maketh them covet and desirous to be heads and rulers of a whole common wealth. And after the people were deprived of that libertie of election, and that the empire became subject to the pleasure and fantasie of one man, commanding al the rest, I pray you peruse their bookes, and read diligently their hystories, and do but looke into the meanes used by the most part of their kings and emperours to attaine to such power and authoritie, and you shall see how poysons, massacres, and secret murthers, were the meanes to push them forwards that durst not openly attempt it, or else could not compasse to make open warres. And for that the Hystory (which I pretend to shew unto you) is chiefly grounded upon treason, committed by one brother against the other, I will not erre far out of the matter; thereby desiring to shew you, that it is and hath been a thing long since practised and put in use by men, to spill the blood of their neerest kinsmen and friends to attaine to the honour of being great and in authoritie; and that there hath bin some, that being impatient of staying till their just time of succes-

sion, have hastened the death of their owne parents: as Absolon would have done to the holy king David, his father; and as wee read of Domitian, that poysoned his brother Titus, the most curtious and liberall prince that ever swayed the empire of Rome. And God knowes we have many the like examples in this our time, where the sonne conspired against the father; for that Sultan Zelin, emperour of Turkes, was so honest a man, that fearing Baiazeth, his father, would die of his naturall death, and that thereby he should have stayd too long for the empire, bereaved him of his life; and Sultan Soliman, his successor, although he attempted not any thing against his father, yet being mooved with a certaine feare to bee deposed from his emperie, and bearing a hatred to Mustapha, his son (incited therunto by Rustain Bassa, whom the Jewes, enemies to the yong prince, had by gifts procured thereunto), caused him to be strangled with a bowe string, without hearing him (that never had offended his father) once speake to justifie his innocencie. But let us leave the Turkes, like barbarians as they are, whose throne is ordinarily established by the effusion of the blood of those that are neerest of kindred and consanguinitie to the empire, and consider what tragedies have bin plaid to the like effect in the memorie of our ancestors, and with what charitie and love the neerest kindreds and friends among them have bin intertained. One of the other, if you had not the hystories extant before you, if the memorie were not in a manner fresh, and known almost to every man, I would make a long discourse thereof; but things being so cleare and evident, the truth so much discovered, and the people almost, as it were, glutted with such treasons, I will omit them, and follow my matter, to shew you that, if the iniquitie of a brother caused his brother to loose his life, yet that vengeance was not long after delayed; to the end that traitors may know, although the punishment of their trespasses committed be stayed for awhile, yet that they may assure themselves that, without all doubt, they shal never escape the puisant and revenging hand of

Absolon
conspired
against David
his father.

Zelin slew
his father,
Baiazeth.

Soliman
caused Mus-
tapha, his
sonne, to be
hanged.

Great mis-
chiefe in our
age.

God stayeth
his wrath, but
yet reveng-
eth wrong;
read Plutarch
Opuscles,
of the slow-
nesse of God's
judgements.

God; who being slow to anger, yet in the ende doth not faile to shew some signes and evident tokens of his fearefull judgement upon such as, forgetting their duties, shed innocent blood, and betray their rulers, whom they ought chiefly to honour, serve, and reverence.

THE
P R E F A C E.

ALTHOUGH in the beginning of this Hystorie I had determined not to have troubled you with any other matter than a hystorie of our owne time, having sufficient tragicall matter to satisfie the minds of men; but because I cannot wel discourse thereof without touching many personages whom I would not willingly displease, and partly because the argument that I have in hand, seemed unto me a thing worthy to bee offered to our French nobilitie, for the great and gallant accurrences therein set downe, I have somewhat strayed from my course, as touching the tragedies of this our age, and, starting out of France and over Neitherlanders countries, I have ventured to visit the hystories of Denmarke, that it may serve for an example of vertue and contentment to our nation (whom I specially seeke to please), and for whose satisfaction I have not left any flower whatsoever untasted, from whence I have not drawne the most perfect and delicate hony, thereby to bind them to my diligence herein; not caring for the ingratitude of the time present, that leaveth (as it were rejecteth) without recompence such as serve the common wealth, and by their travell and diligence honour their countrey, and illustrate the realme of France: so that oftentimes the fault proceedeth rather from

them, then from the great personages that have other affaires which withdraw them from things that seeme of small consequence. Withall, esteeming my selfe more than satisfied in this contentment and freedome which I now injoy, being loved of the nobilitie, for whom I travell without grudging, favoured of men of learning and knowledge, for admiring and reverencing them according to their worthinesse, and honoured of the common people, of whom, although I crave not their judgement, as not esteeming them of abilitie to eternize the name of a worthy man, yet I account my selfe sufficiently happy to have attained to this felicitie, that few or no men refuse, or disdaine to reade my workes, many admiring and wondering thereat; as there are some that, provoked by envie, blame and condemne it. To whom I confesse my selfe much bound and beholding, for that by their meanes I am the more vigelant, and so by my travell much more beloved and honored then ever I was; which to mee is the greatest pleasure that I can injoy, and the most abundant treasures in my coffers, wherewith I am more satisfied and contented then (if without comparison) I enjoyed the greatest treasures in all Asia. Now, returning to our matter, let us beginne to declare the Hystorie.

THE HYSTORIE OF HAMBLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

CHAP. I.

How Horvendile and Fengon were made Governours of the Province of Ditmarse, and how Horvendile married Geruth, the daughter to Roderick, chief K. of Denmark, by whom he had Hamblet: and how after his marriage his brother Fengon slewe him trayterously, and married his brothers wife, and what followed.

YOU must understand, that long time before the kingdome of Denmark received the faith of Jesus Christ, and imbraced the doctrin of the Christians, that the common people in those dayes were barbarous and uncivill, and their princes cruell, without faith or loyaltie, seeking nothing but murther, and deposing (or at the least) offending each other, either in honours, goods, or lives; not caring to ransome such as they tooke prisoners, but rather sacrificing them to the cruell vengeance naturally imprinted in their hearts: in such sort, that if ther were sometime a good prince or king among them, who beeing adorned with the most perfect gifts of nature, would adict himselfe to vertue, and use courtesie, although the people held him in admiration (as vertue is admirable to the most wicked) yet the envie of his neighbors was so great, that they never ceased untill that vertuous man were dispatched out of the world. King Rodericke, as then raigning in Denmarke, after hee had appeased the troubles in the countrey, and driven

The Danes
in times past
barbarous
and uncivill.

The cruel-
tie of the
Danes.

Rodericke
king of Den-
marke.

Jutie at this
time, called
then Dit-
marsse.

Horvendile
a king and a
pirate.

Collere king
of Norway.

Horvendile
slew Collere.

the Sweathlanders and Slaveans from thence, he divided the kingdom into divers provinces, placing governours therein; who after (as the like happened in France) bare the names of Dukes, Marqueses, and Earls, giving the government of Jutie (at this present called Ditmarsse) lying upon the countrey of the Cimbrians, in the straight or narrow part of land that sheweth like a point or cape of ground upon the sea, which neithward bordereth upon the countrey of Norway, two valiant and warlike lords Horvendile and Fengon, sonnes to Gervendile, who likewise had beene governour of that province. Now the greatest honor that men of noble birth could at that time win and obtaine, was in exercising the art of piracie upon the seas, assaying their neighbours, and the countries bordering upon them; and how much the more they used to rob, pill, and spoyle other provinces, and ilands far adjacent, so much the more their honours and reputation increased and augmented: wherin Horvendile obtained the highest place in his time, beeing the most renouned pirate that in those dayes scoured the seas and havens of the north parts: whose great fame so mooved the heart of Collere, king of Norway, that he was much grieved to heare that Horvendile surmounting him in feates of armes, thereby obscuring the glorie by him alreadie obtained upon the seas: (honor more than covetousnesse of richer (in those dayes) being the reason that provoked those barbarian princes to overthrow and vanquish one the other, not caring to be slaine by the handes of a victorious person). This valiant and hardy king having challenged Horvendile to fight with him body to body, the combate was by him accepted, with conditions, that hee which should be vanquished should loose all the riches he had in his ship, and that the vanquisher should cause the body of the vanquished (that should bee slaine in the combate) to be honourably buried, death being the prise and reward of him that should loose the battaile: and to conclude, Collere, king of Norway (although a valiant, hardy, and couragious prince) was in the end vanquished and slaine by Horvendile, who

presently caused a tombe to be erected, and therein (with all honorable obsequies fit for a prince) buried the body of king Collere, according to their auncient manner and superstitions in these dayes, and the conditions of the combate, bereaving the kings shippes of all their riches; and having slaine the kings sister, a very brave and valiant warriour, and over runne all the coast of Norway, and the Northern Ilands, returned home againe layden with much treasure, sending the most part thereof to his soveraigne, king Rodericke, thereby to procure his good liking, and so to be accounted one of the greatest favourites about his majestie.

The king, allured by those presents, and esteeming himselfe happy to have so valiant a subject, sought by a great favour and coutesie to make him become bounden unto him perpetually, giving him Geruth his daughter to his wife, of whom he knew Horvendile to bee already much inamored. And the more to honor him, determined himselfe in person to conduct her into Jutie, where the marriage was celebrated according to the ancient manner: and to be briefe, of this marriage proceeded Hamblet, of whom I intend to speake, and for his cause have chosen to renew this present hystorie.

Hamlet
sonne to Hor-
vendile.

Fengon, brother to this prince Horvendile, who [not] onely fretting and despighting in his heart at the great honor and reputation wonne by his brother in warlike affaires, but solicited and provoked by a foolish jealousie to see him honored with royall aliance, and fearing thereby to bee deposed from his part of the government, or rather desiring to be onely governor, thereby to obscure the memorie of the victories and conquests of his brother Horvendile, determined (whatsoever happened) to kill him; which hee effected in such sort, that no man once so much as suspected him, every man esteeming that from such and so firme a knot of alliance and consanguinitie there could proceed no other issue then the full effects of vertue and courtesie: but (as I sayd before) the desire of bearing soveraigne rule and authoritie respecteth neither blood nor amitie, nor caring for vertue, as being

Fengon,
his conspira-
cie against
his brother.

Fengon kill-
eth his
brother.

wholly without respect of lawes, or majestie devine; for it is not possible that hee which invadeth the countrey and taketh away the riches of an other man without cause or reason, should know or feare God. Was not this a craftie and subtile counsellor? but he might have thought that the mother, knowing her husbands case, would not cast her sonne into the danger of death. But Fengon, having secretly assembled certain men, and perceiving himself strong enough to execute his interprise, Horvendile his brother being at a banquet with his friends, sodainely set upon him, where he slewe him as traiterously, as cunningly he purged himselfe of so detestable a murder to his subjects; for that before he had any violent or bloody handes, or once committed parricide upon his brother, hee had incestuously abused his wife, whose honour hee ought as well to have sought and procured as traiterously he pursued and effected his destruction. And it is most certaine, that the man that abandoneth himselfe to any notorious and wicked action, whereby he becommeth a great sinner, he careth not to commit much more haynous and abhominable offences, and covered his boldnesse and wicked practise with so great subtiltie and policie, and under a vaile of meere simplicitie, that beeing favoured for the honest love that he bare to his sister in lawe, for whose sake, hee affirmed, he had in that sort murdered his brother, that his sinne found excuse among the common people, and of the nobilitie was esteemed for justice: for that Geruth, being as courteous a princesse as any then living in the north parts, and one that had never once so much as offended any of her subjects, either commons or courtiers, this adulterer and infamous murtherer, slaundered his dead brother, that hee would have slaine his wife, and that hee by chance finding him upon the point ready to do it, in defence of the lady had slaine him, bearing off the blows, which as then he strooke at the innocent princesse, without any other cause of malice whatsoever. Wherein hee wanted no false witnesses to approove his act, which deposed in like sort, as the wicked calumniator himselfe protested,

being the same persons that had born him company, and were participants of his treason ; so that instead of pursuing him as a parricide and an incestuous person, al the courtiers admired and flattered him in his good fortune, making more account of false witnesses and detestable wicked reporters, and more honouring the calumniators, then they esteemed of those that seeking to call the matter in question, and admiring the vertues of the murthered prince, would have punished the massacres and bereavers of his life. Which was the cause that Fengon, boldned and encouraged by such impunitie, durst venture to couple himselfe in marriage with her whom hee used as his concubine during good Horvendiles life, in that sort spotting his name with a double vice, and charging his conscience with abhominable guilt, and two-fold impietie, as incestuous adulterie and parricide murder : and that the unfortunate and wicked woman, that had receaved the honour to bee the wife of one of the valiantest and wiseth princes in the north, imbased her selfe in such vile sort, as to falsifie her faith unto him, and which is worse, to marrie him, that had bin the tyrannous murtherer of her lawfull husband ; which made divers men thinke that she had beene the causer of the murther, thereby to live in her adultery without controle. But where shall a man finde a more wicked and bold woman, then a great parsonage once having loosed the bands of honor and honestie ? This princesse, who at the first, for her rare vertues and courtesies was honored of al men and beloved of her husband, as soone as she once gave eare to the tyrant Fengon, forgot both the ranke she helde among the greatest names, and the dutie of an honest wife on her behalfe. But I will not stand to gaze and mervaile at women, for that there are many which seeke to blase and set them forth, in which their writings they spare not to blame them all for the faults of some one, or few women. But I say, that either nature ought to have bereaved man of that opinion to accompany with women, or els to endow them with such spirits, as that they may

Slanderers
more ho-
noured in
court then
vertuous
persons.

The incestu-
ous marriage
of Fengon
with his bro-
thers wife.

If a man be
deceived by
a woman, it
is his owne
beastlinesse.

easily support the crosses they endure, without complaining so often and so strangely, seeing it is their owne beastlinesse that overthrowes them. For if it be so, that a woman is so imperfect a creature as they make her to be, and that they know this beast to bee so hard to bee tamed as they affirme, why then are they so foolish to preserve them, and so dull and brutish as to trust their deceitfull and wanton imbraceings. But let us leave her in this extreamitie of laciviousnesse, and proceed to shewe you in what sort the yong prince Hamblet behaved himselfe, to escape the tyranny of his uncle.

CHAP. II.

How Hamblet counterfeited the mad man, to escape the tyrannie of his uncle, and how he was tempted by a woman (through his uncles procurement) who thereby thought to undermine the Prince, and by that meanes to finde out whether he counterfeited madnesse or not : and how Hamblet would by no meanes bee brought to consent unto her, and what followed.

GERUTH having (as I sayd before) so much forgotten herself, the prince Hamblet perceiving himself to bee in danger of his life, as beeing abandoned of his owne mother, and forsaken of all men, and assuring himselfe that Fengon would not detract the time to send him the same way his father Horvendile was gone, to beguile the tyrant in his subtilties (that esteemed him to bee of such a minde that if he once attained to mans estate he wold not long delay the time to revenge the death of his father) counterfeiting the mad man

with such craft and subtile practises, that hee made shewe as if hee had utterly lost his wittes : and under that vayle hee covered his pretence, and defended his life from the treasons and practises of the tyrant his uncle. And all though hee had beene at the schoole of the Romane Prince, who, because hee counterfeited himselfe to bee a foole, was called Brutus, yet hee imitated his fashions, and his wisdom. For every day beeing in the queenes palace, (who as then was more carefull to please her whoremaster, then ready to revenge the cruell death of her husband, or to restore her sonne to his inheritance), hee rent and tore his clothes, wallowing and lying in the durt and mire, his face all filthy and blacke, running through the streets like a man distraught, not speaking one worde, but such as seemed to proceede of madnesse and meere frenzie ; all his actions and jestures beeing no other than the right countenances of a man wholly deprived of all reason and understanding, in such sort, that as then hee seemed fitte for nothing but to make sport to the pages and ruffling courtiers that attended in the court of his uncle and father-in-law. But the yong prince noted them well enough, minding one day to bee revenged in such manner, that the memorie thereof should remaine perpetually to the world.

Beholde, I pray you, a great point of a wise and brave spirite in a yong prince, by so great a shewe of imperfection in his person for advancement, and his owne imbasing and despising, to worke the meanes and to prepare the way for himselfe to bee one of the happiest kings in his age. In like sort, never any man was reputed by any of his actions more wise and prudent then Brutus, dissembling a great alteration in his minde, for that the occasion of such his devise of foolishnesse proceeded onely of a good and mature counsell and deliberation, not onely to preserve his goods, and shunne the rage of the proude tyrant, but also to open a large way to procure the banishment and utter ruine of wicked Tarquinius, and to infranchise the people (which were before

Brutus esteemed wise, for counterfeiting the foole. Read Titus Livius and Halicarnassus.

oppressed) from the yoake of a great and miserable servitude.

David counterfeited the mad man before king Aches.

Rom, viii. 21.

A subtill answer of Prince Hamlet.

And so, not onely Brutus, but this man and worthy prince, to whom wee may also adde king David, that counterfeited the madde man among the petie kings of Palestina to preserve his life from the subtill practises of those kings. I shew this example unto such, as beeing offended with any great personage, have not sufficient meanes to prevaile in their intents, or revenge the injurie by them receaved. But when I speake of revenging any injury received upon a great personage or superior, it must be understood by snch an one as is not our soveraigne, againste whome wee maie by no meanes resiste, nor once practise anie treason nor conspiracie against his life: and hee that will followe this course must speake and do all things whatsoever that are pleasing and acceptable to him whom hee meaneth to deceive, practise his actions, and esteeme him above all men, cleane contrarye to his owne intent and meaning; for that is rightly to playe and counterfeite the foole, when a man is constrained to dissemble and kisse his hand, whome in hearte hee could wishe an hundred foote depth under the earth, so hee mighte never see him more, if it were not a thing wholly to bee disliked in a christian, who by no meanes ought to have a bitter gall, or desires infected with revenge. Hamblet, in this sorte counterfeiting the madde man, many times did divers actions of great and deepe consideration, and often made such and so fitte answeres, that a wise man would soone have judged from what spirite so fine an invention mighte proceede; for that standing by the fire and sharpning sticks like poy-nards and prickes, one in smiling manner asked him wherefore he made those little staves so sharpe at the points? I prepare (saith he) piercing dartes and sharpe arrowes to revenge my fathers death. Fooles, as I said before, esteemed those his words as nothing; but men of quicke spirits, and such as hadde a deeper reache began to suspect somewhat, esteeming that under that kinde of folly there lay hidden a greate and rare subtilty, such as one day might bee prejudi-

ciall to their prince, saying, that under colour of such rudenes he shadowed a crafty pollicy, and by his devised simplicitie, he concealed a sharp and pregnant spirit: for which cause they counselled the king to try and know, if it were possible, how to discover the intent and meaning of the yong prince; and they could find no better nor more fit invention to intrap him, then to set some faire and beawtifull woman in a secret place, that with flattering speeches and all the craftiest meanes she could use, should purposely seek to allure his mind to have his pleasure of her: for the nature of all young men, (especially such as are brought up wantonlie) is so transported with the desires of the flesh, and entreth so greedily into the pleasures therof, that it is almost impossible to cover the foul affection, neither yet to dissemble or hyde the same by art or industry, much lesse to shunne it. What cunning or subtilty so ever they use to cloak their pretence, seeing occasion offered, and that in secret, especially in the most inticing sinne that rayneth in man, they cannot chuse (being constrained by voluptuousnesse) but fall to naturall effect and working. To this end certaine courtiers were appointed to leade Hamblet into a solitary place within the woods, whether they brought the woman, inciting him to take their pleasures together, and to imbrace one another, but the subtill practises used in these our daies, not to try if men of great account bee extract out of their wits, but rather to deprive them of strength, vertue and wisdom, by meanes of such devilish practitioners, and intefernall spirits, their domestical servants, and ministers of corruption. And surely the poore prince at this assault had him in great danger, if a gentleman (that in Horvendiles time had been nourished with him) had not showne himselfe more affectioned to the bringing up he had received with Hamblet, then desirous to please the tirant, who by all meanes sought to intangle the sonne in the same nets wherein the father had ended his dayes. This gentleman bare the courtiers (appointed as aforesaide of this treason) company, more desiring to give the prince instruc-

Nature corrupted in man

Subtilties used to discover Hamblets madnes.

Corrupters of yong gentlemen in princes courts and great houses.

tion what he should do, then to intrap him, making full account that the least shoue of perfect sence and wisdom that Hamblet should make would be sufficient to cause him to loose his life: and therefore by certain signes, he gave Hamblet intelligence in what danger hee was like to fall, if by any meanes hee seemed to obaye, or once like the wanton toyes and vicious provocations of the gentlewoman sent thither by his uncle. Which much abashed the prince, as then wholly beeing in affection to the lady, but by her he was likewise informed of the treason, as being one that from her infancy loved and favoured him, and would have been exceeding sorrowfull for his misfortune, and much more to leave his companie without injoying the pleasure of his body, whome shee loved more than herselfe. The prince in this sort having both deceived the courtiers, and the ladyes expectation, that affirmed and swore that hee never once offered to have his pleasure of the woman, although in subtilty hee affirmed the contrary, every man there upon assured themselves that without all doubt he was distraught of his sences, that his braynes were as then wholly void of force, and incapable of reasonable apprehension, so that as then Fengons practise took no effect: but for al that he left not off, still seeking by al meanes to finde out Hamblets subtilty, as in the next chapter you shall perceive.

CHAP. III.

How Fengon, uncle to Hamblet, a second time to intrap him in his politick madnes, caused one of his counsellors to be secretly hidden in the queenes chamber, behind the arras, to heare what speeches passed between Hamblet and the Queen ; and how Hamblet killed him, and escaped that danger, and what followed.

AMONG the friends of Fengon, there was one that above al the rest doubted of Hamblets practises in counterfeiting the madman, who for that cause said, that it was impossible that so craftie a gallant as Hamblet, that counterfeited the foole, should be discovered with so common and unskilfull practises, which might easily bee perceived, and that to finde out his politique pretence it were necessary to invent some subtill and crafty meanes, more attractive, whereby the gallant might not have the leysure to use his accustomed dissimulation ; which to effect he said he knewe a fit waie, and a most convenient meane to effect the kings desire, and thereby to intrap Hamblet in his subtillties, and cause him of his owne accord to fall into the net prepared for him, and thereby evidently shewe his secret meaning. His devise was thus, that King Fengon should make as though he were to goe some long voyage concerning affaires of great importance, and that in the meane time Hamblet should be shut up alone in a chamber with his mother, wherein some other should secretly be hidden behind the hangings, unknowne either to him or his mother, there to stand and heere their speeches, and the complots by them to bee taken concerning the accomplishment of the dissembling fooles pretence ; assuring the king that if there were any point of wisdom and perfect sence in the gallants spirit, that without all doubte he would easily discover it to his mother, as being devoid of all feare that she would utter or

Another
subtily used
to deceive
Hamblet.

Hamblets
subtilty.

A cruell re-
venge taken
by Hamblet
upon him that
would have
betraid him.

make knowne his secret intent, beeing the woman that had borne him in her bodie, and nourished him so carefully; and withall offered himselfe to be the man that should stand to harken and beare witnesse of Hamblets speeches with his mother, that hee might not be esteemed a counsellor in such a case wherein he refused to be the executioner for the behoofe and service of his prince. This invention pleased the king exceeding well, esteeming it as the onelie and soveraigne remedie to heale the prince of his lunacie; and to that ende making a long voyage, issued out of his pallace, and road to hunt in the forrest. Meane time the counsellor entred secretly into the queenes chamber, and there hid himselfe behind the arras, not long before the queene and Hamblet came thither, who beeing craftie and pollitique, as soone as hee was within the chamber, doubting some treason, and fearing if he should speake severely and wisely to his mother touching his secret practises he should be understood, and by that meanes intercepted, used his ordinary manner of dissimulation, and began to come like a cocke beating with his armes, (in such manner as cockes use to strike with their wings) upon the hangings of the chamber: whereby, feeling something stirring under them, he cried, A rat, a rat! and presently drawing his sworde thrust it into the hangings, which done, pulled the counsellour (halfe dead) out by the heeles, made an end of killing him, and beeing slaine, cut his bodie in pieces, which he caused to be boyled, and then cast it into an open vaulte or privie, that so it mighte serve for foode to the hogges. By which meanes having discovered the ambushe, and given the inventer thereof his just rewarde, hee came againe to his mother, who in the meane time wepte and tormented her selfe to see all her hopes frustrate, for that what fault soever she had committed, yet was shee sore grieved to see her onely child made a meere mockery, every man reproaching her with his folly, one point whereof she had as then seene before her eyes, which was no small pricke to her conscience, esteeming that the gods sent her that punishment for joyning incestu-

ously in marriage with the tyrannous murtherer of her husband, who like wise ceased not to invent all the means he could to bring his nephew to his ende, accusing his owne naturall indiscretion, as beeing the ordinary guide of those that so much desire the pleasures of the bodie, who shutting up the waie to all reason, respect not what maie ensue of of their lightnes and great inconstancy, and how a pleasure of small moment is sufficient to give them cause of repentance during their lives, and make them curse the daye and time that ever any such apprehensions entred into their mindes, or that they closed their eies to reject the honestie requisite in ladies of her qualitie, and to despise the holy institution of those dames that had gone before her, both in nobilitie and vertue, calling to mind the great prayses and commendations given by the danes to Rinde, daughter to king Rother, the chastest lady in her time, and withall so shamefast that she would never consent to marriage with any prince or knight whatsoever; surpassing in vertue all the ladies of her time, as shee herselfe surmounted them in beawtie, good behaviour, and comelines. And while in this sort she sate tormenting herselfe, Hamlet entred into the chamber, who having once againe searched every corner of the same, distrusting his mother as well as the rest, and perceiving himselfe to bee alone, began in sober and discreet manner to speak unto her, saying,

Queene
Geruthes re-
pentance.

Rinde a
princes of an
admirable
chastitie.

What treason is this, O most infamous woman! of all that ever prostrated themselves to the will of an abominable whore monger, who, under the vail of a dissembling creature, covereth the most wicked and detestable crime that man could ever imagine, or was committed. Now may I be assured to trust you, that like a vile wanton adultresse, altogether impudent and given over to her pleasure, runnes spreading forth her armes joyfully to imbrace the trayterous villanous tyrant that murthered my father, and most incestuously receivest the villain into the lawfull bed of your loyall spouse, imprudently entertaining him in steede of the deare father of your miser-

able and discomforted soone, if the gods grant him not the grace speedilie to escape from a captivity so unworthie the degree he holdeth, and the race and noble familie of his ancestors. Is this the part of a queene, and daughter to a king? to live like a brute beast (and like a mare that yeldeth her bodie to the horse that hath beaten hir companion awaye), to followe the pleasure of an abhominable king that hath murdered a farre more honeste and better man then himself in massacring Horvendile, the honor and glory of the Danes, who are now esteemed of no force nor valour at all, since the shining splendure of knighthood was brought to an end by the most wickedest and cruellest villaine living upon earth. I, for my part, will never account him for my kinsman, nor once knowe him for mine uncle, nor you my deer mother, for not having respect to the blud that ought to have united us so straightly together, and who neither with your honor nor without suspicion of consent to the death of your husband could ever have agreed to have marryed with his cruell enemie. O, queene Geruthe, it is the part of a bitch to couple with many, and desire acquaintance of divers mastiffes: it is licentiousnes only that hath made you deface out of your minde the memory of the valor and vertues of the good king your husband and my father: it was an unbrideled desire that guided the daughter of Roderick to imbrace the tyrant Fengon, and not to remember Horvendile (unworthy of so strange intertainment), neither that he killed his brother traiterously, and that shee being his fathers wife betrayed him, although he so well favoured and loved her, that for her sake he utterly bereaved Norway of her riches and valiant souldiers to augment the treasures of Roderick, and make Geruthe wife to the hardyest prince in Europe: it is not the parte of a woman, much lesse of a princesse, in whome all modesty, curtesse, compassion, and love ought to abound, thus to leave her deare child to fortune in the bloody and murtherous hands of a villain and traytor. Bruite beasts do not so, for lyons, tygers, ounces and leopards fight for the safety and defence of their

whelpes; and birds that have beakes, claws, and wings, resist such as would ravish them of their yong ones; but you, to the contrary, expose and deliver mee to death, whereas ye should defend me. Is not this as much as if you should betray me, when you knowing the perversenes of the tyrant and his intents, ful of deadly counsell as touching the race and image of his brother, have not once sought, nor desired to finde the meanes to save your child (and only son) by sending him into Swethland, Norway, or England, rather than to leave him as a pray to youre infamous adulterer? bee not offended, I praye you, Madame, if transported with dolour and grieve, I speake so boldely unto you, and that I respect you lesse then duetie requireth; for you, having forgotten mee, and wholly rejected the memorye of the deceased K. my father, must not bee abashed if I also surpasse the bounds and limits of due consideration. Beholde into what distresse I am now fallen, and to what mischiefe my fortune, and your over great lightnesse, and want of wisdom have induced mee, that I am constrained to playe the madde man to save my life, in steed of using and practising armes, following adventures, and seeking all meanes to make my selfe knowne to bee the true and undoubted heire of the valiant and vertuous king Horvendile. It was not without cause, and juste occasion, that my gestures, countenances, and words, seeme all to proceed from a madman, and that I desire to have all men esteeme mee wholly deprived of sence and reasonable understanding, because I am well assured, that he that hath made no conscience to kill his owne brother, (accustomed to murthers, and allured with desire of government without controll in his treasons), will not spare, to save himselfe with the like crueltie, in the blood and flesh of the loyns of his brother by him massacred: and, therefore, it is better for me to fayne madnesse, then to use my right sences as nature hath bestowed them upon me; the bright shining clearnes therof I am forced to hide under this shadow of dissimulation, as the sun doth hir beams under some great cloud, when the wether in sommer time overcasteth. The face of a mad man serveth to cover my gallant

countenance, and the gestures of a fool are fit for me, to the end that guiding my self wisely therein, I may preserve my life for the Danes, and the memory of my late deceased father; for the desire of revenging his death is so engraven in my heart, that if I dye not shortly, I hope to take such and so great vengeance, that these cuntryes shall for ever speake thereof. Neverthelesse, I must stay the time, meanes, and occasion, lest by making over great hast, I be now the cause of mine owne sodaine ruine and overthrow, and by that meanes end before I beginne to effect my hearts desire. Hee that hath to doe with a wicked, disloyall, cruell, and discourteous man must use craft and politike inventions, such as a fine witte can best imagine, not to discover his interprise; for seeing that by force I cannot effect my desire, reason alloweth me by dissimulation, subtiltie, and secret practises to proceed therein. To conclude, weepe not (madame) to see my folly, but rather sigh and lament your owne offence, tormenting your conscience in regard of the infamie that hath so defiled the ancient renowne and glorie that (in times past) honoured queene Geruth; for wee are not to sorrowe and grieve at other mens vices, but for our owne misdeedes, and great folloyes. Desiring you, for the surplus of my proceedings, above all things (as you love your owne life and welfare) that neither the king nor any other may by any meanes know mine intent; and let me alone with the rest, for I hope in the ende to bring my purpose to effect.

We must
use subtiltie
to a disloyal
person.

Wee must
weepe for our
owne faults
and not for
other mens.

Although the queene perceived herselfe neerly touched, and that Hamlet mooved her to the quicke, where she felt herselfe interested, neverthelesse shee forgot all disdain and wrath, which thereby she might as then have had, hearing her selfe so sharply chiden and reprovved, for the joy she then conceived, to behold the gallant spirit of her sonne, and to thinke what she might hope, and the easier expect of his so great policie and wisdom. But on the one side she durst not lift up her eyes to beholde him, remembering her offence, and on the other side she would gladly have imbraced her son, in regard of the wise admonitions by him given unto her, which as then quenched the flames of unbridled desire

that before had moved her to affect K. Fengon, to ingraff in her heart the vertuous actions of her lawfull spouse, whom inwardly she much lamented, when she beheld the lively image and portraiture of his vertue and great wisdom in her childe, representing his fathers haughtie and valiant heart: and so, overcome and vanquished with this honest passion, and weeping most bitterly, having long time fixed her eyes upon Hamlet, as beeing ravished into some great and deepe contemplation, and as it were wholly amazed, at the last imbracing him in her armes (with the like love that a vertuous mother may or can use to kisse and entertaine her owne childe), shee spake unto him in this manner.

I know well (my sonne) that I have done thee great wrong in marrying with Fengon, the cruell tyrant and murtherer of thy father, and my loyall spouse: but when thou shalt consider the small meanes of resistance, and the treason of the palace, with the little cause of confidence we are to expect or hope for of the courtiers, all wrought to his will, as also the power hee made ready, if I should have refused to like of him, thou wouldest rather excuse then accuse me of lasciviousnes or inconstancy, much lesse offer me that wrong to suspect that ever thy mother Geruthe once consented to the death and murther of her husband: swearing unto thee (by the majestie of the Gods) that if it had layne in my power to have resisted the tyrant, although it had beene with the losse of my blood, yea and my life, I would surely have saved the life of my lord and husband, with as good a will and desire as, since that time, I have often beene a meanes to hinder and impeach the shortning of thy life, which being taken away, I will no longer live here upon earth. For seeing that thy sences are whole and sound, I am in hope to see an easie meanes invented for the revenging of thy fathers death. Neverthelesse, mine owne sweet soone, if thou hast pittie of thy selfe, or care of the memorie of thy father (although thou wilt do nothing for her that deserveth not the name of a mother in this respect), I pray thee, carie thine affayres wisely:

bee not hastie, nor over furious in thy interprises, neither yet advance thy selfe more then reason shall moove thee to effect thy purpose. Thou seest there is not almost any man wherein thou mayest put thy trust, nor any woman to whom I dare utter the least part of my secrets, that would not presently report it to thine adversarie, who, although in outward shew he dissembleth to love thee, the better to injoy his pleasures of me, yet hee distrusteth and feareth mee for thy sake, and is not so simple to be easily perswaded that thou art a foole or mad; so that if thou chance to doe any thing that seemeth to proceed of wisdom or policie (how secretly soever it be done) he will presently be informed thereof, and I am greatly afraide that the devils have shewed him what hath past at this present between us, (fortune so much pursueth and contrarieth our ease and welfare) or that this murther that now thou hast committed be not the cause of both our destructions, which I by no meanes will seeme to know, but will keepe secret both thy wisdom and hardy interprise; beseeching the Gods (my good soone) that they, guiding thy heart, directing thy counsels, and prospering thy interprise, I may see thee possesse and injoy that which is thy right, and weare the crowne of Denmarke, by the tyrant taken from thee; that I may rejoyce in thy prosperitie, and therewith content my self, seeing with what courage and boldnesse thou shalt take vengeance upon the murtherer of thy father, as also upon all those that have assisted and favoured him in his murtherous and bloody enterprise. Madame (sayd Hamlet) I will put my trust in you, and from henceforth meane not to meddle further with your affayres, beseeching you (as you love your owne flesh and blood) that you will from hence forth no more esteeme of the adulterer, mine enemie whom I wil surely kill, or cause to be put to death, in despite of all the devils in hel: and have he never so manie flattering courtezans to defend him, yet will I bring him to his death, and they themselves also shall beare him company therein, as they have bin his perverse

counsellors in the action of killing my father, and his companions in his treason, massacre and cruell enterprise. And reason requireth that, even as trayterously they then caused their prince to bee put to death, that with the like (nay well, much more) justice they should pay the interest of their felonious actions.

You know (Madame) how Hother your grandfather, and father to the good king Roderick, having vanquished Guimon, caused him to be burnt, for that the cruell villain had done the like to his lord Gevare, whom he betrayed in the night time. And who knoweth not that traytors and perjured persons deserve no faith nor loyaltie to be observed towards them, and that conditions made with murtherers ought to bee esteemed as cobwebs, and accounted as if they were things never promised nor agreed upon: but if I lay handes upon Fengon, it will neither be fellonie nor treason, hee being neither my king nor my lord, but I shall justly punish him as my subject, that hath disloyaly behaved himselfe against his lord and soveraigne prince. And seeing that glory is the rewarde of the vertuous, and the honour and praise of those that do service to their naturall prince, why should not blame and dishonour accompany traytors, and ignominious death al those that dare be so bold as to lay violent hands upon sacred kings, that are friends and companions of the gods, as representing their majestie and persons. To conclude, glorie is the crown of vertue, and the price of constancie; and seeing that it never accompanieth with infelicitie, but shunneth cowardize and spirits of base and trayterous conditions, it must necessarily followe, that either a glorious death will be mine ende, or with my sword in hand, (laden with tryumph and victorie) I shall bereave them of their lives that made mine unfortunate, and darkened the beames of that vertue which I possessed from the blood and famous memory of my predecessors. For why should men desire to live, when shame and infamie are the executioners that torment their consciences, and villany is the cause that with-

Hother,
father to Ro-
dericke. Gui-
mon burnt
his lord Ge-
vare.

We must
observe nei-
ther faithful-
nesse or
fidelitie to
traytors or
parricides.

holdeth the heart from valiant interprises, and diverteth the minde from honest desire of glorie and commendation, which indureth for ever? I know it is foolishly done to gather fruit before it is ripe, and to seeke to enjoy a benefit, not knowing whither it belong to us of right; but I hope to effect it so well, and have so great confidence in my fortune (that hitherto hath guided the action of my life) that I shall not dye without revenging my selfe upon mine enemy, and that himselfe shall be the instrument of his owne decay, and to execute that which of my selfe I durst not have enterprised.

After this, Fengon (as if hee had beene out some long journey) came to the court againe, and asked for him that had received the charge to play the intilligencer, to entrap Hamlet in his dissembled wisdom, was abashed to heare neither newes nor tydings of him, and for that cause asked Hamlet what was become of him, naming the man. The prince that never used lying, and who in all the answers that ever he made (during his counterfeit madnesse) never strayed from the truth (as a generous minde is a mortal enemy to untruth) answered and sayd, that the counsellor he sought for was gone downe through the privie, where being choaked by the filthynesse of the place, the hogs meeting him had filled their bellies.

CHAP. IIII.

How Fengon the third time devised to send Hamblet to the king of England, with secret letters to have him put to death: and how Hamblet, when his companions slept, read the letters, and instead of them counterfeited others, willing the king of England to put the two messengers to death, and to marry his daughter to Hamblet, which was effected; and how Hamblet escaped out of England.

A MAN would have judged any thing, rather than that Hamblet had committed that murther, nevertheless Fengon could not content himselfe, but still his minde gave him that the foole would play him some tricke of liegerdemaine, and willingly would have killed him, but he feared king Rodericke, his grandfather, and further durst not offend the queene, mother to the foole, whom she loved and much cherished, shewing great grieve and heavinesse to see him so transported out of his wits. And in that conceit, seeking to bee rid of him, determined to finde the meanes to doe it by the ayde of a stranger, making the king of England minister of his massacring resolution, choosing rather that his friende should defile his renowne with so great a wickednesse, then himselfe to fall into perpetuall infamie by an exploit of so great crueltie, to whom hee purposed to send him, and by letters desire him to put him to death.

Hamblet, understanding that he should be sent into England, presently doubted the occasion of his voyage, and for that cause speaking to the queene, desired her not to make any shew of sorrow or grieve for his departure, but rather counterfeit a gladnesse, as being rid of his presence; whom, although she loved, yet she dayly grieved to see him in so pittifull estate, deprived of all sence and reason: desiring her further, that she should

Hamblets
craft to save
his life.

hang the hall with tapestrie, and make it fast with nayles upon the walles, and keepe the brands for him which hee had sharpened at the points, then, when as he said he made arrowes to revenge the death of his father: lastly, he counselled her, that the yeere after his departure being accomplished, she should celebrate his funerals; assuring her that at the same instant she should see him returne with great contentment and pleasure unto her for that his voyage. Now, to beare him company were assigned two of Fengons faithfull ministers, bearing letters ingraved in wood, that contained Hamlets death, in such sort as he had advertised the king of England. But the subtile Danish prince (beeing at sea) whilst his companions slept, having read the letters, and knowne his uncles great treason, with the wicked and villainous mindes of the two courtiers that led him to the slaughter, rased out the letters that concerned his death, and in stead thereof graved others, with commission to the king of England to hang his two companions; and not content to turne the death they had devised against him upon their owne neckes, wrote further, that king Fengon willed him to give his daughter to Hamlet in marriage. And so arriving in England, the messengers presented themselves to the king, giving him Fengons letters; who having read the contents, sayd nothing as then, but stayed convenient time to effect Fengons desire, meane time using the Danes familiarly, doing them that honour to sit at his table (for that kings as then were not so curiously, nor solemnely served as in these our dayes,) for in these dayes meane kings, and lords of small revenewe are as difficult and hard to bee seene, as in times past the monarches of Persia used to bee: or as it is reported of the great king of Aethyopia, who will not permit any man to see his face, which ordinarily hee covereth with a vaile. And as the messengers sate at the table with the king, subtile Hamlet was so far from being merry with them, that he would not taste one bit of meate, bread, nor cup of beare whatsoever, as then set upon the table, not without great wondering of the company, abash-

ed to see a yong man and a stranger not to esteeme of the delicate meates and pleasant drinkes served at the banquet, rejecting them as things filthy, evill of tast, and worse prepared. The king, who for that time dissembled what he thought, caused his ghests to be conveyed into their chamber, willing one of his secret servantes to hide himselfe therein, and so to certifie him what speeches past among the Danes at their going to bed.

Now they were no sooner entred into the chamber, and those that were appointed to attend upon them gone out, but Hamlets companions asked him, why he refused to eate and drinke of that which hee found upon the table, not honouring the banquet of so great a king, that entertained them in friendly sort, with such honour and courtesie as it deserved? saying further, that hee did not well, but dishonoured him that sent him, as if he sent men into England that feared to bee poysoned by so great a king. The prince, that had done nothing without reason and prudent consideration, answered them, and sayd: What, think you, that I wil eat bread dipt in humane blood, and defile my throate with the rust of yron, and use that meat that stinketh and savoureth of mans flesh, already putrified and corrupted, and that senteth like the savour of a dead carryon, long since cast into a valt? and how woulde you have mee to respect the king, that hath the countenance of a slave; and the queene, who in stead of great majestie, hath done three things more like a woman of base parentage, and fitter for a waiting gentlewoman then beseeming a lady of her qualitie and estate. And having sayd so, used many injurious and sharpe speeches as well against the king and queene, as others that had assisted at that banquet for the intertainment of the Danish ambassadors; and therein Hamblet said trueth, as hereafter you shall heare, for that in those dayes, the north parts of the worlde, living as then under Sathans lawes, were full of inchanters, so that there was not any yong gentleman whatsoever that knew not something therein sufficient to serve his turne, if need required: as yet

in those dayes in Gothland and Biarmy, there are many that knew not what the Christian religion permitteth, as by reading the histories of Norway and Gothland, you maie easilie perceive: and so Hamlet, while his father lived, had bin instructed in that devilish art, whereby the wicked spirite abuseth mankind, and advertiseth him (as he can) of things past.

It toucheth not the matter herein to discover the parts of devination in man, and whether this prince, by reason of his over great melancholy, had received those impressions, devining that, which never any but himselfe had before declared, like the philosophers, who discoursing of divers deep points of philosophie, attribute the force of those divinations to such as are saturnists by complection, who oftentimes speake of things which, their fury ceasing, they then alreadye can hardly understand who are the pronouncers; and for that cause Plato saith, many deviners and many poets, after the force and vigour of their fier beginneth to lessen, do hardly understand what they have written, although intreating of such things, while the spirite of devination continueth upon them, they doe in such sorte discourse thereof that the authors and inventers of the arts themselves by them alledged, commend their discourses and subtile disputations. Likewise I mean not to relate that which divers men beleieve, that a reasonable soul becometh the habitation of a meaner sort of devils, by whom men learn the secrets of things natural; and much lesse do I account of the supposed governors of the world fained by magitians, by whose means they brag to effect marvelous things. It would seeme miraculous that Hamlet shold divine in that sort, which after proved so true (if as I said before) the devil had not knowledg of things past, but to grant it he knoweth things to come I hope you shall never finde me in so grosse an error. You will compare and make equall derivation, and conjecture with those that are made by the spirit of God, and pronounced by the holy prophets, that tasted of that marvelous science, to whome onely was de-

clared the secrets and wondrous workes of the Almighty. Yet there are some imposturious companions that impute so much devinitie to the devell, the father of lyes, that they attribute unto him the truth of the knowledge of thinges that shall happen unto men, alledging the conference of Saul with the witch, although one example out of the Holy Scriptures, specially set downe for the condemnation of wicked man, is not of force to give a sufficient law to all the world; for they themselves confesse that they can devine, not according to the universal cause of things, but by signes borrowed from such like causes, which are all waies alike, and by those conjectures they can give judgement of thinges to come, but all this beeing grounded upon a weake support, (which is a simple conjecture) and having so slender a foundation, as some foolish or late experience the fictions being voluntarie, It should be a great folly in a man of good judgment, specially one that imbraceth the preaching of the gospell, and seeketh after no other but the trueth thereof, to repose upon any of these likelihoods or writings full of deceit.

As touching magical operations, I will grant them somewhat therein, finding divers histories that write thereof, and that the Bible maketh mention, and forbiddeth the use thereof: yea, the lawes of the gentiles and ordinances of emperors have bin made against it in such sort, that Mahomet, the great hereticke and friend of the devell, by whose subtilties hee abused most part of the east countries, hath ordained great punishments for such as use and practise those unlawfull and damnable arts, which, for this time leaving of, let us returne to Hamblet, brought up in these abuses, according to the manner of his country, whose companions hearing his answer reproached him of folly, saying that hee could by no meanes show a greater point of indiscretion, then in despising that which is lawfull, and rejecting that which all men receaved as a necessary thing, and that hee had not grossely so forgotten himselfe as in that sort to accuse such and so excellent a man as the king of England, and to slander the queene,

being then as famous and wise a prince as any at that day reigning in the islands thereabouts, to cause him to be punished according to his deserts; but he, continuing in his dissimulation, mocked him, saying that hee had not done any thing that was not good and most true. On the other side, the king being advertised thereof by him that stood to heare the discourse, judged presently that Hamlet, speaking so ambiguously, was either a perfect foole, or else one of the wisest princes in his time, answering so sodainly, and so much to the purpose upon the demaund by his companions made touching his behaviour; and the better to find the truth, caused the babler to be sent for, of whome inquiring in what place the corne grew whereof he made bread for his table, and whether in that ground there were not some signes or newes of a battaile fought, whereby humane blood had therein been shed? the babler answered that not far from thence there lay a field full of dead mens bones, in times past slaine in a battaile, as by the greates heapes of wounded sculles might well appeare, and for that the ground in that parte was become fertilier then other grounds, by reason of the fatte and humours of the dead bodies, that every yeer the farmers used there to have in the best wheat they could finde to serve his majesties house. The king perceiving it to be true, according to the yong princes wordes, asked where the hogs had bin fed that were killed to be served at his table? and answer was made him, that those hogs getting out of the said field wherein they were kept, had found the bodie of a thiefe that had beene hanged for his demerits, and had eaten thereof: whereat the king of England beeing abashed, would needs know with what water the beer he used to drinke of had beene brewed? which having knowne, he caused the river to be digged somewhat deeper, and therein found great store of swords and rustie armours, that gave an ill savour to the drinke. It were good I should heere dilate somewhat of Merlins prophesies, which are said to be spoken of him before he was fully one yeere old; but if you consider

wel what hath al redde been spoken, it is no hard matter to divine of things past, although the minister of Sathan therein played his part, giving sodaine and prompt answeres to this yong prince, for that herein are nothing but natural things, such as were wel known to be true, and therefore not needfull to dreame of thinges to come. This knowne, the king, greatly moved with a certaine curiositie to knowe why the Danish prince saide that he had the countenance of a slave, suspecting thereby that he reproached the basenes of his blood, and that he wold affirme that never any prince had bin his sire, wherin to satisfie himselfe he went to his mother, and leading her into a secret chamber, which he shut as soone as they were entred, desired her of her honour to shewe him of whome he was ingendred in this world. The good lady, wel assured that never any man had bin acquainted with her love touching any other man then her husband, sware that the king her husband onely was the man that had enjoyed the pleasures of her body; but the king her sonne, alreadie with the truth of the Danish princes answers, threatned his mother to make her tell by force, if otherwise she would not confesse it, who for feare of death acknowledged that she had prostrated her body to a slave, and made him father to the king of England; whereat the king was abashed, and wholly ashamed. I give them leave to judge who esteeming themselves honester than theire neighbours, and supposing that there can be nothing amisse in their houses, make more enquirie then is requisite to know the which they would rather not have known. Neverthelesse dissembling what he thought, and biting upon the bridle, rather then he would deprive himselfe by publishing the lasciviousnes of his mother, thought better to leave a great sin unpunished, then thereby to make himselfe contemptible to his subjects, who peradventure would have rejected him, as not desiring to have a bastard to raigne over so great a kingdome.

But as he was sorry to hear his mothers confession, on the otherside he tooke great pleasure in the subtilty and quick

spirit of the yong prince, and for that cause went unto him to aske him, why he had reprov'd three things in his queene convenient for a slave, and savouring more of basenes then of royaltie, and far unfit for the majesty of a great prince? The king, not content to have receaved a great displeasure by knowing him selfe to be a bastard, and to have heard with what injuries he charged her whom hee loved best in all the world, would not content himself untill he also understood that which displeased him, as much as his owne proper disgrace, which was that his queen was the daughter of a chambermaid, and with all noted certaine foolish countenances she made, which not onely shewed of what parentage she came, but also that hir humors savored of the basenes and low degree of hir parents, whose mother, he assured the king, was as then yet holden in servitude. The king admiring the young prince, and behoulding in him some matter of greater respect then in the common sort of men, gave him his daughter in marriage, according to the counterfet letters by him devised, and the next day caused the two servants of Fengon to be executed, to satisfie, as he thought, the king's desire. But Hamlet, although the sport plesed him wel, and that the king of England could not have done him a greater favour, made as though he had been much offended, threatening the king to be revenged, but the king, to appease him, gave him a great sum of gold, which Hamlet caused to be molten, and put into two staves, made hollow for the same purpose, to serve his tourne there with as neede should require; for of all other the kings treasures he took nothing with him into Denmark but onely those two staves, and as soone as the yeere began to bee at an end, having somewhat before obtained licence of the king his father in law to depart, went for Denmarke; then, with all the speed hee could to returne againe into England to marry his daughter, and so set sayle for Denmarke.

CHAP. V.

How Hamblet, having escaped out of England, arrived in Denmarke the same day that the Danes were celebrating his funerals, supposing him to be dead in England; and how he revenged his fathers death upon his uncle and the rest of the courtiers; and what followed.

HAMBLET in that sort sayling into Denmark, being arrived in the contry, entered into the pallace of his uncle the same day that they were celebrating his funeralls, and going into the hall, procured no small astonishment and wonder to them all, no man thinking other but that hee had beene deade: among the which many of them rejoyced not a little for the pleasure which they knew Fengon would conceive for so pleasant a losse, and some were sadde, as remembering the honourable king Horvendile, whose victories they could by no meanes forget, much lesse deface out of their memories that which appertained unto him, who as then greatly rejoyced to see a false report spread of Hamlets death, and that the tyrant had not as yet obtained his will of the heire of Jutie, but rather hoped God would restore him to his senses againe for the good and welfare of that province. Their amazement at the last beeing toured into laughter, all that as then were assistant at the funerall banquet of him whome they esteemed dead, mocked each at other, for having beene so simply deceived, and wondering at the prince, that in his so long a voyage he had not recovered any of his senses, asked what was become of them that had borne him company into Greate Brittain? to whome he made answer (shewing them the two hollow staves, wherein he had put his molten golde, that the King of England had given him to appease his fury, concerning the mur-

ther of his two companions), and said, Here they are both. Whereat many that already knew his humours, presently conjectured that hee had plaide some tricke of legerdemane, and to deliver himselfe out of danger, had throwne them into the pitte prepared for him; so that fearing to follow after them and light upon some evil adventure, they went presently out of the court. And it was well for them that they didde so, considering the tragedy acted by him the same daie, beeing accounted his funerall, but in trueth their last daies, that as then rejoyced for their overthrow; for when every man busied himselfe to make good cheare, and Hamlets arivall provoked them more to drinke and carouse, the prince himselfe at that time played the butler and a gentleman attending on the tables, not suffering the pots nor goblets to bee empty, whereby hee gave the noble men such store of liquor, that all of them being ful laden with wine and gorged with meate, were constrained to lay themselves downe in the same place where they had supt, so much their sences were dulled, and overcome with the fire of over great drinking (a vice common and familiar among the Almaines, and other nations inhabiting the north parts of the world) which when Hamlet perceiving, and finding so good opportunitie to effect his purpose and bee revenged of his enemies, and by the means to abandon the actions, gestures, and apparel of a mad man, occasion so fitly finding his turn, and as it were effecting it selfe, failed not to take hold therof, and seeing those drunken bodies, filled with wine, lying like hogs upon the ground, some sleeping, others vomiting the over great abundance of wine which without measure they had swallowed up, made the hangings about the hall to fall downe and cover them all over; which he nailed to the ground, being boarded, and at the ends thereof he stuck the brands, whereof I spake before, by him sharpned, which served for prickles, binding and tying the hangings in such sort, that what force soever they used to loose themselves, it was impossible to get from under them: and presently he set fire in the foure corners of the hal, in such sort,

Drunkenes
a vice over
common in
the north
partes of the
world.

that all that were as then therein not one escaped away, but were forced to purge their sins by fire, and dry up the great aboundance of liquor by them received into their bodies, all of them dying in the inevitable and mercilesse flames of the whot and burning fire: which the prince perceiving, became wise, and knowing that his uncle, before the end of the banquet, had withdrawn himselfe into his chamber, which stood apart from the place where the fire burnt, went thither, and entring into the chamber, layd hand upon the sword of his fathers murtherer, leaving his own in the place, which while he was at the banquet some of the courtiers had nailed fast into the scaberd, and going to Fengon said: I wonder, disloyal king, how thou canst sleep heer at thine ease, and al thy pallace is burnt, the fire thereof having burnt the greatest part of thy courtiers and ministers of thy cruelty, and detestable tirannies; and which is more, I cannot imagin how thou sholdst wel assure thy self and thy estate, as now to take thy ease, seeing Hamlet so neer thee armed with the shafts by him prepared long since, and at this present is redy to revenge the traiterous injury by thee done to his lord and father.

A strange revenge taken by Hamlet.

A mocke but yet sharp and stinging, given by Hamlet to his uncle.

Fengon, as then knowing the truth of his nephews subtile practise, and hering him speak with stayed mind, and which is more, perceived a sword naked in his hand, which he already lifted up to deprive him of his life, leaped quickly out of the bed, taking holde of Hamlets sworde, that was nayled into the scaberd, which as hee sought to pull out. Hamlet gave him such a blowe upon the chine of the necke, that hee cut his head cleane from his shoulders, and as he fell to the ground sayd, This just and violent death is a just reward for such as thou art: now go thy wayes, and when thou commest in hell, see thou forget not to tell thy brother (whom thou trayterously slewest), that it was his sonne that sent thee thither with the message, to the ende that beeing comforted thereby, his soule may rest among the blessed spirits, and quit mee of the obligation that bound me to pursue his vengeance upon mine owne blood, that seeing it was by thee that I lost the chiefe thing that tyed me to this aliance and consanguinitie. A

Commenda-
tion of Ham-
let for killing
the tyrant.

man (to say the trueth) hardie, couragious, and worthy of eternall comendation, who arming himself with a crafty, dissembling, and strange shew of beeing distract out of his wits, under that pretence deceived the wise, pollitike, and craftie, thereby not onely preserving his life from the treasons and wicked practises of the tyrant, but (which is more) by an new and unexpected kinde of punishment, revenged his fathers, death, many yeeres after the act committed: in no such sort that directing his courses with such prudence, and effecting his purposes with so great boldnes and constancie, he left a judgement to be decyded among men of wisdom, which was more commendable in him, his constancy or magnanimitie, or his wisdom in ordring his affaires, according to the premeditable determination he had conceived.

How just
vengeance
ought to be
considered.

Davids in-
tent in com-
manding Sa-
lomon to re-
venge him of
some of his
enemies.

If vengeance ever seemed to have any shew of justice, it is then, when pietie and affection constraineth us to remember our fathers unjustly murdered, as the things wherby we are dispensed withal, and which seeke the means not to leave treason and murther unpunished: seeing David a holy and just king, and of nature simple, courteous, and debonaire, yet when he dyed he charged his soone Salomon (that succeeded him in his throane) not to suffer certaine men that had done him injurie to escape unpunished. Not that this holy king (as then ready to dye, and to give account before God of all his actions) was carefull or desirous of revenge, but to leave this example unto us, that where the prince or countrey is interested, the desire of revenge cannot by any meanes (how small soever) beare the title of condemnation, but is rather commendable and worthy of praise: for otherwise the good kings of Juda, nor others had not pursued them to death, that had offended their predecessors, if God himself had not inspired and ingraven that desire within their hearts. Hereof the Athenian lawes beare witnesse, whose custome was to erect images in remembrance of those men that, revenging the injuries of the commonwealth, boldly massacred tyrants and such as troubled the peace and welfare of the citizens.

Hamblet, having in this manner revenged himselfe, durst

not presently declare his action to the people, but to the contrary determined to worke by policie, so to give them intelligence, what he had done, and the reason that drewe him thereunto: so that beeing accompanied with such of his fathers friends that then were rising, he stayed to see what the people would doe when they shoulde heare of that sodaine and fearefull action. The next morning the townes bordering there aboutes, desiring to know from whence the flames of fire proceeded the night before they had seene, came thither, and perceiving the kings pallace burnt to ashes, and many bodyes (most part consumed) lying among the ruines of the house, all of them were much abashed, nothing being left of the palace but the foundation. But they were much more amased to beholde the body of the king all bloody, and his head cut off lying hard by him; whereat some began to threaten revenge, yet not knowing against whom; others beholding so lamentable a spectacle, armed themselves, the rest rejoycing, yet not daring to make any shewe thereof; some detesting the crueltie, others lamenting the death of their Prince, but the greatest part calling Horvendiles murther to remembrance, acknowledging a just judgement from above, that had throwne downe the pride of the tyrant. And in this sort, the diversities of opinions among that multitude of people being many, yet every man ignorant what would be the issue of that tragedie, none stirred from thence, neither yet attempted to move any tumult, every man fearing his owne skinne, and distrusting his neighbour, esteeming each other to bee consenting to the massacre.

CHAP. VI.

How Hamlet, having slaine his Uncle, and burnt his Palace, made an Oration to the Danes to shew them what he done; and how they made him King of Denmark; and what followed.

HAMLET then seeing the people to be so quiet, and most part of them not using any words, all searching onely and simply the cause of this ruine and destruction, not minding to loose any time, but ayding himself with the commoditie thereof, entred among the multitude of people, and standing in the middle spake unto them as followeth.

If there be any among you (good people of Denmark) that as yet have fresh within your memories the wrong done to the valiant king Horvendile, let him not be mooved, nor thinke it strange to behold the confused, hydeous, and fearfull spectacle of this present calamitie: if there be any man that affecteth fidelitie, and alloweth of the love and dutie that man is bound to shewe his parents, and find it a just cause to call to remembrance the injuryes and wrongs that have been done to our progenitors, let him not be ashamed beholding this massacre, much lesse offended to see so fearfull a ruine both of men and of the bravest house in all this countrey: for the hand that hath done this justice could not effect it by any other meanes, neither yet was it lawfull for him to doe it otherwise, then by ruining both sensible and unsensible things, thereby to preserve the memorie of so just a vengeance.

I see well (my good friends) and am very glad to know so good attention and devotion in you, that you are sorrie (before your eyes) to see Fengon so murdered, and without a head, which heeretofore you acknowledged for your commander; but I pray you remember this body is not the body of a

king, but of an execrable tyrant, and a parricide most detestable. Oh Danes! the spectacle was much more hydeous when Horvendile your king was murdered by his brother. What should I say a brother! nay, rather by the most abhominable executioner that ever beheld the same. It was you that saw Horvendiles members massacred, and that with teares and lamentations accompanied him to the grave; his body disfigured, hurt in a thousand places, and misused in ten times as many fashions. And who doubteth (seeing experience hath taught you) that the tyrant (in massacring your lawfull king) sought onely to infringe the ancient liberties of the common people? and it was one hand onely, that murdering Horvendile, cruelly dispoyled him of life, and by the same meanes unjustly bereaved you of your ancient liberties, and delighted more in oppression then to embrace the pleasant countenance of prosperous libertie without adventuring for the same. And what mad man is he that delighteth more in the tyranny of Fengon then in the clemencie and renewed courtesie of Horvendile? If it bee so, that by clemencie and affabilitie the hardest and stoutest hearts are molified and made tractable, and that evill and hard usage causeth subjects to be outrageous and unruly, why behold you not the debonair cariage of the first, to compare it with the cruelties and insolencies of the second, in every respect as cruell and barbarous as his brother was gentle, meeke, and courteous? Remember, O you Danes, remember what love and amitie Horvendile shewed unto you; with what equitie and justice he swayed the great affaires of this kingdome, and with what humanitie and courtesie he defended and cherished you, and then I am assured that the simplest man among you will both remember and acknowledge that he had a most peaceable, just, and righteous king taken from him, to place in his throane a tyrant and murderer of his brother: one that hath perverted all right, abolished the auncient lawes of our fathers, contaminated the memories of our ancestors, and by his wickednesse polluted the integritie of this kingdome, upon the necke thereof having

placed the troublesome yoke of heaue servitude, abolishing that libertie wherein Horvendile used to maintaine you, and suffered you to live at your ease. And should you now bee sorrie to see the ende of your mischiefes, and that this miserable wretch, pressed downe with the burthen of his offences, at this present payeth the usury of the parricide committed upon the body of his brother, and would not himselfe be the revenger of the outrage done to me, whom he sought to deprive of mine inheritance, taking from Denmark a lawfull successor, to plant a wicked stranger, and bring into captivitie those that my father had infranchised and delivered out of misery and bondage? And what man is he, that having any sparke of wisdom, would esteem a good deed to be an injury, and account pleasures equal with wrongs and evident outrages? It were then great folly and temerity in princes and valiant commanders in the wars to expose themselves to perils and hazards of their lives for the welfare of the common people, if that for a recompence they should reape hatred and indignation of the multitude. To what end should Hother have punished Balder, if, in steed of recompence, the Danes and Swethlanders had banished him to receive and accept the successors of him that desired nought but his ruine and overthrowe? What is hee that hath so small feeling of reason and equitie, that would be grieved to see treason rewarded with the like, and that an evill act is punished with just demerit in the partie himselfe that was the occasion? who was ever sorrowfull to behold the murtherer of innocents brought to his end, or what man weepeth to see a just massacre done upon a tyrant, usurper, villaine, and bloody personage?

I perceive you are attentive, and abashed for not knowing the author of your deliverance, and sorry that you cannot tell to whom you should bee thankfull for such and so great a benefit as the destruction of a tyrant, and the overthrow of the place that was the storehouse of his villanies, and the true receptacle of all the theeves and traytors in this kingdome: but beholde (here in your presence) him that brought so good

an enterprize to effect. It is I (my good friends), it is I, that confesse I have taken vengeance for the violence done unto my lord and father, and for the subjection and servitude that I perceived in this countrey, whereof I am the just and lawfull successor. It is I alone, that have done this piece of worke, whereunto you ought to have lent me your handes, and therein have ayded and assisted me. I have only accomplished that which all of you might justly have effected, by good reason, without falling into any point of treason or felonie. It is true that I hope so much of your good willes towards the deceased king Horvendile, and that the remembrances of his vertues is yet so fresh within your memories, that if I had required your aide herein, you would not have denied it, specially to your naturall prince. But it liked mee best to doe it my selfe alone, thinking it a good thing to punish the wicked without hazarding the lives of my friends and loyall subjects, not desiring to burthen other mens shoulders with this weight; for that I made account to effect it well inough without exposing any man into danger, and by publishing the same should cleane have overthrowne the device, which at this present I have so happily brought to passe. I have burnt the bodyes of the courtiers to ashes, being companions in the mischiefs and treasons of the tyrant; but I have left Fengon whole, that you might punish his dead carkasse (seeing that when hee lived you durst not lay hands upon him), to accomplish the full punishment and vengeance due unto him, and so satisfie your choller upon the bones of him that filled his greedy hands and coffers with your riches, and shed the blood of your brethren and friends. Bee joyfull, then (my good friends); make ready the nosegay for this usurping king: burne his abhominable body, boyle his lascivious members, and cast the ashes of him that hath beene hurtfull to all the world into the ayre: drive from you the sparkes of pitie, to the end that neither silver, nor christall cup, nor sacred tombe may be the restfull habitation of the reliques and bones of so detestable a man: let not one trace

of a parricide be seene, nor your countrey defiled with the presence of the least member of this tyrant without pity, that your neighbors may not smell the contagion, nor our land the polluted infection of a body condemned for his wickednes. I have done my part to present him to you in this sort; now it belongs to you to make an end of the worke, and put to the last hand of dutie whereunto your severall functions call you; for in this sort you must honor abhominable princes, and such ought to be the funerall of a tyrant, parricide, and usurper, both of the bed and patrimony that no way belonged unto him, who having bereaved his countrey of liberty, it is fit that the land refuse to give him a place for the eternal rest of his bones.

O my good friends, seeing you know the wrong that hath bin done unto mee, what my griefs are, and in what misery I have lived since the death of the king, my lord and father, and seeing that you have both known and tasted these things then, when as I could not conceive the outrage that I felt, what neede I recite it unto you? what benefit would it be to discover it before them that knowing it would burst (as it were with despight) to heare of my hard chance, and curse Fortune for so much imbasing a royall prince, as to deprive him of his majesty, although not any of you durst so much as shew one sight of sorrow or sadnes? You know how my father in law conspired my death, and sought by divers meanes to take away my life; how I was forsaken of the queen my mother, mocked of my friends, and dispised of mine own subjects: hetherto I have lived laden with grieffe, and wholly confounded in teares, my life still accompanied with fear and suspition, expecting the houre when the sharp sword would make an ende of my life and miserable anguishes. How many times, counterfeiting the mad man, have I heard you pittie my distresse, and secretly lament to see me disinherited? and yet no man sought to revenge the death of my father, nor to punish the treason of my incestuous uncle, full of murthers and massacres. This charitie ministred

comfort, and your affectionate complaints made me evidently see your good wills, that you had in memorie the calamity of your prince, and within your harts ingraven the desire of vengeance for the death of him that deserved a long life. And what heart can bee so hard and untractable, or spirit so severe, cruel, and rigorous, that would not relent at the remembrance of my extremities, and take pittie of an orphan child, so abandoned of the world? What eyes were so voyd of moysture but would distill a field of tears, to see a poore prince assaulted by his owne subjects, betrayed by his mother, pursued by his uncle, and so much oppressed that his friends durst not shew the effects of their charitie and good affection? O (my good friends) shew pity to him whom you have nourished, and let your harts take some compassion upon the memory of my misfortunes! I speak to you that are innocent of al treason, and never defiled your hands, spirits, nor desires with the blud of the greate and vertuous king Horvendile. Take pity upon the queen, sometime your soveraign lady, and my right honorable mother, forced by the tyrant, and rejoyce to see the end and extinguishing of the object of her dishonor, which constrained her to be lesse pitiful to her own blood, so far as to imbrace the murtherer of her own dear spouse, charging her selfe with a double burthen of infamy and incest, together wth injuring and disannulling of her house, and the ruine of her race. This hath bin the occasion that made me counterfet folly, and cover my intents under a vaile of meer madnes, which hath wisdom and pollicy therby to inclose the fruit of this vengeance, which, that it hath attained to the ful point of efficacy and perfect accomplishment, you yourselves shall bee judges; for touching this and other things concerning my profit, and the managing of great affairs, I refer my self to your counsels, and therunto am fully determind to yeeld, as being those that trample under your feet the murtherers of my father, and despise the ashes of him that hath polluted and violated the spouse of his brother, by him massacred; that hath committed felony

against his lord, traiterously assailed the majesty of his king, and odiously thrall'd his contry under servitude and bondage, and you his loyall subjects, from whom he, bereaving your liberty, feared not to ad incest to parricide, detestable to al the world. To you also it belongeth by dewty and reason commonly to defend and protect Hamlet, the minister and executor of just vengeance, who being jealous of your honour and your reputation, hath hazarded himself, hoping you will serve him for fathers, defenders, and tutors, and regarding him in pity, restore him to his goods and inheritances. It is I that have taken away the infamy of my contry, and extinguished the fire that imbraced your fortunes. I have washed the spots that defiled the reputation of the queen, overthrowing both the tirant and the tyranny, and beguiling the subtilties of the craftiest deceiver in the world, and by that meanes brought his wickednes and impostures to an end. I was grieved at the injurie committed both to my father and my native country, and have slaine him that used more rigorus commandements over you, then was either just or convenient to be used unto men that have commaunded the valiantest nations in the world. Seeing, then, he was such a one to you, it is reason that you acknowledge the benefit, and thinke wel of for the good I had done your posterity, and admiring my spirit and wisdome, chuse me your king, if you think me worthy of the place. You see I am the author of your preservation, heire of my fathers kingdome, not straying in any point from his vertuous action, no murtherer, violent parricide, nor man that ever offended any of you, but only the vitious. I am lawfull successor in the kingdom, and just revenger of a crime above al others most grievous and punishable: it is to me that you owe the benefit of your liberty receaved, and of the subversion of that tyranny that so much afflicted you, that hath troden under feete the yoke of the tirant, and overwhelmed his throne, and taken the scepter out of the hands of him that abused a holy and just authoritie; but it is you that are to recompence those that have well deserved, you know

what is the reward of so greate desert, and being in your hands to distribute the same, it is of you that I demand the price of my vertue, and the recompence of my victory.

This oration of the yong prince so mooved the harts of the Danes, and wan the affections of the nobility, that some wept for pity, other for joy, to see the wisdom and gallant spirit of Hamlet; and having made an end of their sorrow, al with one consent proclaimed him king of Jutie and Chersonnese, Hamlet king of one part of Denmark. And having celebrated his coronation, and received the homages and fidelities of his subjects, he went into England to fetch his wife, and rejoyced with his father in law touching his good fortune; but it wanted little that the king of England had not accomplished that which Fengon with all his subtilties could never attaine.

CHAP. VII.

How Hamlet, after his coronation, went into England; and how the king of England secretly would have put him to death; and how he slew the king of England, and returned againe into Denmarke with two wives; and what followed.

HAMLET, being in England, shewed the king what meanes hee had wrought to recover his kingdom; but when the king of England understood of Fengons death, he was both abashed and confused in his minde, at that instant feeling himselfe assailed with two great passions, for that in times past he and Fengon having bin companions together in armes, had given each other their faith and promises, by oath, that if either of them chanced to bee slaine by any man whatsoever, hee that survived (taking the quarrel upon him as his owne) should never cease till he were revenged, or at the

leaste do his endeavour. This promise incited the barbarous king to massacre Hamlet, but the alliance presenting it selfe before his eies, and beholding the one deade, although his friend, and the other alive, and husband to his daughter, made him deface his desire of revenge. But in the end, the conscience of his oath and promise obtained the upper hand, and secretly made him conclude the death of his sonne in law, which enterprise after that was cause of his own death, and overrunning of the whole country of England by the cruelty and despight conceived by the king of Denmarke. I have purposely omitted the discourse of that battaile, as not much pertinent to our matter, as also, not to trouble you with too tedious a discourse, being content to shew you the end of this wise and valiant king Hamlet, who revenging himselfe upon so many enemies, and discovering all the treasons practised against his life, in the end served for a sport to fortune, and an example to all great personages that trust overmuch to the felicities of this world, that are of small moment, and lesse continuance.

The king of England perceiving that hee could not easilie effect his desire upon the king, his son in lawe, as also not being willing to break the laws and rights of hospitality, determined to make a stranger the revenger of his injury, and so accomplish his oath made to Fengon without defiling his handes with the blood of the husband of his daughter, and polluting his house by the traiterous massacring of his friend. In reading of this history, it seemeth, Hamlet should resemble another Hercules, sent into divers places of the world by Euristheus (solicited by Juno) where he knew any dangerous adventure, thereby to overthrow and destroy him; or else Bellerophon sent to Ariobatus to put him to death; or (leaving prophane histories) an other Urias, by king David appointed to bee placed in the fore front of the battaile, and the man that should bee first slain by the barbarians. For the king of Englands wife being dead not long before (although he cared not for marrying an other

woman) desired his sonne in lawe to make a voyage for him into Scotland, flattering him in such sort, that he made him beleeve that his singular wisdome caused him to preferre him to that ambassage, assuring himselfe that it were impossible that Hamlet, the subtillest and wisest prince in the worlde, should take any thing in the world in hand without effecting the same.

Now the queen of Scots beeing a maid, and of a haughty courage, despised marriage with al men, as not esteeming any worthy to be her companion, in such manner that by reason of this arrogant opinion there never came any man to desire her love but she caused him to loose his life: but the Danish kings fortune was so good, that Hermetrude (for so was the queens name) hearing that Hamlet was come thither to intreat a marriage between her and the king of England, forgot all her pride, and dispoiling herselfe of her sterne nature, being as then determind to make him (being the greatest prince as then living) her husband, and deprive the English princesse of her spouse, whome shee thought fit for no men but herself; and so this Amazon without love, disdainning Cupid, by her free wil submitted her haughtie mind to her concupiscence. The Dane arriving in her court, desired she to see the old king of Englands letters, and mocking at his fond appetites, whose blood as then was half congealed, cast her eies upon the yong and plesant Adonis of the North, esteeming her selfe happy to have such a pray fallen into her hands, wherof she made her ful account to have the possession: and to conclude, she that never had been overcome by the grace, courtesie, valor, or riches of anie prince nor lord whatsoever, was as then vanquished with the onelie report of the subtilties of the Dane; who knowing that he was already fianced to the daughter of the king of England, spake unto him and said: I never looked for so great a blisse, neither from the gods nor yet from fortune, as to behold in my countries the most compleate prince in the North, and he that hath made himselfe famous and renowned through all the nations of the

world, as well neighbours as strangers, for the only respect of his vertue, wisdom, and good fortune, serving him much in the pursuite and effect of divers thinges by him undertaken, and thinke myselfe much beholding to the king of England (although his malice seeketh neither my advancement nor the good of you, my lord) to do me so much honor as to send me so excellent a man to intreate of a marriage (he being olde, and a mortal enemy to me and mine) with mee that am such a one as every man seeth, is not desirous to couple with a man of so base quality as he, whom you have said to be the son of a slave. But on the other side, I marvel that the son of Horvendile, and grand-child to king Roderick, he that by his foolish wisdom and fained madnesse surmounted the forces and subtilties of Fengon, and obtained the kingdom of his adversary, should so much imbase himselfe (having otherwise bin very wise and wel advised in all his actions) touching his bedfellow; and hee that for his excellency and valor surpasseth humane capacity, should stoope so lowe as to take to wife her that, issuing from a servile race, hath only the name of a king for her father, for that the basenes of her blood will alwaies cause her to shewe what are the vertues and noble qualities of her ancestors. And you, my lord, said she, are you so ignorant as not to know that mariage should not bee measured by any foolish opinion of an outward beautie, but rather by vertues, and antiquitie of race, which maketh the wife to be honored for her prudence, and never degenerating from the integritie of his ancestors: exterior beauty also is nothing, where perfection of the mind doth not accomplish and adorn that which is outwardly seen to be in the bodie, and is lost by an accident and occurrence of small moment: as also such toyes have deceived many men, and drawing them like enticing baits, have cast them headlong into the gulf of their ruine, dishonor, and utter overthrow. It was I to whom this advantage belonged, being a queen, and such a one as for nobility may compare my selfe with the greatest princes in Europe, being nothing inferiour unto any of them, neither for antiqui-

tie of blood, nobilitie of parents, nor abundance of riches; and I am not only a queene, but such a one as that, receiving whom I will for my companion in bed, can make him beare the title of a king, and with my body give him possession of a great kingdome, and goodly province. Think then, my Lord, how much I account of your alliance, who being accustomed with the sword to pursue such as durst imbolden themselves to win my love, it is to you only to whom I make a present both of my kisses, imbracings, scepter, and crown: what man is he, if he be not made of stone, that would refuse so precious a pawn as Hermetrude, with the kingdome of Scotland? accept, sweete king, accepte this queene, who with so great love and amitie, desireth your so great profit, and can give you more contentment in one day then the princesse of England wold yeeld you pleasure during her life: although shee surpass me in beauty, her bloud beeing base it is fitter for such a king as you are to chuse Hermetrude, lesse beautiful but noble and famous, rather then the English lady with great beawtie, but issuing from an unknown race, without any title of honor.

Now think if the Dane, hearing such forcible resons and understanding that by her which he half doubted, as also moved with choller for the treason of his father in law, that purposely sent him thether to loose his life, and being welcomed, kist, and playd withal by this queen, yong and reasonable fair, if he were not easie enough to be converted, and like to forget the affection of his first wife, with this to enjoy the realme of Scotland, and so open the waie to become king of all Greate Britain: that, to conclude, he marryed her, and led her with him to the king of Englands court, which moved the king from that time forward much more to seek the meanes to bereave him of his life; and had surely done it, if his daughter, Hamlets other wife, more careful of him that had rejected her then of her fathers welfare, had not discovered the enterprise to Hamlet, saying: I know well, my Lord, that the allurements and perswasions of a bold and altogether shameles woman, being

more lascivious then the chaste imbracements of a lawful and modest wife, are of more force to intice and charm the senses of yong men; but for my part, I cannot take take this abuse for satisfaction, to leave mee in this sorte without all cause, reason, or precedent faulte once known in mee, your loyall spouse, and take more pleasure in the aliance of her who one day will be the cause of your ruine and overthrow. And although a just cause of jealousye and reasonable motion of anger, dispence with mee at this time to make no more account of you then you do of me, that am not worthy to be so scornfully rejected; yet matrimoniall charitie shal have more force and vigour in my hart, then the disdaine which I have justly conceived to see a concubine hold my place, and a strange woman before my face injoy the pleasures of my husband. This injury, my Lord, although great and offensive, which to revenge divers ladies of great renown have in times past sought and procured the death of their husbands, cannot so much restrain my good wil, but that [I] may not chuse but advertise you what treason is devised against you, beseeching you to stand upon your guard, for that my fathers onely seeking is to bereave you of your life, which if it happen, I shall not long live after you. Manie reasons induce me to love and cherish you, and those of great consequence, but especially and above all the rest, I am and must bee carefull of you, when I feele your child stirring in my wombe; for which respect, without so much forgetting yourselfe, you ought to make more account of me then of your concubine, whome I will love because you love her, contenting my selfe that your sonne hateth her, in regard of the wrong she doth to his mother; for it is impossible that any passion or trouble of the mind whatsoever can quench those fierce passions of love that made me yours, neither that I shold forget your favours past, when loyallie you sought the love of the daughter of the king of England. Neither is it in the power of that thiefe that hath stoln your heart, nor my fathers choller, to hinder me from seeking to preserve you from the cruelty of your dissembling

friend (as heeretofore by counterfetting the madman, you prevented the practises and treasons of your uncle Fengon), the complot being determind to be executed upon you and yours. Without this advertisement, the Dane had surely been slain, and the Scots that came with him; for the king of England, inviting his son in law to a banquet, with greatest curtesies that a friend can use to him whom he loved as himself, had the means to intrap him, and cause him dance a pittiful galliard, in that sort to celebrate the marriage betweene him and his new lady. But Hamlet went thither with armour under his clothes, and his men in like sort; by which means he and his escaped with little hurt, and so after that hapned the battaile before spoken of, wherein the king of England losing his life, his countrie was the third time sacked by the barbarians of the ilands and countrie of Denmark.

CHAP. VIII.

How Hamlet, being in Denmarke, was assailed by Wiglerus his Uncle, and after betrayed by his last wife, called Hermetrude, and was slaine: after whose death she marryed his enemy, Wiglerus.

HAMLET having obtained the victory against the king of England, and slaine him, laden with great treasures and accompanied with his two wives, set forward to saile into Denmarke, but by the way hee had intelligence that Wiglere, his uncle, and sonne to Rodericke, having taken the royall treasure from his sister Geruth (mother to Hamlet) had also seazed upon the kingdome, saying, that neither Horvendile nor any of his helde it but by permission, and that it was in him (to whom the property belonged) to give the charge therof to whom he would. But Hamlet, not desirous to

Hermetrude
betrayeth
Hamlet her
husband.

have any quarrell with the sonne of him from whom his predecessors had received their greatnes and advancement, gave such and so rich presents to Wiglere, that he, being contented, withdrew himselfe out of the countrey and territories of Geruths sonne. But within certaine time after, Wiglere, desirous to keepe all the countrey in subjection, intyced by the conquest of Scanie and Sialandie, and also that Hermetrude (the wife of Hamlet, whom he loved more then himselfe) had secret intelligence with him, and had promised him marriage, so that he would take her out of the handes of him that held her, sent to defie Hamlet, and proclaimed open warre against him. Hamlet, like a good and wise prince, loving especially the welfare of his subjects, sought by all meanes to avoyde that warre; but againe refusing it, he perceived a great spot and blemish in his honor, and, accepting the same, he knewe it would bee the ende of his dayes. By the desire of preserving his life on the one side, and his honor on the other side pricking him forward, but, at the last, remembering that never any danger whatsoever had once shaken his vertues and constancy, chose rather the necessitie of his ruine, then to loose the immortall fame that valiant and honourable men obtained in the warres. And there is as much difference betweene a life without honour and an honourable death, as glory and renowne is more excellent then dishonour and evil report.

But the thing that spoyled this vertuous prince was the over great trust and confidence hee had in his wife Hermetrude, and the vehement love hee bare unto her, not once repenting the wrong in that case done to his lawfull spouse, and for the which (paradventure that misfortune had never hapned unto him, and it would never have bin thought that she, whom he loved above all things, would have so villainously betrayed him), hee not once remembring his first wives speeches, who prophesied unto him, that the pleasures hee seemed to take in his other wife would in the end be the cause of his overthrowe, as they had ravished him of the best part of his sences, and quenched in him the great prudence that made

him admirable in all the countries in the ocean seas, and through all Germany. Now, the greatest grief that this king (besotted on his wife) had, was the separation of her whom he adored, and, assuring himselfe of his overthrowe, was desirous either that she might beare him company at his death, or els to find her a husband that should love her (he beeing dead) as well as ever hee did. But the disloyall queene had already provided herself of a marriage to put her husband out of trouble and care for that, who perceiving him to be sad for her sake, when shee should have absented her selfe from him, she, to blind him the more and to incourage him to set forward to his owne destruction, promised to follow him whether soever he went, and to take the like fortune that befell to him, were it good or evil, and that so she would give him cause to know how much shee surpassed the English woman in her affection towards him, saying, that woman is accursed that feareth to follow and accompany her husband to the death: so that, to heare her speake, men would have sayd that shee had been the wife of Mithridates, or Zenobia queene of Palmira, shee made so greate a show of love and constancy. But by the effect it was after easily perceived howe vaine the promise of this unconstant and wavering princesse was; and howe uncomparable the life of this Scottish queene was to the vigor of her chastitie, being a mayd before she was marryed. For that Hamlet had no sooner entred into the field, but she found meanes to see Wiglere, and the battel begun, wherein the miserable Danish prince was slaine; but Hermetrude presently yeelded her self, with all her dead husbands treasons, into the hand of the tyrant, who, more then content with that metamorphosis so much desired, gave order that presently the marriage (bought with the blood and treason of the sonne of Horvendile) should bee celebrated.

Hamlet
slaine.

Thus you see that there is no promise or determination of a woman, but that a very small discommoditie of fortune mollifieth and altereth the same, and which time doeth not pervert; so that the misfortunes subject to a constant man

shake and overthrowe the naturall slipperie loyaltie of the variable steppes of women, wholly without and any faithfull assurance of love, or true unfained constancy: for as a woman is ready to promise, so is shee heavy and slowe to performe and effect that which she hath promised, as she that is without end or limit in her desires, flattring her selfe in the diversitie of her wanton delights, and taking pleasure in diversitie and change of newe things, which as soone shee doth forget and growe weary off: and, to conclude, such shee is in all her actions, she is rash, covetous, and unthankfull, whatsoever good or service can bee done unto her. But nowe I perceive I erre in my discourse, vomitting such things unworthy of this sects; but the vices of Hermetrude have made mee say more then I meant to speake, as also the authour, from whence I take this Hystorie, hath almost made mee hold this course, I find so great a sweetnesse and liveness in this kinde of argument; and the rather because it seemeth so much the truer, considering the miserable successe of poore king Hamlet.

Such was the ende of Hamlet, sonne to Horvendile, prince of Jutie; to whom, if his fortune had been equall with his inward and naturall giftes, I know not which of the auncient Grecians and Romans had been able to have compared with him for vertue and excellencie: but hard fortune following him in all his actions, and yet hee vanquishing the malice of his time with the vigour of constancy, hath left us a notable example of haughtie courage, worthy of a great prince, arming himselfe with hope in things that were wholly without any colour or shewe thereof, and in all his honorable actions made himselfe worthy of perpetuall memorie, if one onely spotte had not blemished and darkened a good part of his prayses. For that the greatest victorie that a man can obtaine is to make himselfe victorious and lord over his owne affections, and that restraineth the unbridled desires of his concupiscence; for if a man be never so princely, valiant, and wise, if the desires and inticements of his flesh prevaile,

and have the upper hand, hee will imbase his credite, and, gasing after strange beauties, become a foole, and (as it were) incensed, dote on the presence of women. This fault was in the great Hercules, Sampson; and the wisest man that ever lived upon the earth, following this traine, therein impaired his wit; and the most noble, wise, valiant, and discreet personages of our time, following the same course, have left us many notable examples of their worthy and notable vertues.

But I beseech you that shall reade this Hystorie not to resemble the spider, that feedeth of the corruption that shee findeth in the flowers and fruites that are in the gardens, whereas the bee gathereth her hony out of the best and fayrest flower shee can finde: for a man that is well brought up should reade the lives of whoremongers, drunkards, incestuous, violent, and bloody persons, not to follow their steps, and so to defile himselfe with such uncleannesse, but to shunne paliardize, abstain the superfluties and drunkennesse in banquets, and follow the modestie, courtesie, and continencie that recommendeth Hamlet in this discourse, who, while other made good cheare, continued sober; and where all men sought as much as they could to gather together riches and treasure, hee, simply accounting riches nothing comparable to honor, sought to gather a multitude of vertues, that might make him equall to those that by them were esteemed as gods; having not as then received the lighte of the gospell, that men might see among the barbarians, and them that were farre from the knowledge of one onely God, that nature was provoked to follow that which is good, and those forward to imbrace vertue, for that there was never any nation, how rude or barbarous soever, that tooke not some pleasure to do that which seemed good, therby to win praise and commendations, which wee have said to be the reward of vertue and good life. I delight to speak of these strange histories, and of people that were unchristned, that the vertue of the rude people maie give more splendor to our nation,

who seeing them so compleat, wise, prudent, and well advised in their actions, might strive not only to follow (imitation being a small matter), but to surmount them, as our religion surpasseth their superstition, and our age more purged, subtile, and gallant, then the season wherein they lived and made their vertues knowne.

FINIS.

The Patterne of
painefull Ad-
ventures :

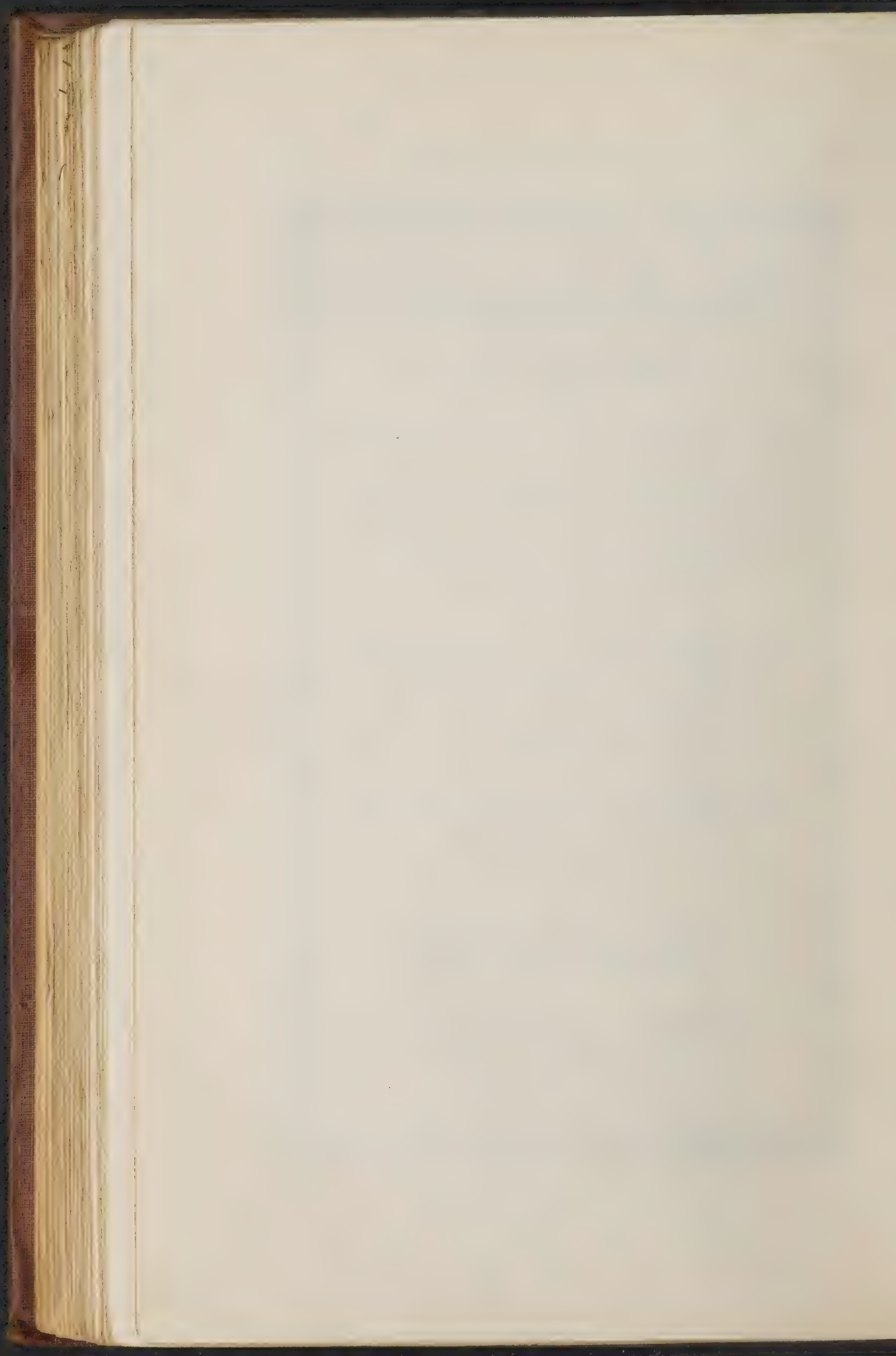
Containing the most excel-
lent, pleasant and variable Hi-
storie of the strange accidents that be-
fell vnto Prince Apollonius, the
Lady Lucina his wife, and
Tharfia his daughter.

Wherein the vncertaintie of
this world, and the fickle state
of mans life are liue-
ly described.

Gathered into English by
LAVRENCE TVVINE
Gentleman.



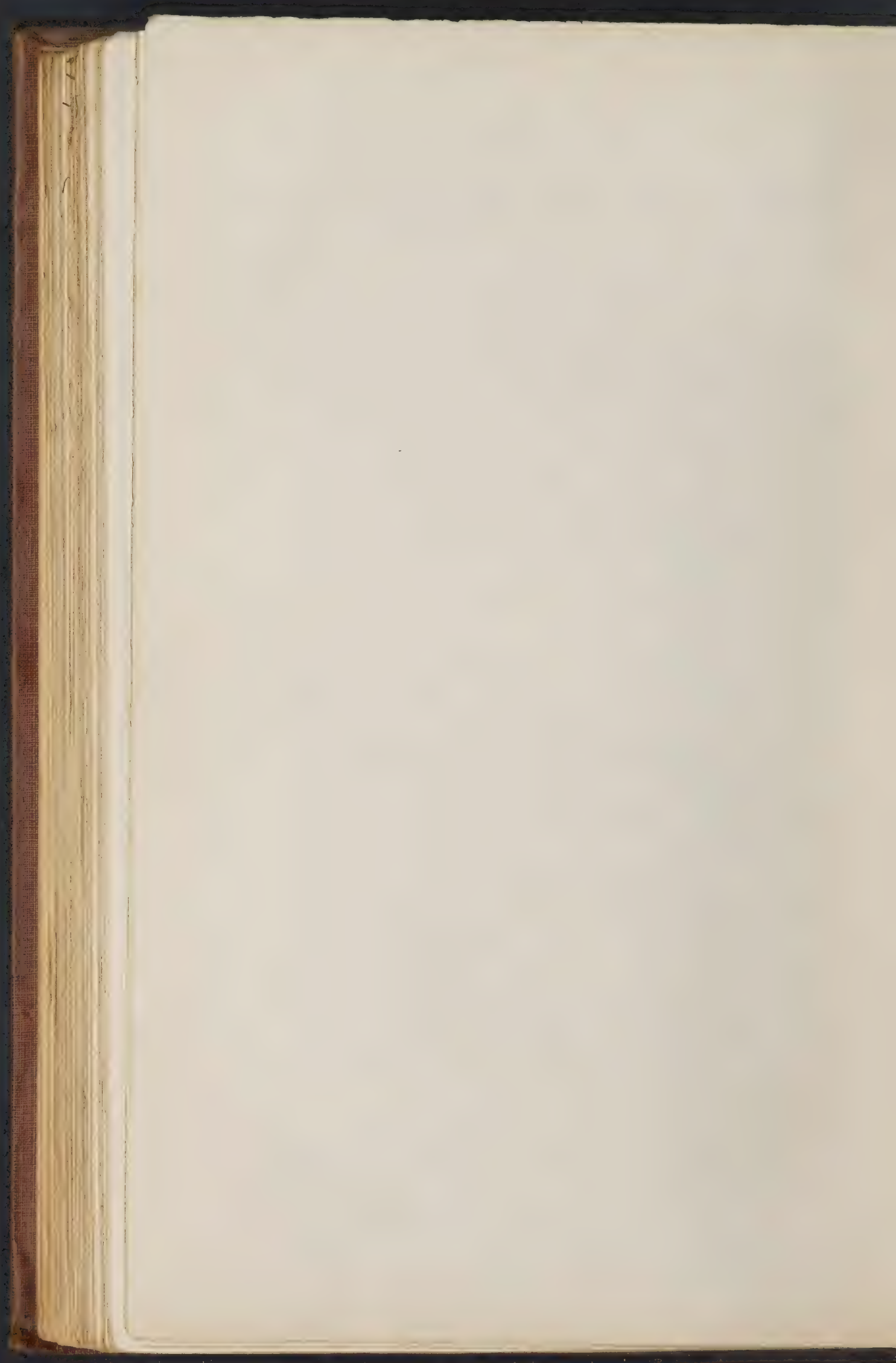
Imprinted at London by Va-
lentine Simmes for the
Widow Newman.



To the worshipfull
Master John Donning, Customer and Jurate of the towne
of Rie, in Sussex.

BEING diversly mooved in mind to signifie my good will and hartie love towardes you, gentle M. Donning, I could not devise any meanes more effectual, then by presenting the same to you, which had cost me some small labor and travel. Not seeming therby to acquite your manifold curtesies, towards me diversly extended, but rather to discharge me of the note of ingratitude, which otherwise I might seeme to incurre. Wherefore in steede of a greater present to counter-vaille your friendlines, I am bold, in the setting foorth of this simple pamphlet under your name, to make a proffer of my thankful heart to you againe. Wherin, though want of farther abilitie appeare, yet is there no let, but that a wel-willing heart may be exprest, yea, in the smallest gift. Now if haply the argument hereof appeare unto you other than you could much wish, or I well afford, yet have I no feare of any great misliking, considering your natural disposition, which is to be delighted with honest pleasure, and commendable recreation, and not to lie evermore weltering, as it were, in dolefull dumpishnesse. Which thing did put me in the greater hope, that this worke would be the welcommer unto you, especially considering the detectable varietie, and the often changes and chances contained in this present historie, which cannot but much stirre up the mind and sences unto sundry affections. What ever it be, take it, I beseech you, in good part, in stead of some better thing which I might well afford, promising the same when occasion shall serve, not being at this present so well furnished as I could wish of God: to whose good grace I recommend you and yours, both nowe and evermore.

Your worships to use,
LAURENCE TWINE.



THE TABLE.

How Antiochus committed incest with his owne daughter, and beheaded such as sued unto her for marriage, if they could not resolve his questions	CHAP. I.
How Apollonius, arriving at Antiochia, resolved the kings question; and howe Taliarchus was sent to slay him.....	CHAP. II.
How Taliarchus, not finding Apollonius at Tyrus, departeth joyfully; and Apollonius arriving at Tharsus, relieveth the citie with victuall.....	CHAP. III.
How Apollonius, departing from Tharsus by the perswasion of Stranguilio and Dionisiades his wife, committed shipwracke, and was relieved by Altistrates, king of Pentapolis	CHAP. IV.
How Lucina, king Altistrates daughter, desirous to heare Apollonius adventures, fell in love with him. ..	CHAP. V.
How Apollonius is made schoolemaster to Lucina; and how shee preferreth the love of him above all the nobilitie of Pentapolis	CHAP. VI.
How Apollonius was married to the lady Lucina, and hearing of king Antiochus death, departeth with his wife towards his own country of Tyrus	CHAP. VII.
How faire Lucina died in travell of childe upon the sea, and being thrown into the water, was cast on land at Ephesus, and taken home by Cerimon, a physicion	CHAP. VIII.
How Lucina was restored to life by one of Cerimon the physicions schollers; and how Cerimon adopted hir to his daughter, and placed her in the temple of Diana	CHAP. IX.
How Apollonius, arriving at Tharsus, delivereth his yong daughter Tharsia unto Stranguilio and Dionisiades to be brought up; and how the nurce, lying in her death bed, declareth unto Tharsia who were hir parents ...	CHAP. X.
How, after the death of Ligozides, the nurce, Dionisiades, envying at the beautie of Tharsia, conspired her death, which should have been accomplished by a villaine of the countrey	CHAP. XI.
How certain pirats rescued Tharsia when she shuld have been slaine, and carried her unto the citie Machilenta, to be sold among other bondslaves	CHAP. XII.

- How pirats which stole away Tharsia brought her to the citie Machilenta, and sold her to a common bawd; and how she preserved her virginitie CHAP. XIII.
- How Tharsia withstood a second assault of her virginitie, and by what meanes shee was preserved CHAP. XIV.
- How Apollonius, comming to Tharsus, and not finding his daughter, lamented her supposed death, and taking ship againe, was driven by a tempest to Machilenta, where Tharsia was CHAP. XV.
- How Athanagoras, prince of Machilenta, seeing the beautie of Apollonius ship, went aboard of it, and did the best he could to comfort him CHAP. XVI.
- How Athanagoras sent for Tharsia, to make her father Apollonius merrie; and how, after long circumstance, they came into knowledge one of another CHAP. XVII.
- How Apollonius, leaving off mourning, came into the citie Machilenta, where he commanded the bawd to be burned, and how Tharsia was married unto prince Athanagoras CHAP. XVIII.
- How Apollonius, meaning to saile into his owne countrey by Tharsus, was commanded by an angell in the night to goe to Ephesus, and there to declare all his adventures in the church with a loud voice .. CHAP. XIX.
- How Apollonius came to the knowledge of his wife the ladie Lucina; and how they rejoyced at the meeting of ech other CHAP. XX.
- How Apollonius departed from Ephesus, and sailed, himselfe, and his wife, his sonne and daughter, unto Antiochia, and then to Tyrus, and from thence to Tharsus, where he revenged himselfe upon Stranguilio and Dionisiades CHAP. XXI.
- How Apollonius sayled from Tharsus to visite his father in law, Altistrates, king of Pentapolis, who died not long after Apollonius comming thither CHAP. XXII.
- How Apollonius rewarded the fisherman that relieved him after he had suffered shipwracke; how he dealt also with old Calamitus, and likewise with the pirates that stole away Tharsia CHAP. XXIII.
- How Apollonius had a yong sonne and heire by his wife Lucina, likewise of Apollonius age, and how hee died; with some other accidents thereunto incident CHAP. XXIV.

THE
PATTERNE OF PAINFULL ADVENTURES.

CHAP. I.

Howe Antiochus committed incest with his owne daughter, and beheaded such as sued unto her for marriage, if they could not resolve his questions.

THE most famous and mightie king Antiochus, which builded the goodly citie of Antiochia in Syria, and called it after his own name, as the chiefest seat of all his dominions, and most principal place of his abode, begat upon his wife one daughter, a most excellent and beautifull yoong ladie ; who in processe of yeeres growing up, as wel in ripenesse of age, as perfection of beautie, many princes and noblemen resorted unto her for intreaty of marriage, offering inestimable riches in jointure. Howbeit the king, her father, evermore requiring deliberation upon whom rather than other to bestow his daughter, perceived eftsoones an unlawfull concupiscence to boyle within his breast, which he augmented with an outrageous flame of crueltie sparkling in his heart, so that he began to burne with the love of his owne childe more then it was beseeming for a father. Thus being wrapped in the toyle of blind desire, hee sustained within himselfe a fierce conflict, wherein madnesse put modestie to flight, and he wholly yeelded himselfe unto love. Wherefore, not long after, on a certaine day hee came into his daughters chamber,

and bidding all that were there for to depart, as though he had had some secret matter to conferre with her, the furious rage of lust pricking him forward thereunto, he violently forced her, though, seely maiden, she withstood him long to her power, and threwe away all regard of his owne honestie, and unlosed the knot of her virginie.

Now, when he was departed, and she, being alone, devised within herself what it were best for her to doe, sodainelie her nurse entred in, and perceiving her face al be blubbred with teares, What is the matter, deare childe and madam (quoth she), that you sit thus sorrowfully ? O, my beloved nurse, answered the ladie, even nowe two noble names were lost within this chamber. Howe so ? saide the nurse. Because (quoth shee) before marriage, through wicked villanie I am most shamefully defiled. And when the nurse had heard these wordes, and looking about more diligently perceived indeede what was done, being intraged with sorrowe and anger, and almost distract of her wittes, Alas ! what wretch or rather infernal feend (quoth she) durst thus presumptuously defile the bed of a princesse ? Ungodlinesse hath done this doede (quoth the ladie). Whie, then, doe you not tell it the king your father, saide the nurse ? Ah, nurse, answered the ladie, where is my father ? For if you well understoode the matter, the name of father is lost in me, so that I can have no remedie now but death onely. But the nurse, nowe by a few wordes perceiving the whole tale, and weying that the yong lady gave inkling of remedie by death, which she much feared, beganne to assuage her grieve with comfortable wordes, and to withdrawe her minde from that mischievous purpose. Wherein she prevailed so effectually in short time, that she appeased the fresh bleeding of the greene wound, howbeit the scarre continued long time, as deeply stroken within her tender heart, before it could be throughlie cured.

In the meane season, while this wicked father sheweth the countenance of a loving sire abroad in the eies of al his people, notwithstanding, within doores, and in his minde he

rejoyceth that he hath played the part of an husband with his daughter : which false resemblance of hateful marriage to the intent he might alwaies enjoy, he invented a strange devise of wickednesse, to drive away all suters that should resort unto her, by propounding certaine questions, the effect and law whereof was thus published in writing: *Who so findeth out the solution of my question, shall have my daughter to wife ; but who so faileth shal lose his head.*

Now, when fame had blowen abroad the possibilitie to obtaine this ladie, such was the singular report of her surpassing beautie, that many kings and men of great nobility repaired thither. And if haply any, through skill or learning, had found out the solution of the kings question, notwithstanding hee was beheaded as though hee had answered nothing to the purpose ; and his head was set up at the gate to terrifie others that should come, who beholding there the present image of death, might advise them from assaying anie such danger. These outrages practised Antiochus, to the ende he might continue in filthie incest with his daughter.

CHAP. II.

How Apollonius, arriving at Antiochia, resolved the Kings question, and how Taliarchus was sent to slay him.

WHILEST Antiochus thus continued in exercising tyrannie at Antiochia, a certaine yong gentleman of Tyrus, prince of the country, abounding in wealth and very well learned, called Apollonius, arrived in the coast, and comming unto the citie of Antiochia, was brought into the kings presence. And when he had saluted him, the king demanded of him the

cause of his comming thither. Then saide the yoong prince, Sir, I require to have your daughter in marriage. The king hearing that which he was unwilling to heare, looking fiercely upon him, saide unto him, Doest thou knowe the conditions of the marriage? Yea, sir king, said Apollonius, and I see it standing upon the gate. Then the king, being sharply moved, and disdainig at him, said, Heare then the question which thou must resolve, or else die : *I am carried with mischief ; I eate my mothers fleshe ; I seeke my brother my mothers husband, and I cannot finde him.* Apollonius having received the question, withdrew himselfe a while out of the kinges presence, and being desirous to understand what it meant, he found out the solution thereof in short space through the help of God, and returned againe to the king, saying ; Your grace proposed a question unto me : I pray you heare the solution thereof. And wheras you said in your probleme, *I am carried with mischief*, you have not lied, for looke unto your owne selfe. But whereas you say further, *I eate my mothers flesh*, looke upon your daughter.

Now the king, as soone as he perceived that Apollonius had resolved his problems, fearing lest his wickednesse should be discovered, he looked upon him with a wrathfull countenance, saying ; Thou art farre wide from the solution of my demand, and hast hit no part of the meaning thereof : wherefore thou hast deserved to be beheaded. Howbeit, I will shew thee this courtesie, as to give thee thirtie daies respite to bethinke thyselfe of this matter. Wherefore returne home into thine owne countrey, and if thou canst find out the solution of my probleme, thou shalt have my daughter to wife : if not, thou shalt be beheaded. Then Apollonius, being much troubled and molested in mind, accompanying himself with a sufficient train, tooke shipping, and returned into his owne countrey. But so soone as he was departed, Antiochus called unto him his steward, named Thaliarchus, to whom he spake in maner following.

Thaliarchus, the only faithfull and trustie minister of my

secrets, understand that Apollonius, prince of Tirus, hath found out the solution of my question. Wherefore, take shipping and followe him immediately, and if thou canst not overtake him upon the sea, seeke him out when thou comdest to Tirus, and slay him either with sword or poyson; and when thou returnest I will bountifully reward thee. Taliarchus promised to accomplish his commandement with all diligence, and taking to him his shield, with monie sufficient for the journey, departed on his way, and shortly after arrived at the coast of Tirus. But Apollonius was come home unto his owne pallace long time before, and withdrawing himselfe into his studie, perused all his bookes concerning the kings probleame, finding none other solution than that which he had alreadie told the king. And thus he said within himselfe: Surely, unlesse I be much deceived, Antiochus burneth with disordinate love of his daughter: and discoursing further with himselfe upon that point, What sayest thou now, or what intendest thou to doe, Appollonius? said he to himselfe. Thou hast resolved his probleme, and yet not received his daughter, and God hath therefore brought thee away that thou shouldest not die. Then brake hee off in the midst of these cogitations, and immediately commanded his ships to be prepared, and to be laden with an hundred thousand bushels of wheate, and with great plentie of gold, silver, and rich apparell, and taking unto him a few of his most trustiest servants, about midnight imbarcked himself, and hoysing up his sails, committed himselfe to the wide sea.

The day following his subjects, the citizens, came unto the pallace to have seene their prince; but when they found him not there, the whole citie was forthwith surprised with wonderfull sorrowe, everie man lamenting that so worthy a prince [was] so sodainly gone out of sight and knowledge, no man knew whether. Great was the griefe, and wofull was the wayling which they made, every man lamenting his owne private estate and the common-wealths in generall, as it alwaies hapneth at the death or losse of a good prince; which the in-

habitants of Tirus tooke then so heavily, in respect of their great affection, that a long time after no barbers shops were opened, the common shews and plaies surceased, baines and hoat houses were shut up, taverns were not frequented, and no man repaired unto the churches: al thing was full of sorrow and heavinesse. What shall I say?—there was nothing but heavinesse.

CHAP. III.

How Taliarchus, not finding Apollonius at Tirus, departeth joyfully; and Apollonius, arriving at Tharsus, relieveth the citie with vittell.

IN the middes of this sorrowfull season Taliarchus commeth to Tirus to execute the cruell commandement of Antiochus; where, finding al-thing shut up, and a generall shew of mourning, meeting with a boy in the streete, Tell me, said he, or I will slay thee, for what cause is al this citie thus drowned in heavines? To whom the child answered: My friend, doest thou not know the cause, that thou askest it of me? This citie mourneth because the prince therof, Apollonius, returning back from king Antiochus, can no where be found or heard of. Now, as soone as Taliarchus heard these tidings, he returned joyfully unto his ships, and tooke his journey backe to Antiochia, and, being landed, he hastened unto the king, and fell downe on his knees before him, saying: All haile, most mightie prince, rejoyce and be glad; for Apollonius, being in feare of your grace, is departed no man knoweth whether. Then answered the king: He may well flie away from mee, but he shall never escape my handes. And immediately he made proclamation, that whosoever could take that contemner of the king, Apollonius prince of Tirus, and bring him alive unto the kinges presence, should have an

hundred talents of golde for his labour; and whosoever coulde bring his head, should have fiftie talentes. Which proclamation beeing published, not onely Apollonius ennemies, but also his friendes, made all haste possible to seeke him out, alured thereto with covetousnesse of the money. Thus was that poore prince sought for about by sea and by land, through woodes and wilde deserts, but could not be found. Then the king commanded a great navie of ships to be prepared to scour the seas abroad, if haply they might meet with him; but for that every thing requireth a time ere it can be done, in the meane season Apollonius arriveth at Tharsus, where, walking along by the sea side, he was espied by one of his owne servauntes, named Elinatus, who landed there not long before, and overtooke him as he was going; and coming neere unto him, with dutifull obeisance said unto him: God save you, prince Apollonius. But he, being saluted, did even so as noble men and princes use to doe, set light by him. But Elinatus taking that behaviour unkindly, saluted him againe, saying: God save you, prince Apollonius; salute me againe, and despise not povertie beautified with honestie: and if you knewe that which I know, you would take good heed to your self. Then answered Apollonius: If you thinke good, I pray you tell me. Elinatus answered, you are by proclamation commanded to be slaine. And who, said Apollonius, dares commaund by proclamation the prince of a countrey to be slaine? Antiochus, said, Elinatus. Antiochus! For what cause? demanded Apollonius. For that, said Elinatus, thou wouldst be unto his daughter which he himselfe is. Then demanded Apollonius, For what summe of mony is my life sold by that proclamation? Elinatus answered, whosoever can bring you alive unto the king shall have an hundred talents of gold in recompence; but whoso bringeth your head shall have fiftie talents of gold for his labour: and therefore I advise you, my lord, to flie unto some place for your defence. And when he had so said, he tooke his leave and departed. But Apollonius called him againe, and said that hee would give him an

hundred talents of gold; for, said he, receive thus much now of my povertie, where nothing is now left unto me but flight, and pining misery. Thou hast deserved the reward: wherefore draw out thy sword, and cut off my head, and present it to the king, as the most joyful sight in the world. Thus mayst thou win an hundred talents of gold, and remaine without all blame or note of ingratitude, since I my selfe have hyred thee, in the kinges behalfe, to gratefie him with so acceptable a present. Then answered Elinatus: God forbid, my lord, that by anie such sinister means I should deserve a reward. In all my life I never consented to any such matter in my heart; and, my lord, if the deed were good, the love of vertue were sufficient force to allure any man thereunto. But since it respecteth your life, to-whome in consideration of the cause no man may doe violence without villanie, I commit both you and your matter unto God, who no doubt will be your defender. And when he had thus said, he departed.

But Apollonius walked forth along upon the shoare, where he had not gone farre, but he descried a man farre off coming towardes him with heavie cheere and a sorrowfull countenance; and his name was Stranguilio, a Tharsian borne, and of good reputation in the citie. To whom saide Apollonius, God save you, Stranguilio: and he likewise resaluted him, saying, And you likewise, my good lord Apollonius: I pray you tel me what is the cause that you walk in this place thus troubled within your minde? Apollonius answered: Because, being promised to have king Antiochus daughter to my wife, if I told him the true meaning of his question, nowe that I have so done, I am notwithstanding restrained from her. Wherefore I request you it may so be, that I may live secretly in your citie; for why, I stand moreover in some doubt of the kinges farther displeasure. Stranguilio answered: My lord Apollonius, our citie at this present is verie poore, and not able to sustaine the greatnesse of your dignitie: and even now we suffer great penurie and want of vittell, insomuch that there remaineth small hope of comfort unto our citizens, but that

we shall all perish by extreme famine : and now certes there resteth nothing but the fearefull image of gastly death before our eies. When Apollonius heard these wordes, he said unto him : Then give thankes into God, who in my flight hath brought me a land into your costes ; for I have brought great store of provision with me, and I will presently give unto your citie an hundreth thousand bushels of wheate, if you will onely conceale my comming hither. At these wordes Stranguilio being strooken, as it were, into a sodaine amazednesse, as it happeneth when a man is overjoyed with some glad tidinges, fell downe prostrate before prince Apollonius feete, and saide : My lord Apollonius, if you coulde, and also if it might please of your great goodnesse, in such sort as you say, to succour this afflicted and famished citie, we wil not onely receive you gladly, and conceale your abode, but also, if neede so require, willingly spend our lives in your quarrell. Which promise of mine, to the intent you may heare to be confirmed by the full consent of all the citizens, might it please your grace to enter into the citie, and I most willingly will attend upon you.

Apollonius agreed thereto, and when they came into the citie, he mounted up into the place of judgment, to the intent he might the better be heard, and, gathering al the people together, thus hee spake unto the whole multitude : Ye citizens of Tharsus, whom penurie of vittell pincheth at this present, understand ye, that I, Apollonius prince of Tirus, am determined presently to relieve you : in respect of which benefite, I trust ye will be so thankfull as to conceale mine arriving hither. And know ye, moreover, that not as being driven away through the malice of king Antiochus, but sayling along by the seas, I am happily fallen into your haven. Wherefore, I meane to utter unto you an hundred thousand bushels of wheate, paying no more than I bought it for in mine owne countrey, that is to say, eight peeces of brasse for everie bushell. When the citizens heard this, they gave a shout for joy, crying, God save my Lord Apollonius ! promising to live

and die in his quarrell: and they gave him wonderfull thanks, and the whole citie was replenished with joy, and they went forthwith unto the ships, and bought the corne. But Apollonius, doubting lest by this deede he should seeme to put off the dignitie of a prince, and put on the countenance of a merchant rather than a giver, when he had received the price of the wheate, he restored it backe againe to the use and commoditie of the same citie. And when the citizens perceived the great benefites which he had bestowed upon their citie, they erected in the marked place a monument in the memoriall of him, his stature, made of brasse, standing in a charret, holding corne in his right hand, and spurning it with his left foot: and on the baser foot of the pillar whereon it stode was ingraven in great letters this superscription,—Apollonius, prince of Tirus, gave a gift unto the city of Tharsus, whereby hee delivered it from a cruell death.

CHAP. IIII.

How Apollonius, departing from Tharsus by the perswasion of Stranguilio and Dionisiades his wife, committed shipwracke, and was relieved by Alti-strates, king of Pentapolis.

THUS had not Apollonius aboden many daies in the citie of Tharsus, but Stranguilio, and Dionisiades his wife, earnestly exhorted him, as seeming very carefull and tender of his welfare, rather to addresse himselfe unto Pentapolis, or among the Tirenians, as a place most fit for his securitie, where he might lie, and hide himselfe in greatest assurance and tranquillitie. Wherefore hereunto he resolved himselfe, and with convenient expedition prepared al things necessarie for the journey. And when the day of his departure was come, he was brought with great honour by the citizens unto

his ships, where, with a courteous farewell on ech side given, the marriners weighed anker, hoysed sailes, and away they goe, committing themselves to the wind and water.

Thus sailed they forth along in their course three days and three nights, with prosperous winde and weather, untill so-dainly the whole face of heaven and sea began to change; for the skie looked blacke, and the northerne wind arose, and the tempest increased more and more, insomuch that prince Apollonius and the Tyrians that were with him were much apalled, and began to doubt of their lives. But, loe, immediatly the winde blew fiercely from the south-west, and the north came singing on the other side; the rain poured down over their heads, and the sea yeelded forth waves as it had beene mountanes of water, that the ships could no longer wrestle with the tempest, and especially the admirall, wherein the good prince himselfe fared, but needs must they yeeld unto the present calamitie. There might you have heard the winds whistling, the raine dashing, the sea roaring, the cables cracking, the tacklings breaking, the shippe tearing, the men miserable, shouting out for their lives. There might you have seene the sea searching the shippe, the bordes fleeting, the goods swimming, the treasure sincking, the men shifting to save themselves, where, partly through violence of the tempest, and partly through darcknes of the night which then was come upon them, they were all drowned, onely Apollonius excepted, who by the grace of God, and the helpe of a simple boord, was driven upon the shoare of the Pentalitanes.

And when he had recovered to land, wearie as he was, he stode upon the shoare, and looked upon the calme sea, saying: O most false and untrustie sea! I will choose rather to fall into the handes of the most cruell king Antiochus, than venture to returne againe by thee into mine owne countrey: thou hast shewed thy spite upon me, and devoured my trustie friendes and companions, by meanes whereof I am now left alone, and it is the providence of

almightie God that I have escaped thy greedie jawes. Where shall I now finde comfort? or who will succour him in a strange place that is not knowen? And whilest he spake these wordes, hee sawe a man comming towards him, and he was a rough fisherman, with an hooode upon his head, and a filthie leatherne pelt upon his backe, unseemely clad, and homely to beholde.

When hee drewe neare, Apollonius, the present necessitie constraining him thereto, fell down prostrate at his feet, and powring forth a floud of teares he said unto him: Whosoever thou art, take pitie upon a poore sea-wracked man, cast up nowe naked, and in simple state, yet borne of no base degree, but sprung foorth of noble parentage. And that thou maiest in helping me knowe whome thou succourest, I am that Apollonius, prince of Tyrus, whome most part of the worlde knoweth, and I beseech thee to preserve my life by shewing mee thy friendly reliefe. When the fisherman beheld the comlinesse and beautie of the yoong gentleman, hee was mooved with compassion towards him, and lifted him up from the ground, and lead him into his house, and feasted him with such fare as he presently had; and the more amplie to expresse his great affection towards him, he disrobed himselfe of his poore and simple cloke, and, dividing it into two parts, gave the one halfe thereof unto Apollonius, saying: Take here at my handes such poore entertainment and furniture as I have, and goe into the citie, where perhappes thou shalt finde some of better abilitie, that will rue thine estate: and if thou doe not, returne then againe hither unto mee, and thou shalt not want what may be performed by the povertie of a poore fisherman. And in the meane time of this one thing onelie I put thee in mind, that when thou shalt be restored to thy former dignitie, thou doe not despise to thinke on the basenesse of the poore peece of garment. To which Apollonius answered: If I remember not thee and it, I wish nothing else but that I may sustaine the like shipwracke.

And when hee had saide so, he departed on the way which was taught him, and came unto the citie gates, whereinto he entred. And while he was thinking with himselfe which waie to seeke succor to sustaine his life, he saw a boy running naked through the streete, girded only with a tuell about his middle, and his head annointed with oyle, crying aloude and saying: Hearken all, as well citizens as strangers and servants, hearken: whosoever will be washed, let him come to the place of exercise.

When Apollonius heard this, he followed the boy, and comming unto the place cast off his cloake, and stripped himselfe, and entred into the baine, and bathed himselfe with the liquour. And looking about for some companion with whome he might exercise himselfe, according unto the manner of the place and countrey, and finding none, sodainelie unlooked for entred in Altistrates, king of the whole land, accompanied with a great troupe of servitours. Anone he beganne to exercise himselfe at tennis with his men, which when Apollonius espied, he intruded himselfe amongst them into the kings presence, and stroke back the ball to the king, and served him in play with great swiftnes. But when the king perceived the great nimblenesse and cunning which was in him, surpassing the residue, Stand aside (quoth he unto his men) for me thinkes this yong man is more cunning than I. When Apollonius heard himselfe commended, hee stept foorth boldly into the middes of the tennis court, and, taking up a racket in his hand, he tossed the ball skilfully, and with wonderful agilitie. After play, he also washed the king very reverently in the baine, and when all was done, hee tooke his leave duetifully, and so departed.

When Apollonius was gone, the king said unto them that were about him, I sweare unto you of truth, as I am a prince, I was never exercised nor washed better then this day, and that by the diligence of a yong man I know not what he is. And, turning back, Go, said he unto one of his servants, and know what that yong man is that hath with such duty

and diligence taken pains with me. The servant going after Apollonius, and seeing him clad in a filthy fishers cloke, returned againe to the king, saying, If it like your grace, the yongman is a sea-wracked man. How knowest thou that? said the king. The servant answered: Though he told me not so himselfe, yet his apparel bewraieth his state. Then said the king to his servant: Go apace after him, & say unto him, that the king desireth him to sup with him this night. Then the servant made haste after Apollonius, & did the kings message to him, which so soone as he heard, he granted thereto, much thanking the kings majestie, & came back with the servant.

When they were come to the gate, the servant went in first unto the king, saying: The sea-wracked man, for whom your grace sent me, is come, but is ashamed to come into your presence, by reason of his base aray: whome the king commanded immediatly to be clothed in seemely apparell, and to be brought in to supper, and placed him at the table with him, right over against himselfe. Immediately the boorde was furnished with all kinde of princelie fare, the guests fed apace, every man on that which he liked; onelie Apollonius sate still and eate nothing, but earnestlie beholding the golde, silver, and other kingly furniture, whereof there was great plentie, hee could not refraine from sheading teares. Then saide one of the guests that sate at the table unto the king: This yoong man, I suppose, envieth at your graces prosperitie. No, not so, answered the king: you suppose amisse; but he is sorie to remember that he hath lost more wealth then this is: and looking upon Apollonius with a smiling countenance, Be mery, yong man, quoth he, and eate thy meate with us, and trust in God, who doubtlesse will send thee better fortune.

CHAP. V.

How Lucina, King Altistrates daughter, desirous to heare Apollonius adventures, fel in love with him.

Now, while they sate at meate, discoursing of this and such like matters at the boord, suddenlie came in the king's daughter and onlie child, named Lucina, a singular beautifull ladie, and a maiden now of ripe yeeres for marriage : and she approached nigh, and kissed the king her father, and al the guests that sate with him at the table. And when she had so done, she returned unto her father, and saide : Good father, I pray you, what yongman is this which sitteth in so honourable a place over against you, so sorrowfull and heavie ? O, sweete daughter, answered the king, this yong man is a sea-wracked man, and hath done me great honour to day at the baines and place of exercise, for which cause I sent for him to sup with me ; but I knowe not neither what, neither whence he is. If you be desirous to know these things, demaund of him, for you may understand all things ; and peradventure when you shall knowe, you will be mooved with compassion towards him. Nowe, when the lady perceived hir fathers mind, she turned about unto Apollonius, and saide, Gentleman, whose grace and comlinesse sufficiently bewraieth the nobilitie of your birth, if it be not grievous unto you, shew me your name, I beseech you, and your adventures. Then answered Apollonius : Madam, if you aske my name, I have lost it in the sea : if you enquire of my nobilitie, I have left that at Tyrus. Sir, I beseech you, then said the lady Lucina, tel me this more plainly, that I may understand. Then Apolonius, craving licence to speake, declared his name, his birth and nobilitie, and unripped the whole tragedie of his adventures, in order as is before rehearsed ; and when he had made an end of speaking, he burst forth into most plentifull teares. Which when the king beheld, he saide unto Lucina :

Deere daughter, you have done evill in requiring to know the yong mans name, and his adventures, wherein you have renued his forepassed griefes. But since nowe you have understoode all the trueth of him, it is meete, as it becommeth the daughter of a king, you likewise extend your liberalitie towards him, and whatsoever you give him, I will see it be perfourmed. Then Lucina, having already in hir heart professed to doe him good, and nowe perceiving very luckily her fathers mind to be inclined to the desired purpose, she cast a friendly looke upon him, saying: Apollonius, nowe lay sorrowe aside, for my father is determind to enrich you: and Apollonius, according to the curtesie that was in him, with sighes and sobbes at remembrance of that whereof he had so lately spoken, yeelded great thanks unto the faire ladie Lucina.

Then saide the king unto his daughter: Madame, I pray you take your harpe into your handes, and play us some musike to refresh our guests withall, for we have all too long hearkened unto sorrowful matters. And when she had called for her harpe, she beganne to play so sweetely, that all that were in companie highly commended her, saying that in all their lives they never heard pleasanter harmonie. Thus whilst the guests, every man for his part, commended the ladies cunning, onely Apollonius spake nothing. Then saide the king unto him: You are too blame, Apollonius, since all praise my daughter for her excellencie in musike, and you commend not her, or rather dispraise her by holding your peace. Apollonius answered: My soveraigne and good lord, might it please you to pardon me, and I will say what I think: The lady Lucina your daughter is pretily entred; but she is not yet come to perfection in musike. For prooffe whereof, if it please your grace to command the harp to be delivered unto me, she shall well perceive, that she shal heare that which she doth not yet know. The king answered: I see well, Apollonius, you have skill in all things, and is nothing to be wished in a gentleman, but you have perfectly learned it: wherefore, hold; I pray you take the harpe, and let us heare

some part of your cunning. When Apollonius had received the harp, he went forth, and put a garland of flowers upon his head, and fastned his raiment in comly manner about him, and entred into the parlour againe, playing before the king and the residue with such cunning and sweetnes, that he seemed rather to be Apollo then Apollonius, and the kings guests confessed that in al their lives they never heard the like before. But when Lucina had heard and seene what was done, she felt hir selfe sodainely mooved within, and was sharpelie surprised with the love of Apollonius, and, turning to her father: Nowe suffer me, good father, saide she, to give unto this yoong gentleman some reward, according as I shall thinke convenient. I give you leave to do so, faire daughter, saide the king. Then she, looking towards Apollonius, My lord Apollonius, saide she, receive heere of my fathers liberalitie two hundred talents of gold, foure hundred poundes of silver, store of raiment, twentie men servants, and tenne handmaidens. Nowe therefore, said she unto the officers that stood by, bring hither all these things which I have here promised, and lay them downe in the parlour in the presence of our friends. And immediately they were all brought into their sight as she had commaunded. When this was done, the guests arose from the table, and, giving thanks unto the king and ladie Lucina, tooke their leave and departed. And Apollonius, thinking it likewise time for him to be gone, Most gracious king Altistrates (quoth he) thou which art a comforter of such as are in miserie; and thou also, renowned princesse, a favourer of philosophie, and lover of all good studies, I bid you now most heartily farewell. As for your great deserts toward me, I leave them to God to requite you with deserved recompence: and, looking unto his servants which the ladie Lucina had given him, Sirs, take up this geere, quoth hee, which is given me, and bring it away, and let us go seeke some lodgings.

When Lucina heard those words she was sodainlie stroken into a dump, fearing that she shoulde have lost her newe

lover, before she had ever reaped anie fruit of his companie, and therefore, turning to her father, said : I beseech you, good father and gracious king, forasmuch as it has pleased you this day to enrich Apolonius with many great gifts, you would not suffer him now to depart so late, lest he be by some naughtie persons spoiled of the things which you have given him. The king willingly granted the ladies request, and commanded forthwith that there should be a faire lodging prepared for him and his, where he might lie honourably ; and when he sawe convenient time he went to bed, and tooke his rest.

CHAP. VI.

How Apollonius is made Schoolemaster to Lucina, and how she preferreth the love of him above all the nobilitie of Pentapolis.

WHEN night was come, and every one was at rest, Lucina laie unquietly tumbling in her bed, alwaies thinking upon Apollonius, and could not sleep ; wherefore in the morning she rose very early, and came into the king her fathers chamber ; whom when her father saw, What is the matter, daughter Lucina (quoth he) that contrary to custome you be stirring so earelie this morning ? Deere father, quoth Lucina, I could take no rest al this night, for the desire I have to learn musicke of Apollonius ; and therefore I pray you, good father, to put me unto him to be instructed in the art of musicke, and other good qualities wherein hee is skilfull. When Altistrates heard his daughters talke, he smiled within himselfe, when hee perceived the warmed affection kindled within her breast, which with so seemely a pretence she had covered, as the desire to learne, and determined in part presently to satisfie her request : and when time served,

he sent a messenger for Apollonius, and when he was come, he said unto him : Apollonius, my daughter much desireth to be your scholler, and therefore I pray you take her to your government, and instruct her the best you can, and I will reward you to your contentation. Apollonius answered, Gracious prince, I am moste willing to obey your commaundement. So hee tooke the ladie, and instructed her in the best maner he coulde, even as himselfe had learned ; wherein she profited so well, that in short time she matched, or rather surpassed her maister.

Thus increased shee not onely in learning, but grew also daily in more fervent love of Apollonius, as, whether standing in doubt of her fathers resolute good wil if he were moved concerning marriage, or fearing the time woulde be deferred in respect whereof she was presently ready, in so much that she fell sicke and became weaker everie day than other. When the king perceived his daughters infirmitie to increase, hee sent immediatlie throughout all the dominions for the learnedst phisitions to search out her grieve and to cure it, who examining her urine, and feeling her pulse, coulde finde out no manifest cause or substance of her disease. After a few dayes that this happened, three noble yong men of the same countrey, which had been suters a long time unto Lucina for marriage, came unto the court, and being brought into the kinges presence saluted him dutifully. To whom the king said, Gentlemen, what is the cause of your comming ? They answered, Your Grace hath oftentimes promised to bestow your daughter in marriage upon one of us, and this is the cause of our comming at this time. Wee are your subjectes, wealthie, and descended of noble families ; might it therefore please your Grace to choose one among us three, to be your sonne in law. Then answered the king : You are come unto me at an unseasonable time, for my daughter now applieth her studie, and lieth sicke for the desire of learning, and the time is much unmeet for marriage. But to the intent you shall not altogether loose your labour,

nor that I will not seeme to deferre you too long, write your names every one severally in a peece of paper, and what joynter you will make, and I will send the writings to my daughter, that she may choose him whom she best liketh of. They did forthwith as the king had counselled them, and delivered the writings unto the king, which he read, and signed them, and delivered them unto Apollonius, saying: Take here these billes, and deliver them to your scholler; which Apollonius received, and tooke them immediatly into the ladie Lucina. Now when she sawe her schoolemaister, whom she loved so entirely, she saide unto him: Maister, what is the cause that you come alone into my chamber? Apollonius answered: Madame, I have brought writings from the king your father, which he willeth you to reade. Lucina then received the writings, and brake them open, and when she had reade the names of the three noblemen, her suters, shee threw away the billes, and looking upon Apollonius, said unto him: My welbeloved schoolemaister Apollonius, doth it not greeve you that I shall be married unto another? Apollonius answered, No Madame, it greeveth not me, for whatsoever shall be for your honour, shall be unto me profitable. Then said Lucina, Maister, if you loved me you would be sorie; and therewithall she called for inke and paper, and wrote an answere unto her father in forme following.

Gracious king and deare father, forasmuch as of your goodnesse you have given me free choice, and libertie to write my minde, these are to let you understand, that I would marry with the sea-wrecked man, and with none other: your humble daughter, Lucina.

And when she had sealed it, she delivered it unto Apollonius, to be carried unto the king. When the king had received the letters, he perused them, wherein he perceived his daughters minde, not knowing whom she meant by the sea-wrecked man; and therefore, turning himselfe towardes the three noblemen, hee demanded of them which of them had suffered shipwracke? Then one of them, named Ardo-

nus, answered, If it like your Grace, I have suffred shipwrack? The other twaine, named Munditius and Carnillus, when they heard him say so, waxed wroth, and fel into termes of outrage against him, saying: Sicknesse, and the fiends of hell consume thee, for thy foule and impudent lie. Do not we, who are thy equals both of birth and age, know right well that thou never wentest almost out of this citie gates, and how couldest thou then suffer shipwracke? Now when the king Altistrates could not finde out which of them had suffered shipwrack, he looked towards Apollonius, saying: Take these letters and read them, for it may be that I doe not knowe him whom thou knowest, who was present. Apollonius receiving the letters, perused them quickly, and perceiving himselfe to be loved, blushed wonderfully. Then said the king to Apollonius, Hast thou found the sea-wrecked man? But Apollonius answered little or nothing, wherein his wisdom the rather appeared according to the saying of the wise man, in many words there wanteth discretion; whereas contrariwise, many an indiscreet person might be accounted wise if hee had but this one point of wisdom, to hold his tongue. Wherin indeed consisteth the whole triall, or rather insight of a man, as signified the most wise philosopher Socrates.

CHAP. VII.

How Apollonius was married to the ladie Lucina, and hearing of king Antiochus death, departeth with his wife towards his owne countrey of Tyrus.

BUT to retorne againe to my storie, from which I have digressed. When king Altistrates perceived that Apollonius was the man whom his daughter Lucina disposed in her heart to preferre in love, before anie of the other three noble

men, hee found meanes to put them off for that present, saying that hee would talke farther concerning that matter another time: who taking their leave, immediately departed, but the king withdrew himself into the chamber where his daughter lay sicke, and sayd unto her: Whom have you chosen to be your husband? To whom Lucina humbling her selfe, and with trickling teares, answered: Gracious Prince and deare father, I have chosen in my heart the seawrecked man, my schoolemaister Apollonius, for whom I most dutifully desire your fatherly good wil. When the king saw her teares, his heart bled inwardly with compassion toward his childe whom hee loved tenderly, and he kissed her, and saide unto her: My sweete Lucina be of good cheere, and take not thought for anie thing, and assure thy selfe thou hast chosen the man that I liked of assoone as I first sawe him; whom I love no lesse than thee, that is to say, than if hee were my naturall childe: and therefore, since the matter is nowe thus fallen out, I meane forthwith to appoint a day for your marriage, after that I have broken the matter unto Apollonius. And when he had said that, Lucina with blushing cheekes thanked her father much, and he departed.

Nowe would I demand of lovers, whether Lucina rejoyced or not? or whether there were anie better tidings in the worlde coulde chance to a man or woman? I am sure they would answer, no. For such is the nature of this affection, that it preferreth the beloved person above all earthly thinges, yea and heavenly too, unlesse it be brideled with reason: as the same likewise though moderately, and within the boundes of modest womanhood, working the woonted effect in the ladie Lucina, revived her so presently, that shee forsooke her bed, and cast away her mourning apparrell, and appeared as it had been a newe woman restored from death to life, and that almost in a moment. The king, being alone in the parlour, called for Apollonius, and when he was come, he said thus unto him: Apollonius, the vertue which I have seene in thee, I have testified by my liberalitie towards thee, and thy trustinesse is proved by committing mine onelie

childe and daughter to thine instruction. As these have caused mee to preferre thee, so have they made my daughter to love thee, so that I am as well contented with one, as I am well pleased with the other. And for thy part likewise, I hope, Apollonius, that as thou hast been glad to be my client, thou wilt rejoyce as much to be my sonne in law. Tell me thy minde out of hand, for I attend thine answer. Then Apollonius, much abashed at the kinges talke, falling downe upon his knees, answered: Most gracious soveraigne, your wordes sound so strangely in mine eares, that I scarcely know how to give answer, and your goodnesse hath been so great towards me, that I can wish for no more. But since it is your Graces pleasure that I should not be indebted to many, but owe all thing unto you, as life, and wife, honour, and goods, and all, you shall not find me unthankful, howsoever God or fickle fortune deale with me, to remaine loyall and constant to you and your daughter, whom above all creatures, both for birth and beauty and good qualities, I love and honour most intirely. Altistrates rejoiced much to heare so wise and conformable an answer, and embracing Apollonius, called him by the name of deare beloved sonne. The next day morning the king addressed his messengers and pursevants, to assemble the nobliest of his subjects and frends out of the confederat cities and countries, and to shew them that he had certaine affaires to communicat unto them: and when they were come altogither unto Pentapolis, after due greeting, and accustomable intertainments shewed as in the maner of great estates, he said thus unto them: My loving friends, and faithfull subjects, my meaning was to let you understand, that my daughter is desirous to marrie with her schoolemaster Apollonius, and I am wel pleased therwith. Wherefore, I beseech you all to rejoyce thereat, and be glad, for my daughter shal be matched to a wise man. And know you, moreover, that I appoint this day six weekes for the solemnization day of the marriage, at what time I desire you all to be here present, that like friends we may rejoyce, and

make merry together: and when he had all said, he dismissed the assembly.

Now as the time wore away, so the wedding day drue neere, and there was great preparation made as well for the feast, as for jewels, and rich clothes to furnish the bridegroom and bride withall, as althing els that appertaine to the beautifying of so great a wedding. And when the day was come, the king, apparreled in his princely robes, with a diadem of great price upon his head, accompanied his daughter Lucina and Apollonius unto the church, whom thousands of lordes and ladies followed after, all cloathed in rich attire, and marshalled in comely order. The bride woare on a gowne of cloth of gold, cut and drawen out with cloth of silver, and a kirtle of crimson velvet imbrodered with pure golde, and thickly beset with orientall pearles. Her haire hung downe in tresses fairely broided with a lace of gold, and a coronet upon her head, set with pretious stones of inestimable value. Her necke was bare, whereby her naked skinne appeared whiter than the driven snowe, curiously bedecked with chaines of golde, and every other lincke enameled with black amell. Great baudrickes of perfect goldsmithes worke uppon eche arme, to fasten the sleeves of her garment from sliding up at the wreast. Lastly, a massie collar of fine golde, made esse wise, uppon her shoulders, hanging down behinde and before, with a diamond reaching downe unto her middle, esteemed in value at three-score thousand pound, which the king her father had sent unto her for a present that morning, while she was apparrelling. The bridegrome wore on a dublet and hosen of costly cloth of silver, garded with goldsmithes worke of the same colour, and a gowne of purple satten, embroidred with golde, and beset with rich stones. His cap was of fine blacke velvet, all over bespangled with rubies, set in gold and fastned on by loopes: the hand of massie golde, beset with courses of stones in order, first a rubie, then a turkeis, then a diamond, and so beginning againe with a rubie. This was their rai-

ment, and thus went they forth together, hand in hand, after whom, as is already declared, the lordes and ladies followed by three and three in a ranke. When the solemnities were done at the church, and the wordes spoken, and the princes joynd in marriage, they returned home and went to dinner.

What shall I nowe speake of the noble cheare and princely provision for this feast? And after dinner of the exquisite musicke, fine dauncing, heavenly singing, sweete devising, and pleasant communication among the estates? I may not discourse at large of the liberall challenges made and proclaimed at the tilt, barriers, running at the ring, joco di can, managing fierce horses, running a foote, and daunsing in armour. And at night of the gorgeous plaies, shewes, disguised speeches, masks and mummeries, with continuall harmony of all kindes of musicke, and banquetting in all delicacie. All these things I leave to the consideration of them which have seene the like in the courts, and at the weddinges of princes, where they have seene more than my simple pen is able to describe, or may be comprehended within the recital of so short an historie. When night was come, and revels were ended, the bride was brought to bed, and Apollonius tarried not long from her, where hee accomplished the duties of marriage, and faire Lucina conceived childe the same night. The next daie every man arose to feasting and jollitie for the wedding triumphes continued an whole moneth.

This while Lucinas bellie began to grow, and as it fortun'd that the lord Apollonius and his ladie on a day walked along the sea side for their disporte, hee sawe a faire shippe fleeting under saile, which hee knew well to be of his countrey, and he hallowed unto the maister, whose name was Calamitus, and asked of him of whence his ship was? The maister answered, of Tyrus. Thou has named my country, said Apollonius: Art thou then of Tyrus, said the maister? Yea, answered Apollonius. Then, said the maister, knowest thou one Apollonius, prince of that countrey? If thou doe, or shalt heare of him heereafter, bid him now be glad and re-

joyce, for king Antiochus and his daughter are strooken dead with lightning from heaven; and the citie of Antiochia with all the riches, and the whole kingdome are reserved for Apollonius. With these words, the ship being under saile, departed, and Apollonius being filled with gladnes, immediatly began to breake with his ladie to give him leave to go and receive his kingdom. But when faire Lucina heard him beginne to moove words of departing, she burst out into teares, saying: My lorde, if you were nowe in some farre countrie, and heard say that I were neere my time to be delivered, you ought to make haste home unto me. But since you be nowe with me, and know in what case I am, me thinks you should not now desire to depart from me. Howbeit, if your pleasure be so, and tarriance breede danger, and kingdomes want not heirs long, as I would not perswade you to tarry, so doe I request you to take me with you. This discreete answer pleased Apollonius well; wherefore he kissed his lady, and they agreed it should be so. And when they were returned from walking, Lucina rejoycing came unto the king her father, saying, Deare father, rejoyce I beseech you, and be glad with my lord Apollonius and me, for the most cruell tyrant Antiochus and his daughter are by the just judgement of God destroied with lightning from heaven; and the kingdome and riches are reserved for us to inherite. Moreover, I pray you good father, let me have your goodwil to travel thither with my husband. The king rejoyced much at this tidings, and graunted her reasonable request, and also commaunded all things to be provided immediatly that were necessary for the journey. The shippes were strongly appointed and brought unto the shoare, and fraught with al things convenient, as golde, silver, apparell, bedding, vittells, and armour. Moreover, whatsoever fortune might befall, the king prepared to sail with them Ligozides the nurse, and a midwife, and all things meet for the childe whensoever Lucina should neede them: and with great honour himselfe accompanieth them unto the sea side, when

the time appointed for their departure was come; where with many teares, and great fatherly affection hee kissed his daughter, and embraced his sonne in law, and recommended them unto God, in whome hee did wish unto them a most prosperous journey, and so returned unto his pallace.

CHAP. VIII.

How faire Lucina died in travell of child upon the sea; and being throwen into the water, was cast on land at Ephesus, and taken home by Cerimon, a phisition.

THE marriners immediatly merrily hoisted saile and departed; and when they had sailed two dayes, the master of the shippe warned Apollonius of a tempest approching, which nowe came on, and increased so fast, that all the companie was amazed, and Lucina, what with sea-sicknes and feare of danger, fel in labor of child, wherewith she was [so] weakened, that there was no hope of recoverie, but she must now die; yet being first delivered of a faire daughter, insomuch that now all tokens of life were gone, and she appeared none other but to be dead. When Apollonius beheld this heavie spectacle no heart was able to conceive his bitter grief, for like a mad man distracted, he tore his cloths, and rent his haire, and laying himself upon the carkas, he uttered these wordes with great affection. O, my deare lady and wife, the daughter of king Altistrates, what shall I now answer to thy father for thee? Would God thou haddest remained with him at home; and if it had pleased God to have wrought this his pleasure in thee, it had rather chanced with thy loving father, in his quiet land, than with me thy woful husband upon the wild seas. The whole company also made great lamentation

for her, bewailing the death of so noble and beautifull a ladie, and so curteous a gentlewoman. Howbeit, in the hottest of the sorrowe the governour of the ship came unto Apollonius, saying, My lord, plucke up your heart, and be of good cheere, and consider, I pray you, that the ship may not abide to carrie the dead carkas, and therefore command it to be cast into the sea, that we may the better escape. Then answered Apollonius: What saiest thou, varlet? wouldest thou have me cast this bodie into the sea, which received me into house and favour, when I was in miserie, and drenched in the water, wherein I lost ship, goods, and all? But taking further consultation, and advising himselfe what were best to do, he called certaine of his men unto him, and thus he devised with them. My trusty servants, whome this common mischance grieveth as wel as me, since sorowing wil not help that which is chanced, assist me, good sirs, to provide for the present necessity. Let us make forthwith a large chest, and bore the lid full of small holes, and we will seare it all over within with pitch and rosen molten together, whereinto we will put cunningly a sheete of lead, and in the same we will inclose the tender corps of the wife of me, of all other a most unfortunate husband.

This was no sooner said, but it was almost likewise done with semblable celeritie. Then tooke they the body of the faire lady Lucina, and arraided her in princely apparel, and layd her into the chest, and Apollonius placed a great summe of golde at her head, and a great treasure of silver at her feet, and he kissed her, letting fall a flood of salt teares on her face, and he wrote a bill, and put it in also, the tenor whereof was in forme as foloweth:—Whosoever shal find this chest, I pray him to take ten pieces of gold for his paines, and to bestowe tenne pieces more upon the buriall of the corpes; for it hath left many teares to the parents and friends, with dolefull heaps of sorow and heavines. But whosoever shall doe otherwise than the present grieve requireth, let him die a shamefull death, and let there be none to bury his body.—And then

closing all up verie safe, commaunded the chest to be lifted overboorde into the sea, and willed the childe to be nursed with all diligence, that if ever fortune should so fall, he might present unto good king Altistrates a neece in steede of a daughter.

Now fleeted away the ship fast with the wind, and the coffin tumbled backward with the tide, and Apollonius could not keep his eie from the bodie whereon his heart rested, untill kenning failed, and the sea rose up with a banke between. There were two days passed, and the night was now at hand, when the next day morning the waves rolled foorth this chest to the land, and cast it ashore on the coast of Ephesus. Not farre from that place there dwelt a physition, whose name was Cerimon, who by chaunce walking abroad upon the shore that day with his schollers, found the chest which the sea had cast up, and willed his servants to take it up, and diligently to cary it to the next towne, where hee dwelt; and they did so. When Cerimon came home he opened the chest, marveling what should be therein, and found a lady arayed in princely apparell and ornaments, very faire and beautifull to beholde, whose excellencie in that respect as many as beheld were strangely affectioned thereat, perceiving such an incomparable gleame of beautie to be resident in her face, wherein nature had not committed the least errour that might be devised, saving that shee made her not immortall. The haire of her head was naturally as white as snowe, under which appeared her goodly forehead, faire and large, wherein was neither blemish nor wrinkle. Her eies were like two starres turning about in their naturall course, not wantonly roving here and there, but modestly mooving as governed by reason, representing the stabilitie of a settled mind. Her eie brows decently commending the residue of her countenance. Her nose straight, as in were drawn with a line, comely dividing her cherry cheeks asunder, not reaching foorth too long, nor cut off too short, but of a commendable proportion. Hir necke was like the white alablaster, shining like the bright sunne beames, wonderfully delighting the mindes of the beholders. Her

bodie of comely stature, neither too high nor too lowe, not scregged with leanenesse, nor undecently corpulent, but in such equality consisting that no man woulde wish it otherwise. From her shoulders sprang forth her armes, representing two branches growing out of a tree, beautified with a white hand, and fingers long and slender, surpassing to behold. To be short, such was the excellencie of her beutie in each respect, that it could suffer no deformitie to accompany it, whereby also may be discerned a singular perfection of her minde, created by God and infused into her bodie, whereby it was mooved, and those good qualities of hers expressed in operation; so that all outward beautie of the bodie proceedeth from the inward beuty of the mind, from whence sprang up the olde and true saying of the wisest philosophers, that the sundry nature of the forme or soule, diversely disposeth the matter according unto its owne qualitie; as it expresly appeared in the beutiful countenance and stature of this ladies bodie, whereof Cerimon stoode amazedly taking the view.

CHAP. IX.

How Lucina was restored to life by one of Cerimon the phisitions schollers; and howe Cerimon adopted her to his daughter, and placed her in the temple of Diana.

THE surpassing beauty of faire Lucina being such as is before recited, no woonder it was though Cerimon were marvellously ravished at the sight, whereby his affection enforced him to breake out into these words. Alas, good, beautiful gentlewoman, what unhappy and cruell chance hath thus made thee away, and caused thee to be so woefully forsaken? And as he spake those wordes, hee perceived the golde that

lay at her head, and the silver that lay at her feet, with a scroll of paper written, the which hee tooke up and read, the tenor whereof was this:—Whosoever shal finde this chest, I pray him for to take tenne pieces of golde for his paines, and to bestowe tenne peeces more on the buriall of the corps; for it hath left many teares to the parents and friends, with dolefull heapes of sorrowe and heavinesse. But whosoever shall doe otherwise than the present griefe requireth, let him die a shamefull death, and let there be none to burie his bodie.— And as soone as he had read over the writing, he said unto his servants, Now let us perfourme unto the bodie that which the sorrowe requireth; and I sweare to you, by the hope which I have to live, that I wil bestow more money upon the accomplishing of the same, than the sorrowful scedul requireth. Wherefore, according to the maner of the buriall which was at that time to burn to bodies of the dead, and to burie the ashes, gathered up and put into pottes, he commaunded a pile of wood to be erected, and upon the top thereof he caused the body to be layed.

Now, Cerimon had a scholler in physicke, whose name was Machaon, very towardly in his profession, of yeres but yong, but antient in wit and experience, who, comming in while these things were doing, and beholding so beautifull a corps layd upon the pile, he stode still and wondered at it: which thing Cerimon perceiving, Thou art come in good time, said he to Machaon, and I looked for thee about this time: take this flagon of pretious ointment, and powre it uppon the corps, being the last ceremonie of the sepulture. Then came Machaon unto the corps, and pulled the clothes from the ladies bosome, and poured foorth the ointment, and bestowing it abroad with his hand, perceived some warmth in her breast, and that there was life in the body. Machaon stode astonished, and hee felt her pulses, and layde his cheeke to her mouth, and examined all other tokens that he could devise, and he perceived how death strived with life within her, and that the conflict was dangerous and doubtfull, who should

prevaile. Then saide he unto the servants: Set fire unto the wood at the foure corners of the pile, and cause it to burne moderately, and bring me hither a bed, that I may take the body out of the chest, and lay it thereon.

This being done, he chafed the body against the fire, untill the blood, which was congealed with colde, was wholly resolved. Then went Machaon unto his master Cerimon and saide: The woman whome thou thinkest to be dead is alive, and that you may the better beleeeve my saying, I will plainly proove it to be so. And when he had so saide, he tooke the body reverently in his armes, and bare it into his owne chamber, and layed it upon his bed groveling upon the breast. Then tooke he certaine hote and comfortable oyles, and warming them uppon the coales, he dipped faire wooll therein, and fomented all the bodie over therewith, until such time as the congealed blood and humours were throughly resolved, and the spirits eftsoones recovered their wonted course, the veines waxed warme, the arteries beganne to beate, and the lungs drew in the fresh ayre againe, and she opened her eies and looked about, and being perfectly come to herselfe, What art thou? said shee unto Machaon: see thou touch me not otherwise than thou oughtest to do, for I am a kings daughter, and the wife of a king. When Machaon heard her speak these words, he was exceeding glad, and he ran unto his master and saide: Sir, the woman liveth, and speaketh perfectly. Then answered Cerimon: My welbeloved scholler Machaon, I am glad of this fortunate chaunce, and I much commend thy wisdom, and praise thy learning, and cannot but extoll thy diligence. Wherefore be not unthankfull to thy knowledge, but receive heere the reward which is due unto thee, namely, that which by the writing was appointed to be bestowed uppon her buriall; for thou hast restored her unto life, and shee hath brought with her great summes of mony. When he had so saide, they came unto her and saluted her, and caused her to be apparelled with wholsome and comfortable clothes, and to be refreshed with good meats.

A few daies after, when she had fully recovered strength, and Cerimon by communication knew that she came of the stocke of a king, he sent for many of his friends to come unto him, and he adopted her for his owne daughter: and she, with many teares, requiring that she might not be touched by any man, for that intent he placed her in the Temple of Diana, which was there at Ephesus, to be preserved there inviolably among the religious women.

CHAP. X.

How Apollonius, arriving at Tharsus, delivereth his yong daughter Tharsia unto Stranguilio and Dionisiades to be brought up; and how the Nurce, lying in her death-bed, declareth unto Tharsia who were her parents.

LET us leave now a while the lady Lucina among the holy nunnes in the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, and let us looke backe unto sorrowful Apollonius, whose ship with fortunate winde, and the good providence of God directing the same, arrived at the shoare of Tharsus, where hee immediately came forth of the ship, and entred into the house of Stranguilio and Dionisiades, whom he saluted, and told them the heavy chances that had befallen him, both of the great stormes and tempests on the sea which hee had endured, as also of the death of the good lady Lucina, his wife: Howbeit, said he, God be thanked, my daughter remaineth alive, for the which I am very glad; wherfore, deare friends Stranguilio and Dionisiades, according to the trust which I have in you, I mean in some things to use your friendship, while I go about to recover the kingdome which is reserved for me. For I will not returne backe againe unto king Altistrates, my

father-in-law, whose daughter, alas! I have lost in the sea; but meaning rather to exercise the trade of merchandize, I commit my daughter unto you, to bee nourished and brought up with your yoong daughter Philomacia, and I will that my daughter be called Tharsia. Moreover, I wil leave my deare wife Lucinas nurce here also, called Ligozides, to tend the child, that she may be lesse troublesome unto you. And when hee had made an end of talking, he delivered the infant and the nurce unto Stranguilio, and therewithal great store of gold, silver, and raiment; and hee sware a solemne othe, that he would not poule his head, clip his beard, nor pare his nailes, untill hee had married his daughter at ripe yeares. They wondred much at so strange an othe, promising faithfully to bring up his daughter with all diligence.

When these things were ended according to his mind, Apollonius tooke his leave, departed unto his ship, and sailed into far countries, and unto the uppermost parts of Egypt. Therewhile the yoong maiden, Tharsia, sprang up in yeeres, and when she was about five yeares olde, being free borne, she was set to schoole with other free children, alwaies jointly accompanied with Philomacia, being of the same age that she was of. The time passed forth apace, and Tharsia grew up so wel in learning as in yeers; untill comming to the age of fourteene yeeres, one day, when she returned from schoole, she found Ligozides, her nurce, sodainly falne sicke; and, sitting beside her upon the bed, demanded of her the cause and maner of her sicknesse. Then saide the nurce unto her, Hearken unto my wordes, deare daughter Tharsia, and lay them up in thine heart. Whom thinkest thou to be thy father and thy mother, and in what countrey supposest thou wast thou borne? Tharsia answered, Why, nurce, why aske you me this question? Stranguilio is my father, Dionisiades my mother, and I was borne in Tharsus. Then sighed the nurce, and saide, No, sweete Tharsia, no; thou art deceived. But hearken unto me, and I will declare unto thee the beginning of thy birth, to the intent thou

mayst know how to guide thy selfe after my death. Apollonius, the prince of Tyrus, is thy father, and Lucina, king Altistrates daughter, was thy mother; who, being in travell with thee, died after thou wast borne, and thy father, Apollonius, inclosed her bodie in a chest, with princely ornaments, laying twenty talents of gold at her head, and as much at her feete in silver, with a scedule written, and threw the chest overboord into the sea, that whether soever it were driven, it might suffice to burie her, according to her estate. Thus wast thou born upon the sea; and thy fathers ship, with much wrestling of contrarie windes, and with his unspeakeable grieve of minde, arrived at this shoare, and brought thee in thy swading clothes unto this citie, where hee with great care delivered thee unto this thine hoste Stranguilio, and Dionisiades his wife, to be fostered up diligently, and left me heere also to attend upon thee. Moreover, he sware an othe, that he woulde not poule his head, clip his beard, nor pare his nayles, untill he had married thee unto some man at ripe yeares. Wherefore, now, I admonishe thee, that if after my death thine hoste or thine hostesse, whom thou callest thy parents, shall haply offer thee any injurie, then runne thou into the market place, where thou shalt finde the stature of thy father standing; and take hold of it, and cry aloud, saying, O citizens of Tharsus, I am his daughter whose image this is: and the citizens being mindfull of thy fathers benefites, will doubtlesse revenge thine injurie. Then answered Tharsia: Deare nurce, Ligozides, I take God to witnesse, if you had not told me thus much, I should utterly have been ignorant from whence I had come. And therefore now, good nurce, I thank thee with all my heart, and if ever need so require, thy counsel shall be followed.

And while they were debating these matters betweene them, Ligozides, being verie sicke and weake, gave up the ghost, and, by the death of this present bodie, passed into the state of life everlasting.

CHAP. XI.

How, after the death of Ligozides, the nurce, Dionisiades, envying at the beautie of Tharsia, conspired her death, which should have been accomplished by a villaine of the countrey.

THARSIA much lamented the death of Ligozides, her nurce, and caused her bodie to be solemnly buried not farre of in a field without the walles of the citie, and mourned for her an whole yeere following. But when the yeare was expired, she put off her mourning atire, and put on other apparel, and frequented the schooles and the studie of liberall sciences, as before. And whensoever she returned from schoole, she would receive no meate before she had visited her nurces sepulchre, which she did daily, entring thereinto, and carrying a flagon of wine with her, where she used to abide a space, and to call uppon her father and mother. Now, on a day it fortun'd, that as she passed through the street with Dionisiades, and her companion Philomacia, the people, beholding the beautie and comlinesse of Tharsia, said, Happy is that father that hath Tharsia to his daughter, but her companion that goeth with her is foule and evill favoured. When Dionisiades heard Tharsia commended, and her owne daughter Philomacia so dispraised, shee returned home wonderfull wroth, and, withdrawing herselfe into a solitary place, began thus secretly to discourse of the matter. It is now fourteen yeares since Apollonius, this foolish girles father, departed from hence, and he never sendeth letters for her, nor any remembrance unto her, whereby I conjecture that he is dead. Ligozides, her nurce, is departed, and there is no bodie now of whom I should stand in feare, and therefore I will now slay her, and dresse up mine owne daughter in her apparell and jewels. When shee had thus resolved her selfe uppon this wicked purpose, in the meane while there came home one of

their countrey villaines, called Theophilus, whom shee called, and said thus unto him: Theophilus, my trustie friend, if ever thou looke for libertie, or that I shoulde doe thee pleasure, doe so much for me as to slay Tharsia. Then said Theophilus: Alas! mistresse, wherein hath that innocent maiden offended, that she should be slaine? Dionisiades answered, Shee innocent! nay she is a wicked wretch, and therefore thou shalt not denie to fulfill my request, but doe as I commaund thee, or els I sweare by God thou shalt dearely repent it. But how shall I best doe it, mistres? said the villaine. Shee aunswered: Shee hath a custome, as soone as shee returneth home from schoole, not to eate meat before that she have gone into her nurces sepulchre, where I would have thee stand readie, with a dagger drawn in thine hand; and when she is come in, gripe her by the haire of the head, and so slay her: then take her bodie, and cast it into the sea, and when thou hast so done, I will make thee free, and besides reward thee liberally.

Then tooke the villaine a dagger, and girded himselfe therewith, and with an heavy heart and weeping eies went forth towards the grave, saying within himselfe: Alas, poore wretch that I am! alas, poore Theophilus, that canst not deserve thy libertie but by shedding of innocent bloud! And with that hee went into the grave, and drue his dagger, and made him readie for the deede. Tharsia was now come from schoole, and made haste unto the grave with a flagon of wine, as shee was wont to doe, and entred within the vault. Then the villaine rushed violently upon her, and caught her by the haire of the head, and threw her to the ground. And while he was now readie to stab her with the dagger, poore silly Tharsia, all amazed, casting up her eies upon him, knew the villaine, and, holding up her handes, said thus unto him: O, Theophilus! against whom have I so greevously offended, that I must die therefore? The villaine answered, Thou hast not offended, but thy father hath, which left thee behind him in Stranguilios house, with so great a treasure in money and

princely ornaments. O, said the mayden, would to God he had not done so! but I pray thee, Theophilus, since there is no hope for me to escape with life, give mee licence to say my praiers before I die. I give thee licence, saide the villaine; and I take God to record that I am constrained to murther thee against my will.

CHAP. XII.

How certaine Pyrats rescued Tharsia when she should have been slaine, and carried her unto the citie Machilenta to be sold among other bond-slaves.

As fortune, or rather the providence of God served, while Tharsia was devoutly making her praiers, certaine pyrats which were come aland, and stood under the side of an hill watching for some prey, beholding an armed man offering violence unto a mayden, cried unto him, and said: Thou cruel tyrant! that maiden is our prey and not thy victorie; and therefore hold thine hands from her, as thou lovest thy life. When the villain heard that, he ran away as fast as he could, and hid himselfe behind the sepulchre. Then came the pyrats and rescued Tharsia, and carried her away to their ships, and hoysed saile, and departed. And the villaine returned home to his mistres, and saide unto her: That which you commaunded me to doe is dispatched, and therefore now I thinke it good that you put on a mourning garment, and I also, and let us counterfeit great sorrowe and heavinesse in the sight of all the people, and say that shee died of some greevous disease.

But Stranguilio himselfe consented not to this treason, but so soone as hee heard of the foule mischaunce, beeing as it were a mopte, and mated with heavinesse and grieve, he clad himselfe in mourning aray, and lamented that wo-

full case, saying, Alas, in what a mischief am I wrapped? what might I doe, or say herein? The father of this mayden delivered this citie from the peril of death; for this cities sake he suffered shipwracke, lost his goodes, and endured penury, and now he is requited with evil for good. His daughter, which he committed unto me to be brought up, is now devoured by a most cruell lionesse: thus I am deprived as it were of mine owne eies, & forced to bewaile the death of an innocent, and am utterly spoiled through the fierce biting of a moste venemous serpent. Then casting his eies up towards heaven, O God, said hee, thou knowest that I am innocent from the bloud of silly Tharsia, which thou hast to require at Dionisiades handes: and therewithall he looked towards his wife, saying, Thou wicked woman! tell me, how hast thou made away prince Apollonius daughter? thou that livest both to the slaunder of God and man? Dionisiades answered in manie wordes, evermore excusing herselfe, and, moderating the wrath of Stranguilio. Shee counterfeited a fained sorrowe by attiring her selfe and her daughter in mourning apparell, and in dissembling teares before the people of the citie, to whom shee saide: Dearly beloved friendes and citizens of Tharsus, for this cause we doe weepe and mourne in your sight, because the joy of our eyes and staffe of our olde age, the mayden Tharsia, is dead, leaving unto us bitter teares and sorrowfull heartes. Yet have we already taken order for her funerals, and buried her according to her degree.

These wordes were right greevous unto the people, and there was almost none that let not fall some teares for sorrowe. And they went with one accord unto the market place, whereas her fathers image stood, made of brasse, and erected also another unto her there with this inscription: *Unto the virgin Tharsia, in liew of her fathers benefites, the citizens of Tharsus have erected this monument.*

CHAP. XIII.

How the Pirats which stole away Tharsia brought her to the citie Machilenta, and solde her to a common bawd ; and how she preserved her virginitie.

THE meane time, while these troubles were at Tharsus, the pirats being in their course upon the sea by benefite of happie winde arriued at Machilenta, and came into the citie. Nowe, had they taken manie mo men and women besides Tharsia, whom all they brought a shoare, and set them to sell as slaves for money. Then came there sundrie to buy such as they lacked for their purposes, amongst whom a moste vile man-bawd, beholding the beautie and tender yeeres of Tharsia, offered money largely for her. Howbeit, Athanagoras, who was prince of the same citie, beholding likewise the noble countenance, and regarding the great discretion of the mayden in communication, out-bid the bawd, and offered for her ten sesterbies of gold. But the bawd, being loth to loose so commodious a prey, offered twenty. And I wil give thirty, said Athanagoras. Nay, I wil give forty, said the bawd: and I fiftie, quoth Athanagoras: and so they continued in outbidding one an other untill the bawd offered an hundred sesterbies of gold to be payed ready downe: and whosoever wil give more, saide he, I will yet give ten sesterbies more than he. Then prince Athanagoras thus bethought him secretly in his minde: if I should contend with the bawd to buy her at so hie a price, I must needes sell other slaves to pay for her, which were both losse and shame unto me. Wherefore I will suffer him to buy her; and when he setteth her to hire, I will be the first man that shall come unto her, and I will gather the floure of her virginitie, which shall stand mee in as great steade as if I had bought her.

Then the bawd payed the money, and tooke the maiden and departed home; and when he came into his house, he

brought her into a certaine chappel, where stode the idoll of Priapus made of gold, and garnished with pearls and pretious stones. This idoll was made after the shape of a man, with a mighty member unproportionable to the body, alwayes erected, whome bawds and leachers doe adore, making him their god, and worshipping him. Before this filthy idoll he commaunded Tharsia with reverence to fall downe. But she answered, God forbid, master, that I should worship such an idoll. But (sir), said she, are you a Lapsatenian? Why askeest thou? said the bawd. I aske, quoth she, because the Lapsatenians doe worship Priapus: this spake she of simplicitie, not knowing what he was. Ah, wretch! answered he, knowest thou not that thou arte come into the house of a covetous bawd? When Tharsia heard that, she fell downe at his feet and wept, saying: O master, take compassion upon my virginity, and do not hire out my body for so vile a gaine. The bawd answered: Knowest thou not that neither bawd nor hangman do regard teares or prayers? Then called he unto him a certaine villaine which was governour over his maids, and said unto him: Let this maiden be decked in virgins apparell, pretious and costly, and write this title upon her,—Whosoever defloureth Tharsia shal pay ten peeces of golde, and afterward she shall be common unto the people for one peece at a time.

The villaine fulfilled his masters commaundement, and the third day after that she was bought, shee was with great solemnitie conducted through the streete with musicke, the bawd himselfe with a great multitude going before, and so conveyed unto the brothell house. When shee was come thither, Athanagoras, the prince, disguising his head and face because hee woulde not be knowen, came first in unto her; whome when Tharsia sawe, she threw her selfe downe at his feete, and saide unto him: For the love of God, gentleman, take pittie on me! and by the name of God I adjure and charge you, that you do no violence unto me, but bridle your lust, and hearken unto my unhappye state, and consider diligently from whence

I am sprung. My father was poore Apollonius, prince of Tyrus, whome force constrained to forsake his owne countrey. My mother was daughter to Altistrates, king of Pentapolis, who died in birth of me, poore wretch! upon the sea. My father also is dead, as was supposed, which caused Dionisiades, wife to Stranguilio of Tharsus, to whom my father committed me of special trust to be brought up, being but an infant, envying mine estate, and thirsting after my wealth, to seeke my death by the handes of a villaine; which had beene accomplished, and I would to God it had before I had seen this day, but that I was suddenly taken away by the pyrates which solde me unto this filthie bawd. With these or such like wordes declared shee her heavie fortune, eftsoones sobbing and bursting out into streames of tears, that for extreme grieve she could scarsly speake. When she had in this manner uttered her sorow, the good prince, being astonied, and mooved with compassion, said unto her: Be of good cheere, Tharsia, for surely I rue thy case; and I my selfe have also a daughter at home, to whome I doubt that the like chances may befall.

And when he had so said, he gave her twenty peeces of gold, saying: Holde heere a greater price or reward for thy virginitie than thy master appointed; and say as much unto others that come unto thee as thou hast done to me, and thou shalt withstand them. Then Tharsia fell on her knees, and weeping saide unto him: Sir, I give you most hartie thanks for your great compassion and curtesie, and most hartily I beseech you upon my knees, not to descry unto any that which I have saide unto you. No, surely, answered Athanagoras, unlesse I tell it unto my daughter, that she may take heede when she commeth unto the like yeares, that she fall not into the like mishappe: and when he had so saide, he let fall a fewe teares, and departed. Now, as he was going he met with another pilgrime that with like devotion came for to seeke the same saint, who demaunded of him howe hee liked of the maidens company. Truly, answered Athanagoras,

never of any better. Then the yong man, whose name was Aportatus, entred into the chamber; and the maiden after the manner, shut the doore to, and Athanagoras listened at the windowe. Then saide Aportatus unto Tharsia, How much did the prince give unto thee? She answered, fortie peeces of gold. Then said he, receive here of me an whole pound weight of golde. The prince, which heard this talke, thought then in his minde, the more that you do give her, the more she will weepe, as thinking that you woulde looke for recompence, the which shee meaneth not to perfourme.

The maiden received the money, and fell down on her knees at his feete, and declared unto him all her estate with teares, as is before shewed. When Aportatus heard that, he was mooved with compassion, and he tooke her up from the ground, saying: Arise, ladie Tharsia: we are al men, and subject to the like chances, and therewithall he departed. And when he came foorth he found prince Athanagoras before the doore laughing at him, to whom he said: Is it wel done, my liege, thus to delude a poore gentleman? Was there none to whom you might beginne in teares but unto me only? Then communed they further of the matter, and sware an othe betweene themselves, that they woulde not bewray those words unto any; and they withdrew themselves aside into a secret place to see the going in and comming foorth of other, and they sawe many which went in and gave their money, and came foorth againe weeping. Thus Tharsia, through the grace of God and faire perswasion, preserved her body undefiled.

CHAP. XIII.

How Tharsia withstoode a second assault of her virginie, and by what meanes she was preserved.

WHEN night was come the master bawd used always to receive the money which his women had gotten by the use of their bodies the day before. And when it was demaunded of Tharsia, she brought him the mony, as the price and hire of her virginie. Then said the bawd unto her: It is wel done, Tharsia: use diligence henceforth, and see that you bring mee thus much mony every day. When the next day was past also, and the bawd understoode that she remained a virgin stil, he was offended, and called unto him the villaine that had charge over the maides, and said unto him: Sirra, how chanceth it that Tharsia remaineth a virgin still? Take her unto thee, and spoile her of her maidenhead, or be sure thou shalt be whipped. Then saide the villaine unto Tharsia: Tel me, art thou yet a virgin? She answered, I am, and shal be as long as God will suffer me. How then, said he, hast thou gotten all this mony? She answered, with teares, falling downe upon her knees, I have declared mine estate, humbly requesting all men to take compassion on my virginie. And nowe likewise, falling then downe at his feete also, Take pittie on me, good friend, which am a poore captive, and the daughter of a king, and doe not defile me. The villaine answered: Our master the bawd is very covetous and greedie of money, and therefore I see no meanes for thee to continue a virgin. Whereunto Tharsia replied: I am skilful in the liberal sciences, and well exercised in all studies, and no man singeth or playeth on instruments better than I: wherefore bring mee into the market place of the citie, that men may heare my cunning; or let the people propound any maner of questions, and I will resolve them, and I doubt not but by this practise I shall get store of money

daily. When the villaine heard this devise, and bewailed the maidens mishappe, he willingly gave consent thereto, and brake with the bawd his master touching that matter, who hearing of her skill, and hoping for the gaine, was easily perswaded.

Now, when she was brought into the market place, all the people came thronging to see and heare so learned a virgin, before whom shee uttered her cunning in musicke, and her eloquence in speaking, and answered manifestly unto all such questions as were propounded unto her with such perspicuitie, that all confessed themselves fully satisfied, and she wonne great fame thereby, and gained great summes of money. But as for prince Athanagoras, he had evermore a speciall regard in the preservation of her virginitie, none otherwise than if she had been his owne daughter, and rewarded the villaine very liberally for his diligent care over her.

CHAP. XV.

How Apollonius comming to Tharsus, and not finding his daughter, lamented her supposed death; and, taking shippe againe, was driven by a tempest to Machilenta, where Tharsia was.

RETURNE we now againe unto prince Apollonius, who, whiles these things were doing at Machilenta, when the foureteenth yeere was expired, arrived at Tharsus, and came into the citie unto the house of Stranguilio and Dionisiades, with whome he had left his yong daughter Tharsia. Whome when Stranguilio beheld and knew, hee ranne hastily unto his wife Dionisiades, and saide: Thou reportedst that prince Apollonius was dead, and loe now where he is come to require his daughter. What shall wee now doe, or say unto

him? Then cried she out, Alas, wretched husband and wife that we are! let us quickly put on our mourning attire, and shead forth teares, and hee wil beleeve us that his daughter died a naturall death. And when they had apparelled themselves, they came forth unto Apollonius, who, seeing them in mourning attire, said unto them: My trusty friends, Stranguilio and Dionisiades, why weep ye thus at my comming? And tell me, I pray you (which I rather beleeve) whether these teares be not rather mine than yours. Not so (my lord Apollonius) answered the wicked woman: and I woulde to God some other body, and not mine husband or I, were enforced to tel you these heavie tidings, that your deare daughter Tharsia is dead.

When Apollonius heard that word, hee was suddenly cut to the heart, and his flesh trembled, that he coulde scarce stand on his legges, and long time hee stode amazed with his eies intently fixed on the ground; but at length, recovering himselfe and taking fresh breath, he cast up his eyes upon her, and saide: O woman, if my daughter be dead, as thou sayest she is, is the money also and apparell perished with her? She answered: Some is, and some yet remaineth. And as for your daughter, my lorde, we were alwaies in good hope that, when you came, you should have found her alive and merry; but to the intent that you may the better beleeve us concerning her death, we have a sufficient witnes, for our citzens, being mindfull of your benefites bestowed upon them, have erected unto her a monument of brasse by yours, which you may go see if you please. And when she had so saide, she brought forth such money, jewels, and apparell, which it pleased her to say were remaining of Tharsias store. And Apollonius beleeving indeede that she was dead, saide unto his servants: Take up this stuffe, and beare it away unto the ships, and I will goe walke unto my daughters monument. And when he came there, hee read the superscription in manner as is above written, and he fell suddenly, as it were, into an outrageous affection, and cursed his

owne eies, saying: O most cruell eies! why can you not yeelde foorth sufficient teares, and woorthily bewaile the death of my deare daughter? And with that word, with grieve and extreme sorrowe, he fell into a sowne, from which so soone as ever he was once revived, immediatelie hee went unto the shippes unto his servauntes, unto whome hee saide, Cast mee, I beseech you, unto the very bottome of the sea, for I have no joy of my life, and my desire is to yeelde up my ghost in the water. But his servants used great perswasions with him to assuage his sorrowe, wherein presently they some deale prevailed, as they might in so wofull a case; and partly the time, which is a curer of all cares, continually mittigated some part of the grieve, and hee espying the winde to serve well for their departure, hoised up saile, and bid the land adue.

They had not thus sailed long in their course, but the winde came about to a contrary quarter, and blew so stifly, that it troubled both sea and shippes. The raine fell fiercely over head, the sea wrought wonderously under the ships, and, to be short, the tempest was terrible for the time. It was then thought best in that extremitie to strike saile, and let the helme go, and to suffer the shippe to drive with the tide, whither it shoulde please God to direct it. But as joy evermore followeth heavinesse, so was this sharpe storme occasion of a sweet meeting of the father with the daughter, as in processe heereafter it shall appeare; for while Apollonius shippe runneth thus at random, it striketh upon the shoare of the citie Machilenta, where at that present his daughter Tharsia remained.

Nowe, it fortuneth that this verie day of their arrivall was the birth day of prince Apollonius; and when as the mariners sawe themselves so happily come to the land, both for the gladnesse of the one and joy of the other, the master of the shippe, and all the whole company, gave a great shout.

When Apollonius, who lay solitarily under the hatches, heard such a sodaine voice of mirth, hee called unto the

master, and demaunded what it meant. The master answered, We rejoyce, and be you glad also with us, my lorde, for this day we doe solemnize the feast of your birth. Then Apollonius sighed, and said himselfe : All keepe hollyday save I onely, and let it suffice unto my servants that I only remaine in sorrow and heavinesse : howbeit, I give unto them ten peeces of gold, to buy what they will to keepe holyday withall. But whosoever shall call me unto the feast, or goe about to provoke me unto mirth, I commaund that his thighes shall be broken. So the cater tooke the money, and went aland, and provided necessaries, and returned againe unto the ship.

CHAP. XVI.

How Athanagoras, prince of Machilenta, seeing the beautie of Apollonius ship, went aboard of it, and did the best he could to comfort him.

As fortune thereto served, and delight to take the fresh aire moved Athanagoras, prince of the citie, to walk toward the sea side, he sawe Apollonius ships riding at anker: at the view wherof he tooke great pleasure, especially at the admirall, which was a great ship, and a beautiful, wherein Apollonius himself was carried, the like whereof haply he had not seene often before. This was that Athanagoras that loved Tharsia so tenderly; and he haled unto the marriners, and asked of whence that faire ship was? The marriners answered, that she came now from Tharsus. Truly, said Athanagoras, it is a faire shippe, and well appointed, and of all that I have seene I like best of her. Now, when the marriners heard their shippe so highly commended, they desired him to come aboard, whereunto he willingly graunted. And when he was come aboard, he sate downe with them at meat,

and he drue his purse, and laid downe ten peeces of gold upon the table, saying, You shall not say that you have bidden an unthankfull person: take this small summe of money at my handes for a reward; and they thanked him. But when he was set downe, and beheld al that sate at the boord, hee demaunded who was owner of the ship, and where he was? The maister answered, our owner is sicke, and weake with sorrowe and taking thought, and needes will die. He lost his wife uppon the sea, and his daughter in a strange land. Athanagoras said unto one of the servants called Ardalius, I will give thee two peeces of gold, to go down and tell thy master that the prince of this citie desireth him to come up out of darknesse into light. The servaunt answered: I cannot buy new thighes for thy golde, and therefore get some man els to go on the errand, for he hath said that whosoever troubleth him, his thighes shall be broken. That law hath he made over you, said Athanagoras, and not over mee, and therefore I will go downe unto him: but first tell me, I pray you, what you call his name? They answered, Apollonius: And when he heard that name, hee remembred in his minde that hee heard Tharsia call her father so, and he went downe unto him where he lay, whom when hee beheld, having a long beard, and rough fligged haire, and long nailes on his fingers, he was somewhat astonied, and called unto him with a soft voice, saying: Apollonius?

When Apollonius heard himselfe named, thinking it had been some of his men that had called him, arose up sodainly with a fierce countenance, and seeing a stranger looking verie comely and honourably attired, he held his peace. Then spake Athanagoras: Sir, I thinke you doe marvell, that I, being a stranger, am so bold as to come to trouble you. You shall understand that I am prince of this citie, and my name is Athanagoras. I walked by chance unto the sea-side, where beholding thy ships, especially commending this wherin thou art, for beautie and strength, I was by thy men desired to come aboard, which I did, and have eaten with them. Then

inquired I for the owner, and they told me thy name, and that thou remainest in great sorrow, and for that cause I am come downe unto thee to bring thee, if I may, out of darknesse into light, hoping that after this heavinesse God shal restore thee unto gladnesse. Apollonius lifted up his eies, saying: I thanke thee, my lord, whosoever thou art, and I beseech thee not to trouble me longer, for I am not worthy to eate meat, or make good cheare, and I will live no longer. Athanagoras much mused at this answere, and wondred at the wilfulnesse of the man, and came up uppon the decke and saide unto the servauntes: I cannot perswade your lord to come up out of that darke place into the light: what way therefore, were I best to devise to bring him from his purpose, and to preserve him from an obstinate death? For it were great pitie that a notable gentleman should so consume away in hucker mucker, and die by a dishonourable death.

CHAP. XVII.

How Athanagoras sent for Tharsia to make her father Apollonius merry; and how, after long circumstance, they came into knowledge one of another.

AND as he was devising with himselfe, it came into his mind to send for the maiden Tharsia, for which purpose he called unto him one of his men, and saide unto him: Go unto the baud; desire him to send Tharsia hither unto me, for she hath wisdom, and can move pleasant talke, and perhaps she may perswade him not to die thus wilfully. The messenger went speedily, and returned immediatly, bringing the maiden Tharsia with him unto the ship. Whom when Athanagoras beheld, Come hither unto me Tharsia, quoth he,

and shew now the uttermost of thy cunning and knowledge, in comforting the owner of the ship, which lieth in darknes and will receive no comfort, nor come abroad into the light, for the great sorrow that he taketh for his wife and his daughter. Goe unto him, good Tharsia, and prove if thou canst perswade him to come into the light; for it may be that God hath appointed by thy meanes to bring him from sorrowe into gladnesse. Which thing if thou canst bring to passe, as I am a gentleman, I will give thee thirtie sesterces of gold, and as many of silver, and I will redeeme thee from the bawd for thirtie dayes. When Tharsia heard this, she went boldly downe into the cabin unto him, and with a milde voice saluted him, saying, God save you, sir, whosoever you be, and be of good comfort, for an innocent virgin, whose life hath been distressed by shipwracke, and her chastitie by dishonestie, and yet hath both preserved, saluteth thee. Then began she to record in verses, and therewithall to sing so sweetly, that Apollonius, notwithstanding his great sorrow, wondred at her. And these were the verses which she soong so pleasantly unto the instrument:—

Amongst the harlots foule I walke,
yet harlot none am I:
The rose amongst the thorns grows,
and is not hurt thereby.
The thiefe that stole me, sure I thinke,
is slaine before this time:
A bawd me bought, yet am I not
defilde by fleshly crime.
Were nothing pleasanter to me,
than parents mine to know:
I am the issue of a king,
my bloud from kings doth flow.
I hope that God will mend my state,
and send a better day.
Leave off your teares, plucke up your heart,
and banish care a way.
Shew gladnesse in your countenance,
cast up your cheerfull eyes:

That God remains that once of nought
created earth and skies.

He will not let in care and thought
you still to live, and all for nought.

When Apollonius heard her sing these verses, lifting up his eyes and sighing, he said: Alas, poore wretch as I am! how long shall I strive with life, and abide this greevous conflict? Good maiden, I give hearty thanks both to your wisdom and nobilitie, requiting you with this one thing, that whensoever, if ever such occasion doe chance, I shall have desire to be merrie, I will then thinke on you, or if ever I be restored unto my kingdome. And perhaps, as you say, you are descended of the race of kings, and indeed you doe well represent the nobilitie of your parentage. But nowe, I pray you, receive this reward at my handes, an hundred peeces of golde, and depart from me and trouble me no longer; for my present grieve is renewed by your lamentable recitall, and I consume with continuall sorrowe. When the maid had received the reward, she was about to depart. Then spake Athanagoras: Whither goest thou, Tharsia, quoth hee? hast thou taken paine without profite, and canst thou not worke a deed of charitie, and relieve the man that wil consume his life with mourning? Tharsia answered: I have done all that I may, and he hath given me an hundred peeces of gold, and desired me to depart. I wil give thee two hundred, said Athanagoras, and goe downe unto him againe, and give him his money, and say unto him, I seeke thy health and not thy money. Then went Tharsia downe againe, and set her selfe downe by him, and saide unto him: Sir, if you bee determined to continue alwaies in this heavinesse, give mee leave, I pray you, to reason a little with you. And I meane to propose certaine parables unto you, which if you can resolve, I will then depart, and restore your money. But Apollonius, not willing to receive the money againe, but thankfully to accept whatsoever shee should utter, without discouraging of her, Albeit in my troubles, quoth he, I have none other felicitie but to weepe and lament, yet because I will not want the

ornamentes of your wisdome, demaund of me whatsoever shall be your pleasure, and while I am aunswering you, pardon me, I pray you, if sometime I give libertie unto my teares, and shall not be able to speake for sobbing. Sir, I wil beare with you somewhat in that respect said Tharsia, and nowe if it please you I will begin :

A certaine house on earth there is,
that roomths hath large and wide :
The house makes noise, the guests makes none,
that therein doth abide ;
But house and guest continually,
together forth doe slide.

Now, if indeed you be a prince, as your men say you are, it behooveth you to be wiser than a simple maiden, and to resolve my probleme. Apollonius answered : Maiden, to the intent you may not thinke you were tolde a lie, hearken now to the resolution.

The house on the earth is the sea or every great water: the fish is the dumbe guest, which followeth the water whither soever it runne. Sir, you have answered truely, said Tharsia ; and now I assaile you the second time :

In length forth long I runne,
faire daughter of the wood,
Accompanied with many a one,
of foote and force as good,
Though many waies I walke,
but steps appeare none where I stood.

Apollonius answered : If I might be so bold, and opportunitie served thereto, I could declare unto you many things that you doe not knowe, faire maiden ; but not interrupting your questions whereunto I have to answere, wherein I much wonder at your yoong yeares, so plentifully fraught with excellent knowledge, but to come to the purpose : The daughter of the wood is the tree whereof is made the long ship, which is accompanied with many companions, and

walketh uppon the seas many wayes leaving no print, or footsteppes behinde. You have guessed right, said Tharsia, and therefore nowe I propose my third parable :

There is an house through which the fire
doth passe, and doth no harme :
Therein is heat, which none may moove :
from thence, it is so warme :
A naked house, and in that house
guests naked doe desire
To dwell, from whence if boords you draw,
then fall you in the fire.

Apollonius answered : Maiden, this that you meane, were a meet place for men that live in delight and pleasure ; and the time hath been, when I have also delighted in the bath and hoat-house, where the heate entreth through the crevices of the boordes and chinkes of the stones, and where by reason of sweating, it behooveth a man to be naked. When he had done speaking, Tharsia wondering at his wisdom, and the rather lamenting his discomfortableness, threw her selfe uppon him, and with clasped armes embraced him, saying, O good gentleman, hearken unto the voice of her that beseecheth thee, and have respect to the suite of a virgin, that thinking it a far unworthy thing that so wise a man should languish in griefe, and die with sorrow. But if God of his goodnes would restore unto thee thy wife safe, whom thou so much lamented ; or if thou shouldst find thy daughter in good case, whom thou supposest to be dead, then wouldest thou desire to live for joy. Then Apollonius fell in a rage, and forgetting all courtesie, his unbridled affection stirring him thereunto, rose up sodainly, and stroke the maiden on the face with his foote, so that shee fell to the ground, and the bloud gushed plentifully out of her cheekes. And like it is that shee was in a swoone, for so soone as shee came to her selfe, shee beganne to weepe, saying, O immortall God, which madest heaven and earth, looke uppon my afflictions,

and take compassion uppon mee ! I was borne among the waves and troublesome tempests of the sea. My mother died in pangues and paines of childbed, and buriall was denied her upon the earth, whom my father adorned with jewels, and laid twentie sesterces of gold at her head, and as much in silver at her feete, and inclosed her in a chest, and committed her to the sea. As for mee, unfortunate wretch, I was at Tharsus committed to Stranguilio and wicked Dionisiades his wife, whom my father put in trust with me, with mony and princely furniture, and their servants were commanded to slay me. And when I desired time to pray, which was granted me, there came pyrates in the meane while, and carried me away, and brought me unto this wofull city, where I was solde to a most cruell bawd, and with much adoe have preserved my virginitie ; and I see nothing ensuing but continuall sorrowe, whereof I feele both nowe and every day some part, and shall doe ever more and more, until it please God to restore me unto my father Apollonius.

Apollonius gave good eare unto her words, and was strangely moved within himselfe, knowing that all these signes and tokens were most certaine that she was his daughter, and hee cried out with a mighty voice and saide: O mercifull God, which beholdest heaven, earth, and hell, and discoverest all the secretes therein, blessed bee thy most holy name for ever ! and when he had said those words, he fell upon his daughter Tharsias necke, and kissed her, and for extreame joy wept bitterly, saying: O my most sweete and onely daughter, the halfe part of my life, for the love of thee I lust not nowe to die, for I have found thee for whome I had desire to die onely. And therewithall he cryed out aloud, saying: Come hither my servants and frends, come ye al hither, and see now the end of all my sorrow, for I have found my deare daughter and onelie childe which I had lost. When the servants heard the noise, they came hastily together, and with them prince Athanagoras ; and when they came downe under the hatches, they found Apollonius weeping for joy, and leaning upon his daughters

shoulders, and he said unto them: Behold here my daughter, for whom I have mourned; beholde the one halfe of my life, for whose sake I nowe desire to live. And they al rejoyced and wept with him for company, and thanked God for that happy day.

CHAP. XVIII.

Howe Apollonius, leaving off mourning, came into the citie Machilenta, where he commaunded the Bawd to be burned; and how Tharsia was married unto prince Athanagoras.

THARSIA, hearing her fathers words, fell down at his feet and kissed him, saying, O father, blessed be God that hath given me the grace to see you, and that I may die with you! But Apollonius lifted up his heart, and cast away his mourning apparell, and put on other sweet and cleane raiment. And when Athanagoras and the servants looked earnestly upon him, and upon his daughter, they wondred, saying, O my lord Apollonius, how like in countenance is your daughter Tharsia unto you! that, if you had no other argument, this were sufficient prooffe to shewe that she is your childe. Apollonius thanked them, saying, that now he stode not in any doubt thereof. Then Tharsia beganne to discourse unto her father, howe she was sold unto the bawd, and howe hee thrust her into the common brothell, and by what meanes she alwayes preserved her chastitie, and howe much she was bounden unto good prince Athanagoras, there present. Now, Athanagoras was a widower, and a lusty yoong gentleman, and prince of the citie, as it is declared; who, fearing lest Tharsia should be bestowed in marriage upon some other man, and using the benefite of the time, cast him selfe downe at Apollonius feete, and besought

him for her, saying, Most noble prince, I beseech you for the living Gods sake, which hath thus myraculously restored the father unto his daughter, bestowe not your daughter upon any other in marriage then me onely. I am prince of this citie, and through my meanes she hath continued a virgin, and by my procurement she is now come unto the knowledge of thee her father. Apollonius courteously embracing him, answered: I thanke you most heartily, good prince Athanagoras, for your friendly offer, which I may in no wise gain-say, both in respect of your owne woorthinesse and for the pleasure which you have shewed my daughter, and, therefore you have my good will to be her husband. Then, turning his face towards Tharsia, How say you, my deare daughter? said he: are you contented to bee wife unto Athanagoras? Tharsia, with blushing cheeks, answered: Yea forsooth, father; for since I came from Stranguilioes house, I never found rest nor pleasure saving through his alonely curtesie. Nowe, whether Athanagoras rejoyced at this answere or not, I referre me to the judgement of those, who, being passionate with the same affection, would be well pleased with a joyntly grant of the like good wil. When these matters were thus concluded, Apollonius mooved Athanagoras concerning revenge to be executed uppon the bawd. Then Athanagoras tooke his leave for awhile of Apollonius, and departeth unto the citie, and, calling al the citizens together to the market place, he spake thus unto them. My friends, and welbeloved citizens, understand ye that Apollonius, prince of Tyrus, and father unto Tharsia, is arrived in our coast with a great fleete of ships, wherein hee hath brought a mighty army of men to destroy our city for the bawds sake, who placed his daughter in a common brothell, to hire out the use of her body for monie. Wherefore looke unto your selves, and advise your selves what you were best to doe, for it were pittie that the whole citie should perish for one wicked mans sake.

When, as hee had made an ende of this speech, the whole

multitude trembled and was sore afraide, and forthwith determined that they would all, as well men, women, and children, goe forth to see prince Apollonius, and to crave pardon of him. Not so, said Athanagoras, but we will desire him to come peaceablie into our citie, and what he list to commaund shall be fulfilled. The people liked well of that counsel, and committed the matter unto his discretion wholly to provide for their safetie. Then went he forth unto Apollonius, and desired him, in the peoples name, to come into the citie, where he should be most heartily welcome. Apollonius refused not that friendly offer, but immediately prepared himselfe to goe with him; and caused his head to be polled, and his beard to be trimmed, and his nailes to be pared, and put on a princely robe upon his backe, and a crowne of golde upon his head, and so passed forth together upon the way.

And when they were come into the citie, the citizens saluted Apollonius, and hee was placed in the highest seate whence the prince was wont to give judgement, and his daughter Tharsia by his side, and he spake unto the people in this manner following: Good people of the city of Machilenta, you see the virgine Tharsia, whome I, her father, have found out this present day: hir hath the most filthie bawd, as much as in him lay, constrained to dishonest her body, to her utter destruction. From which his devillish purpose no intreatie could persuade him, no price could allure him. Wherefore, my request unto you (good people) is, that I may have due revenge on him for the injury done unto my daughter. When the people heard his reasonable demaund, they cried out with one accord, saying: My lorde Apollonius, we judge that he be burned alive, and his goods be given unto the maiden Tharsia. The revenge pleased Apollonius well, and forthwith they apprehended the bawd, and bound him hand and foot; and they made a great fire, and at Apollonius commaundement cast him alive into it, and burnt him to ashes. Then called

Tharsia for the villaine, and saide unto him: Because by thy meanes, and all the citizens, I have hitherto remained a virgine even untill my fathers comming, my will is that thou be free; and, moreover, here I give unto thee two hundred peeces of gold for a reward. Secondly, she called for all the women that were in the bawdes brothell, and saide unto them: Good women, whose chances, perhaps, hath beene as greevous unto you as mine was unto me, I set you al at liberty; and whereas heretofore you have gained money by hiring foorth the use of your bodies, receive of mee here this rewarde, that you may live hereafter more in the feare of God, and practise some more commendable way to sustaine necessitie: and therewithall she gave to everie one of them a rewarde, and so dismissed them. And when all these things were ended, Apollonius, minding to depart, spake unto the people, saying: Noble prince Athanagoras, and beloved citizens of Machilenta, I acknowledge my selfe much bounden to you, and I yeeld you hearty thanks for all your benefites bestowed uppon me and my daughter. And now, in recompence thereof, I give unto you fifty poundes weight of golde to be divided amongst you, that, when I am gone from you, you may be mindefull of me.

The citizens thanked him, and bowed their heads in token of reverence; and they agreed together, and they erected two statues of brasse, one unto him, another to his daughter, in the market place of the citie, with these superscriptions written in their bases: *Unto Apollonius, prince of Tyrus, the preserver of our houses; and unto his vertuous daughter Tharsia, a virgin, the mindefull citizens of Machilenta have erected those monuments.* But Apollonius, remembring the great curtesie of Athanagoras, and his promise made unto him concerning Tharsia, appointed a short time for their mariage, against which there was great provision as might be at so smal warning. The solemnities, riches, braverie, cost, feasts, revelles, intertainement, and all things else appertaining thereunto, and requisite for so great personages, I shall

not here neede particularly to set downe, since every man may judge what belongeth to such a matter, and none can precisely describe this, unlesse he had beene there present. Of this thing sure I am, that this mariage brought great pleasure to the father, contentment to the parties, and joy to all the people.

CHAP. XIX.

How Apollonius, meaning to saile into his owne countrey by Tharsus, was commaunded by an Angel in the night to go to Ephesus, and there to declare all his adventures in the Church with a loude voice.

THE solemnities of the wedding being finished, Apollonius made haste to depart; and all things being in a readinesse, he tooke shipping with his sonne in lawe and his daughter, and weyghed anchor, and committed the sailes unto the winde, and went their way, directing their course evermore towarde Tharsus, by which Apollonius purposed to passe unto his owne countrie Tyrus. And when they had sailed one whole day, and night was come, that Apollonius laide him downe to rest, there appeared an angell in his sleepe, commaunding him to leave his course toward Tharsus, and to saile unto Ephesus, and to go into the temple of Diana, accompanied with his sonne in lawe and his daughter, and there with a loude voyce to declare all his adventures, whatsoever had befallen him from his youth unto that present day.

When Apollonius awoke in the morning, he wondered at the vision, and called for Athanagoras, his sonne in lawe, and his daughter Tharsia, and declared it to them in order as is before recited. Then saide he unto them, What counsell do you give me in this matter? They answered, Whatsoever it

pleaseth to you to doe, that we shall well like of. Then Apollonius called unto him the master of the shippe, and commaunded him to winde saile, and coast towards Ephesus, which he did; and immediately the winde served them so prosperously, that in fewe dayes they safely arrived there. Apollonius and his companie forthwith forsooke their shippes, and came aland, and, according to the commaundement of the angell, tooke his journey to the temple of Diana, where as it is before mentioned, his long lamented wife, lady Lucina, remained in vertuous life and holy contemplation among the religious nunnes. And when he was come thither, he besought one of the nunnes, that had the keeping of the temple, that he might have licence to go in, and she willingly granted his request, and opened the doore unto him. By this time report was blown abroad, that a certaine strange prince was lately landed with his sonne in lawe and his daughter, in very costly and rich ornaments, and gone into the temple; and the ladie Lucina, as desirous as the rest to see the strangers, decked her head with rich attire, and put on a purple robe, and, with convenient retinue attending upon her, came into the temple.

Now, Lucina was passing beautifull, and, for the great love which she bare unto chastitie, all men revered her, and there was no virgin in al the number in like estimation unto her. Whom when Apollonius beheld, although he knew not what she was, yet such was the exceeding brightnes and majestie of her countenance, that he fel downe at her feet, with his sonne in law likewise, and his daughter; for hee thought shee glittered like a diademe, and exceeded the brightest starres in beautie. But Lucina curteously lifted them up from the ground, and bid them welcome, and afterward went to bestow the plate and ornaments of the temple in decent order, which thing was part of the nunnes duety. Then Apollonius settled himselfe to doe as the angell had commaunded him in the vision, and thus he beganne to say: I, being borne prince of Tyrus, was called Apollonius; and when in youth I had

attained unto all kinde of knowledge, I resolved the cruel king Antiochus parable, to the intent to have married with his daughter, whome he most shamefully defiled, and kept her from all men to serve his owne filthie lust, and sought meanes to slay me. Then I fled away, and lost all my goodes in the sea, hardly escaping my selfe with life, and in my greatest extremitie I was courteously intertained by Altiistrates, king of Pentapolis; and so highly received into favor, that he left no kindes of favour on me untried, inso-much that hee bestowed upon mee his faire daughter and onelie childe, Lucina, to be my wife. But when Antiochus and his daughter, by the just judgement of God, were stroken dead with lightning from heaven, I carried my wife with me to receive my kingdome, and she was delivered of this my daughter and hers upon the sea, and died in the travell: whome I enclosed in a chest, and threwe into the sea, laying twentie sesterces of golde at her head, and as much in silver at her feete, to the intent that they that should find her might have wherewithall to bury her honorably, leaving also a superscription that they might perceive with what griefe of her friends she died, and of what princelie parentage shee descended. Afterwardes I arrived at the citie of Tharsus, where I put in trust my yoong daughter to be brought up unto certain wicked persons; and from thence I departed unto the higher partes of Egypt. But when from that time fourteene yeeres were expired, and I returned thither to fetch my daughter, they told me that shee was dead, which I beleeving to be true, put on mourning attire, and desired nothing so much as to die: and while I was in that extremitie of sorrowe, and determined to have sayled unto Tyrus, while I was on my way upon the sea, the winde turned, and there arose a tempest, and drave me unto the citie Machilenta, where my daughter was restored unto me. Then went I with my sonne in law, and my daughter once againe, to have sailed unto Tyrus by Tharsus; and as I was now in the journey, I was admonished in my sleepe by

an angell to turne my course unto Ephesus; and there in the temple to declare aloud al my adventures that had befallen me, since my youth unto this present day, which hath hitherto guided me in all my troubles, will nowe send an happy end unto all mine afflictions.

CHAP. XX.

How Apollonius came to the knowledge of his wife, the ladie Lucina; and how they rejoyced at the meeting of ech other.

THE ladie Lucina was not so busie in executing her office in the church, but that she gave also attentive eare unto her lord Apollonius talke, whom at the first she knew not. But when shee heard the long discourse, whereby she knewe by all signes that hee was her husband, and shee was his wife, her heart burned within her, and she could scarce temper her affections untill hee had done talking. Yet measuring her love with modestie, as nowe of long time having learned the true trade of pacience, shee gave him libertie to make an end, which done, shee ran hastily unto him, and embraced him hard in her armes, and woulde have kissed him. Which thing, when Apollonius sawe, hee was mooved with disdain, and thrust her from him, as misliking such lightnesse in her, whose modestie and good grace hee had so lately before commended in his heart, and nothing at all suspecting that she had been his wife. Then shee, pouring forth teares abundantly, O, my lord Apollonius, said she, the one halfe of my life, why deale you thus ungently with me? I am your wife, daughter unto Altistrates, king of Pentapolis, and my name is Lucina. And you are Apollonius, prince of Tyrus, my lord and deare husband, and you are my schoolemaister, which taught mee musicke: and moreover you are the sea-

wrecked man whom I especially loved above many, not for concupiscence sake, but for desire of wisdom. When Apollonius heard these words, he was sodainly astonied; and as the strangenes of the chance appalled him much, so the great joy revived his spirites againe, and he cast his eies earnestly uppon her, and immediatly called her to remembrance, and knewe her, and fell uppon her necke, and for exceeding joy brast out into teares; and then, lifting up his handes and eyes to heaven, hee saide: Blessed be the moste mightie God of heaven, which sitteth above and beholdeth the state of men on earth, and dealeth with them according to his great mercie; who nowe also of his unspeakeable goodnesse hath restored unto mee my wife and my daughter.

Then did hee most lovingly embrace and kisse his ladie, whom he supposed long before to be dead; and shee likewise requited him with the like fruites of good will and courtesie, whom she surely thought she should never have seene againe. And when they had continued a good space in intertaining the one another, O, my moste deare lord Apollonius, saide the lady Lucina, where is my childe whereof I was delivered? Apollonius aunswered: My best beloved ladie, it was a daughter, and she was named Tharsia, and this is she: and therewithal he shewed her Tharsia. Then kissed and embraced she her daughter, and likewise her sonne in law Athanagoras, and they greatly rejoyced one in another. And when report heereof was spread abroad, there was great joy throughout all the citie of Ephesus; and the report has blowen about in everie place, how prince Apollonius had found out his ladie and wife among the nunnes in the temple. Then Lucina discoursed unto her lord and husband, Apollonius, of the strange accidents that happened unto her after his casting her forth into the sea; namely, howe her chest was cast on land at the coast of Ephesus, and taken up by a phisition; and how she was revived and by him adopted, and, for preservation of her honestie, placed among the nunnes in the temple of Diana,

where hee then found her, accordingly as it appeareth before in the historie; wherefore they blessed the name of God, and yeelded most heartie thanks unto him, that hee had preserved them hitherto, and graunted them so joyfull a meeting.

CHAP. XXI.

How Apollonius departed from Ephesus, and sailed himselfe, his wife, his sonne, and daughter, unto Antiochia, and then to Tyrus, and from thence to Tharsus, where he revenged himselfe upon Stranguilio and Dionisiades.

APOLLONIUS and Lucina his wife, and the residue of their traine, having rested themselves and made merrie sufficient time at Ephesus, when the winde served, tooke leave of their friendes, and went aboard of their ships, and lanced from the shore, and departed unto Antiochia; where, according as Calamitus, the maister of the ship of Tyrus, had tolde him before, the kingdome was reserved for him since the death of Antiochus. But when the citizens heard that he was arrived, they were all exceeding glad, and put on their bravest apparell, and garlandes of bayes upon their heads, and went forth in procession to meet him, and brought him in triumph into the citie, and crowned him king with all joy and gladnesse. And when all the solemnities of the coronation, the feastes, triumphes, largesses, and pardons, were finished, hee abode with them certaine daies to dispose some matters in order that required redresse, and to establish certaine lawes for the due administration of justice. Which being all accomplished according to his desire, he tooke his leave of the citizens, and with his wife, sonne, and daughter, departed to the sea, and sayled unto Tyrus, his owne native

country, where he was joyfully received of his subjects, and found his kingdome governed in good order. There placed he for his lieuutenant his sonne in lawe, Athanagoras, which had married his daughter Tharsia, to rule the countrey in his absence; and when he had aboden a convenient time amongst them to make merrie, and to provide necessities for his farther affaires, he levied in shorter space a mightie armie of the best approoved souldiours, with sufficient store of money and munition, and taking with him, moreover, his lady, and his daughter Tharsia, tooke shipping in the haven, and had so prosperous winde, that in few dayes they landed in the coast of Tharsus. And when they were come all ashoare, they marched forward in battell aray, and came into the citie to the great terrour of al the inhabitantes.

When hee was come into the market-place, he commaunded that Stranguilio and Dionisiades should be brought before him, which being done, he thus spake unto the people: Ye citizens of Tharsus, I am come hither in armes, as you see, not moved by my will, but constrained by injurie. Wherefore, tell me, was I ever unthankfull unto your citie in generall, or unto any of you al in particular? They all answered with one voice, No, my lord; and therefore wee are ready all to spend our lives in thy quarrell: and, as thou knowest well, wee have erected heere, in perpetuall memorie of thee, a statue of brasse, because thou preservedst us from death, and our citie from utter destruction. Then said Apollonius, Understand, then, this much, my friends, that, when I departed last from this citie, I committed my daughter in trust unto Stranguilio and his wife Dionisiades; and when I came to require her they would not deliver her unto me, nor tell me the trueth what is become of her. Immediately they were both called forth to aunswere unto these matters before Apollonius, where, falling downe on their knees before him, Dionisiades answered in this manner. My lord, I beseech you, stand favourable unto my poore husband and mee, and not to beleeve any other thing concerning your daughter, then that shee is

departed this life. And as for hir grave, you have seene it, and also the monument of brasse erected by the whole citie in the memoriall of her, and, moreover, you have read the superscription. Then Apollonius commaunded his daughter to stand foorth in the presence of them all; and shee saide unto Dionisiades: Beholde, thou wicked woman, dead Tharsia is come to greete thee, who, as thou diddest well hope, shoulde never have been forth comming to have bewrayed thy wickednesse. But when the miserable woman beheld Tharsia, her heart quaked for feare, and shee fell to the ground in a swoond; and when shee recovered againe, shee cried out upon the just judgement of God, and cursed the time that shee was borne. And all the people ranne thronging about Tharsia, and wondered at her, thinking howe greatly they had been of long time abused by Stranguilio and Dionisiades; and they rejoyced much in her safetie, and all knewe by her countenance that it was shee, and none other.

O, now, who were able to declare the bitter grieffe and intolerable care which eftsoones assaied the wearisome consciences of these twaine, the husband and the wife, when they sawe her living and in good liking before their faces, whose death they had so traiterously conspired? Even hell it selfe is not comparable unto so heavie a burden, the unspeakable weight whereof all men ought to feare, and none can sufficiently describe unlesse hee have been semblably plunged in the like gulfes of horrible desperation. Then Tharsia called for Theophilus, Stranguilios villaine, and when he was come into her presence, shee saide unto him: Theophilus, aunswere mee aloud, that all the people may heare, who sent thee forth to slay me? Hee aunswered, Dionisiades, my mistresse. What mooved her thereunto? saide Tharsia. None other thing, I suppose, saide the villaine, but to enjoy the money and ornaments, and also because thy beautie and comelinesse were commended above Philomacias, her daughters. Nowe, when the people heard this, they ranne uppon Stranguilio and Dionisiades, and tooke them violently, and bound them, and drew

them out of the citie, and stoned them to death; and would likewise have slaine Theophilus, the villaine, for that, at his mistresse commandement, he would have murdered the innocent maiden. But Tharsia intreated for him, saying, Not so, my deare friends: I pray you let me obtaine pardon for him at your handes; for unlesse he had given me respite to say my praier, I had not been heere now to have spoken for him: and when she had said so, the furious multitude was appeased. And Apollonius gave many exceeding rich giftes unto the citie, and repaired it strongly in many places where it was decaied, and abode there with them the space of three monethes in feasting and making merry before he departed.

CHAP. XXII.

How Apollonius sailed from Tharsus to visite his father-in-law, Altistrates, king of Pentapolis, who died not long after Apollonius comming thither.

THE terme of three monethes that Apollonius purposed for his delight to remaine at Tharsus was almost expired, and he commanded all things to be prepared for the journey; and when the day was come, hee made generall proclamation, upon paine of death, every man to ship. And when the whole army was imbarcked, he took ship himselfe with his wife and his daughter, being honourably accompanied by the citizens unto the water side; and after due courtesie on both sides done and received, he hoysed sayle, and departed towards Pentapolis, king Altistrates citie. And when they had sailed with prosperous winde ten dayes upon the sea, they discovered a farre off the steeples and towres of Pentapolis, and the souldiers rejoyced and gave a shout for gladnesse that they were so neere to their wished land. Then they cast about, and cut towards the haven, and cast anker, and landed all safe; and

Apollonius, with his wife and daughter, after hee had taken order for the companie, rode unto the court unto king Altistrates, whom they found in good health, and merry. And when Altistrates saw his sonne-in-lawe, his daughter, and his neece Tharsia, hee bid them welcome, and rejoyced exceedingly, and sent for the nobles of his land to keepe them companie, and gave them the best entertainment that hee could devise. And they sojourned with him an whole yeare in pleasure and pastime, whereof the king tooke as great comfort as was possible for a man to doe in any worldly felicitie.

But as there was never yet any thing certaine or permanent in this mortall life, but alwaies we be requited with sowre sauce to our sweete meate, and when wee thinke ourselves surest in the top of joy, then tilt wee downe soonest into the bottome of sorrow, so fared it now unto these personages in the midst of their jollitie; for the good old king Altistrates fell sodainly sick, which much appalled them all, and grew everie day weaker than other. Then were the phisitions sent for in haste, who left nothing untried that appertained unto art and experience to doe; and, above all, Apollonius, and Lucina his wife, plaied the parts of duetifull children, in tending their aged and weake father with all care and diligence possible. But, alas! olde age, which of it selfe is an uncurable sicknesse, and had been growing nowe well nigh an hundred yeares, lacking seven, upon him, accompanied with the intollerable paine of the gowt, and the stone of the bladder, had consumed naturall moisture; so that his force gave over to the disease, and shortely after changed this transitorie life for a better. When report was spread abroad of the kings death, there was great sorrowe and lamentation made in all places, neither was there any that tooke not grievously the losse of so good a prince. But to describe the inward affliction of Apollonius, and the teares of the ladie Lucina, and Tharsia her daughter, woulde make any heart of flint to bleede, considering the tender affections of women above men, and howe prone they bee that way; yea, some-

time (God knowes) in smaller causes than at the death of husband, father, or mother. But as al things have their time, so have sorrowe and teares also, which are best dried up with the towell of continuance; which gave nowe just occasion unto Apollonius to cast off drowsie sorrowe, and to provide for the funeralles of his father-in-lawe, which he accomplished with so seasonable expedition, and in so honourable a sort, as was seemely for so mighty a king and so vertuous a prince, whome hee buried among the auntient race of kings, his auncestours, in the Temple within the citie of Pentapolis. Which beeing all finished, as it is also a worke of charitie to fulfill the will of the dead, he applied himselfe to execute his fathers testament, wherein he had given halfe his kingdome unto Apollonius, and the other halfe to Tharsia his neece, to have and to holde to them and to their heires for ever.

CHAP. XXIII.

How Apollonius rewarded the fisherman that releevd him after hee had suffered shipwracke: howe hee dealt also with olde Calamitus, and likewise with the Pyrates that stole away Tharsia.

By this time, when all cares were banished, and Apollonius injoyed his kingdome in quiet possession, he gave himselfe sometimes to delight, as other princes are wont to do. And it fortun'd that on a day when he had dined, he walked foorth for recreation unto the sea side, with his wife and a fewe servants. And when hee came there, he sawe a small fisher boat fleeting under saile, which hee thought by all signes he should knowe well; for hee supposed it to be the fishermans boat which succoured him when he had suffered ship-

wracke in sailing from Tharsus towards Pentapolis. Wherefore hee commaunded some of his servantes to take another shippe which rode at anchor there on the shore, to go after and take him, and to bring the fisherman unto him unto the court. When the poore man saw himselfe boorded of so many and so gay a multitude, hee feared they had beene pyrates, and that they woulde have slaine him; and he fell downe on his knees, and besought them to have compassion upon him: he was but a poore fisherman, and had not that which they sought for: it were others that were more fit for their purpose to meete withall, such as ventured further in greater vesselles, carrying forth great summes of money, and bringing home plenty of costly merchandize. As for him, they should not only find miserable povertie in ransacking his boat, but, if they were also determined to take away his life from him, they should likewise, with the same stroke, bereave the lives of his poore wife, and many small children, which were maintained by his hand onely. These or the like words uttered then the poore fisherman. But they smiling in their conceits, and mindefull of their princes commaundement, bade him not feare that they would robbe him, but saide that he must goe with them, and brought him away unto the court. And when he was come into the kings presence, Apollonius knewe him well, and saide unto the queene and the nobles that were about him: Behold, this is the man that received me into his house, and succoured mee when I suffered shipwracke, and shewed me the way into the citie, by which meanes I came acquainted with good king Altistrates. And he rose out of his seate, and embraced him, and said: I am Apollonius, prince of Tyrus, whome thou diddest succour, and therefore bee of good cheere, for thou shalt be rewarded. And the poore fisherman wept exceedingly for joy. And Apollonius commaunded two hundred sesterces of gold to be given unto him, and thirty servants, and twenty handmaides, and fortie horses, and fiftie sutes of apparell, and a faire pallace to dwel in, and made

him an earle, and used no man so familiarly as he did him all the dayes of his life. Nowe it was not long after that these things were done, but one called Calamitus, the master of the ship of Tyrus, an olde man, who, as we have before declared, shewed unto Apollonius, as hee was walking by the sea side with Lucina, that Antiochus and his daughter were dead, and the kingdome was reserved for him, came before Apollonius, and, falling downe on his knees, Remember me, my most gracious lorde Apollonius, saide hee, since the time I tolde your grace the good tidings of king Antiochus death.

Then king Apollonius tooke him up by the hand, and caused him to sit downe by him, and talked familiarly with him, and gave him great thankes, and made him a great lord in his countrey. Thus Apollonius busied himselfe, not onely in bestowing himselfe curteously at home, but he also provided as well for the quiet government of the state abroad; as it appeared by the diligence of his officers, who, having lately taken certaine pyrates upon the sea, brought them to Pentapolis, where Apollonius then remained, to have justice executed upon them. When they were arrived, they were found guilty of the facte of which they were accused, and the next day being appointed for them to suffer, when they came unto the gallowes, they confessed many robberies, and among store, how once at Tharsus they rescued a maide named Tharsia from a villaine that would have slaine her, and brought her to Machilenta, where they solde her to him that offered most money, and hee which bought her (as they thought) was a bawd. When the citizens, who were none of them ignorant of the ladie Tharsias adventures, heard this, they stayed execution, and sent word unto king Apollonius, saying: May it please your grace to understand that we have certaine pyrates at the gallowes ready to be executed, and it appeareth that they be those that stole away the lady Tharsia, your daughter, from Tharsus, and sold her to the bawd at Machilenta: which when we perceived, we thought

it good to know your graces pleasure what shall be doone with them. Apollonius thanked them, and willed the pirats to be brought before him, and examined them diligently, and found that they were the same men indeede that had preserved Tharsias life. And hee gave great thankes unto God and them, and imbraced them, and willingly pardoned them their lives.

And for that he knew that the sinister means which they hitherto had insued was caused most by constraint, for want of other trade or abilitie to live by, he therefore made them all knights, and gave them plenty of gold and silver, and indowed them also with great possessions.

CHAP. XXIIII.

How Apollonius had a yoong sonne and heire by his wife Lucina ; likewise of Apollonius age, and how he died ; with some other accidents thereunto incident.

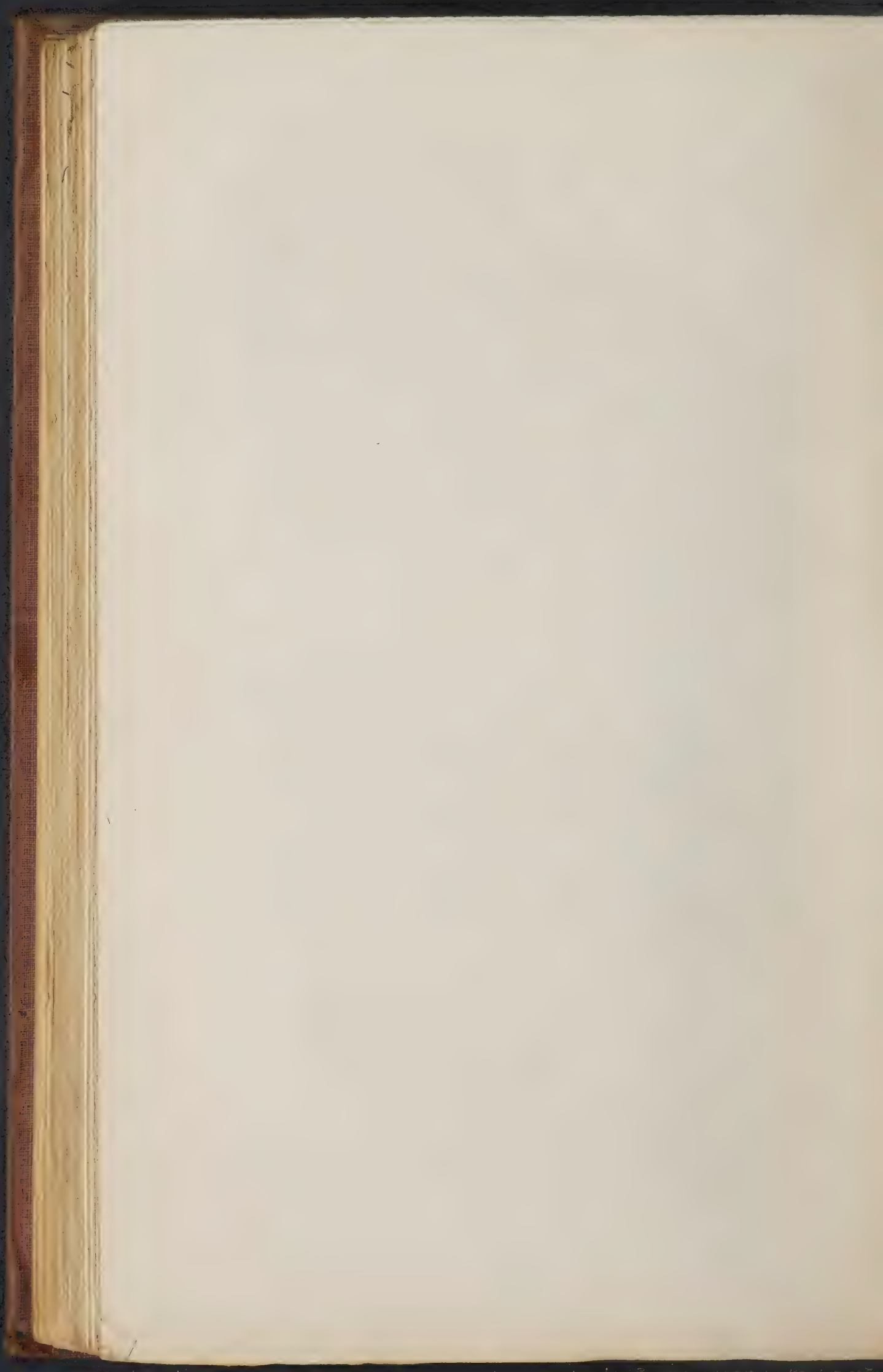
WHILE king Apollonius thus passed forth his time in rewarding his friends which had doone him pleasure in his adversitie, the part of a thankful and good natured man, and also unto his enemies in ministering justice with mercie, which is the duetie of a vertuous prince, the queene Lucina in the meane season conceived childe, and grewe every daie bigger bellied then other. And when the time came that she attended for a good houre, she was delivered of a faire sonne, whome some of the ladies that were present saide hee was like Apollonius the father ; other some, like king Altistrates the grandfather, and others judged otherwise, according as is the custome of women to doe, when as (God knoweth) there is no more likenesse betweene them, saving that the childe hath the generall shape and proportion of a man, than is be-

tweene Jacke fletcher and his bolt. Howbeit the boy was called Altistrates, after the grandfathers name, for whome there was much joy and triumphing, that, it had pleased God to send an heire male to governe the land, for whose life and preservation the people daily prayed, that as he was like to succede his grandfather in place and name, so hee might also be successour to his father and grandfather in honour and vertue: which as they are the true goods, so are they the chiefest inheritance of a king, and to be preferred before the greedie seeking for large dominion and riches, which are the foolish scales whereby fortune intrappeth us.

But to returne againe to our story. Great was the care and provision for the diligent bringing up of this yoong gentleman; who as he grew up more and more every day to the strength of lusty youth, so his father Apollonius decayed continually through the infirmity of weake olde age: who having passed his life with one ladie, the faire Lucina, by whome hee had two beautifull children, the ladie Tharsia and yoong Altistrates, he lived to the age of fourescore and foure yeers, and obtained the empire of three kingdomes, to wit, Tyrus, Antiochia, and Pentapolis, whome, with the helpe of his sonne in lawe Athanagoras, he governed peaceably and prosperously. Moreover, when hee had disposed the affaires of his realmes unto such of his nobilitie as were in credite about him, although at all times he had recourse unto his accustomed studies of humanitie, yet then especially hee applied his vacant time to his booke, and hee wrote the whole storie and discourse of his owne life and adventures at large, the which he caused to be written forth in two large volumes, whereof he sent one to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and placed the other in his owne library. Of which historie this is but a small abstract, promising, if ever the whole chance to come into my hands, to set it forth with all fidelitie, diligence, and expedition.

But when the fatall time was come that Apollonius olde age could no longer be sustained by the benefite of nature, he fell into certaine cold and drie diseases, in which case the

knowledge of his physitions could stand him in little steed, either by their cunning or experience. For there is no remedie against olde age, which, if the noble skill of phisicke could ever have found out, doubtlesse it would have obtained the meanes to have made the state of man immortall. Howbeit, God hath determined otherwise; and as he appointed all worldly things to have an end, so Apollonius had his dying day, wherein, in perfect sense and readie memorie, hee departed this transitorie life in the sweete armes of his loving ladie Lucina, and in the midst of his friendes, nobles, allies, kinsfolke, and children, in great honour, and love of all men. His kingdome of Tyrus he gave by will unto Athanagoras and his daughter Tharsia, and to their heires after them for ever, who lived long time together, and had much issue, both boyes and girles. Unto the queene, ladie Lucina, he gave the two kingdomes of Antiochia and Pentapolis, for terme of her life, to deale or dispose at her pleasure; and after her decease unto his sonne, lusty yoong Altistrates, and to his heires for ever. But Lucina, as she could not then be yoong, since Apollonius died so old, enjoyed not long her widows estate, but, pining away with sorrow, and wearing with age, forsooke this present world also, and followed her deare lord into the everlasting kingdome that never shall have end, which so farre exceedeth the kingdome which forthwith she left unto her yoong sonne, Altistrates, to inherite, as heavenly joyes surmount the earthly, and the bright sunne surpasseth the smallest starre.



APOLLONIUS,

PRINCE OF TYRE :

UPON WHICH SHAKESPEARE FOUNDED

PERICLES.

TOGETHER WITH

APPOLLINUS, PRINCE OF TYR,

FROM

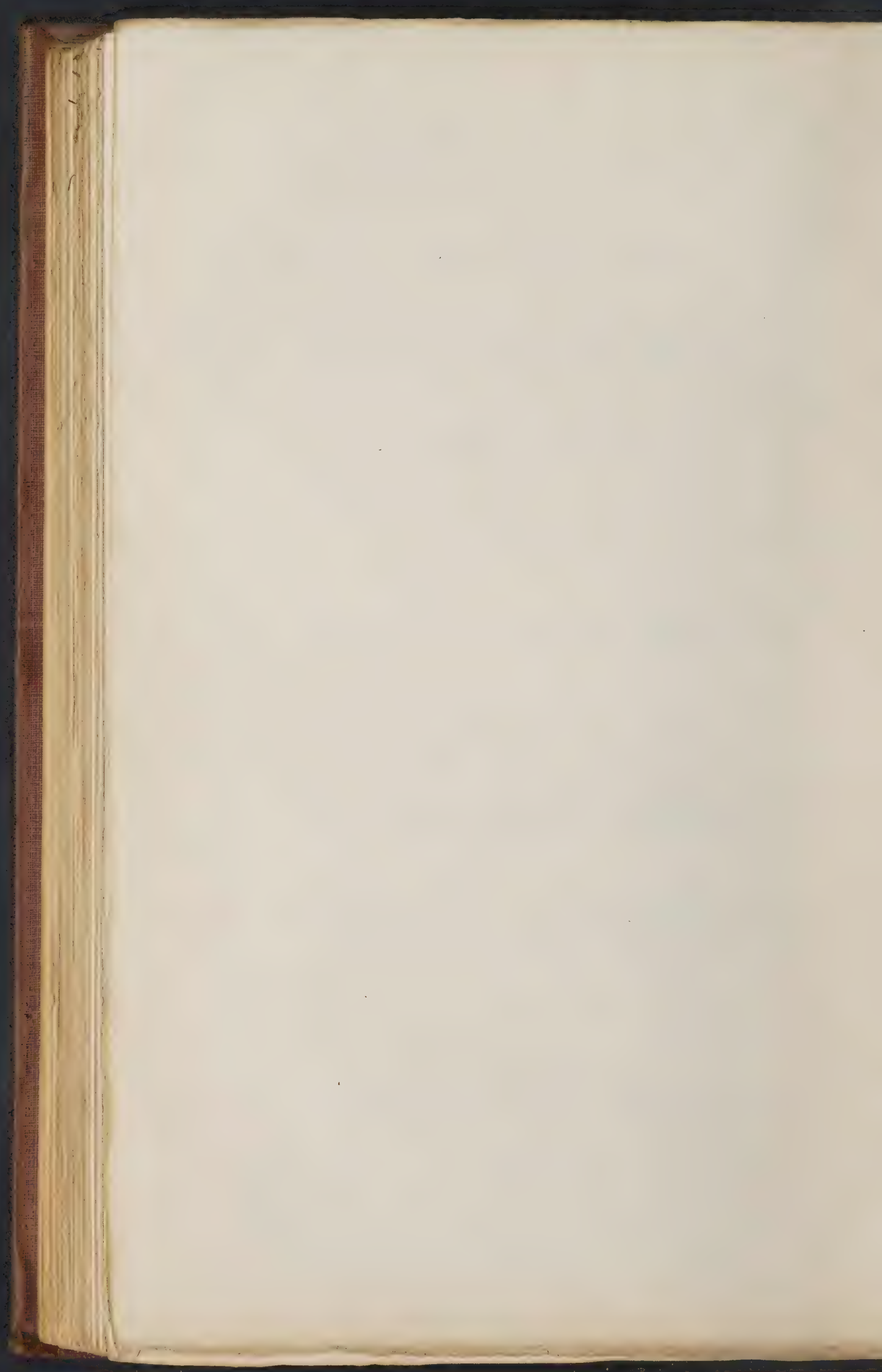
GOWER'S CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

THE FIRST REPRINTED FROM AN EARLY UNKNOWN EDITION OF LAWRENCE
TWINE'S TRANSLATION OF THE ROMANCE ; AND THE LAST
FROM A MS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

LONDON :

THOMAS RODD, 2, GREAT NEWPORT STREET.

MDCCCXLI.



INTRODUCTION.

It is not our intention to enter at all at large into the antiquity of the story upon which "Pericles" is founded. Most of the learning on the subject may be seen in Douce's "Illustrations," vol. ii, 135. Our principal object is to speak of it as a narrative of which Shakespeare made use in the composition of the play which has been printed in most of the editions of his works, and in the composition of which few have entertained a doubt that he was importantly concerned.

We have not only internal, but external evidence that there was an older play upon the same incidents. As to external evidence, the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," recently printed by the Shakespeare Society, contain (p. 21) an inventory of apparel belonging to the actor-founder of Dulwich College, including "spangled hose in Pericles;" and though the document is without date, we can have no hesitation in deciding that it was anterior to the beginning of the year 1608, when, we apprehend, "Pericles," as it has come down to us, was first produced on the stage. The internal evidence is derived from a perusal of the play itself, which bears strong marks of two hands in the authorship of it: an older and an inferior style of composition is observable in the commencement of the play; and it is upon the three last acts that we suppose Shakespeare to have been principally engaged. How much of the play, as written by some anterior author, was allowed by our great dramatist to remain, it is impossible with any accuracy to determine. Shakespeare was not the first to give it the title of "Pericles," for it seems to have borne that name when Alleyn acted in it, perhaps some years before the commencement of the seventeenth century.

The hero, at the oldest date at which we hear of him in English, was called "Kynge Appolyn of Thyre:" in 1510, under this title, Wynkyn de Worde printed the romance, as it had been translated from the French by Robert Copland. This was its first appearance in our printed literature. Who was the author of the French version used by Copland we are without information; but it is more than probable that the foundation of it was the narrative in the *Gesta Romanorum* (printed late in the 15th century), to which Belleforest was also to a certain extent indebted in his *Histoires, Tragiques*, the publication of which was commenced in 1564. Belleforest, however, claims to have gone to a distinct source, a manuscript having fallen in his way, which purported to be *tiré du Grec*: in fact, it seems to have had its origin in that language, from which it was translated into Latin, and subsequently into French, Spanish, Italian, and English. These different versions are enumerated by Mr. Douce in the work we have already referred to, but the Anglo-Saxon translation (not long since printed under the learned care of Mr. Thorpe) does not seem to have fallen in his way. Latin MSS. of it, as early as the tenth century, appear to be in existence.

The prose romance, which occupies the principal part of the succeeding pages, was first published in 1576, and how soon afterwards it was adapted to the stage in London cannot be decided. It professed originally to be "gathered into English" by Lawrence Twine, and it is singular that Malone, Steevens, and even Douce, fell into the error of attributing the translation to Thomas Twine, "the continuator of Phaer's Virgil." Lawrence Twine was brother to Thomas Twine, and both were sons of John Twine, Lawrence being the eldest, and, as Anthony Wood says, "a fellow of All Souls College, Bachelor of Civil Law, and an ingenious poet of his time" (Ath. Oxon. vol. i, 464, Edit. Bliss). He left nothing behind him in verse, as far as we now know, but certain commendatory lines to books by his friends, and the song and riddles of Tharsia hereafter inserted. How fre-

quently, and at what intervals, Lawrence Twine's "Patterne of Painefull Adventures, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie, &c. of Prince Apollonius of Tyre", was reprinted after 1576, we have no exact information; but a new edition of it came out in 1607, the very year before the play of "Pericles," as adapted to the stage by Shakespeare, would seem to have been acted. Our republication of the romance is from an edition hitherto unknown, without date, but, as we may judge from the type and other circumstances, published before the opening of the seventeenth century.

The grounds for our opinion, that Shakespeare's "Pericles," (as far as he may lay claim to its authorship) was first acted early in the year 1608, are stated in detail in "Farther Particulars regarding Shaskespeare and his Works," 8vo, 1839. As only fifty copies of that tract were printed, it may be necessary to add here, that a narrative entitled "The Painfull Adventures of Pericles, Prince of Tyre," was published in 1608, purporting to be "the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet John Gower." This "History" is derived directly from the play, as the play had been derived mainly from Twine's translation of "Prince Apollonius, of Tyre;" and it was printed in consequence of the great success that attended the performance of "Pericles," when it was brought out with Shakespeare's additions and improvements. At the time the "Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works" were collected and composed, the author was not aware of the evidence preserved in Dulwich College, and recently inserted in the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," of the existence of an earlier drama upon the same story, and under the same title as what we have been accustomed to call Shakespeare's "Pericles." Those who are in possession of the "Farther Particulars," &c. will see that the author traces and compares, in curious detail, the parallel passages in the play and in the "History" founded upon it; and he may be

said to have gone the length of establishing that certain expressions, and even lines, originally recited by the players, have been omitted in the impression of "Pericles," as it has reached us.

The reason why Shakespeare, or his predecessor, introduced "ancient Gower" to open the drama, and to deliver certain interlocutions in the course of it, will be sufficiently obvious to those who are aware that Gower makes the whole story part of his *Confessio Amantis*; a work full of variety and beauty, to which due justice has, perhaps, never been done, in consequence of the comparison which must be drawn between Gower, as a poet, and his greater contemporary Chaucer. Lidgate has laboured, in a degree, under the same disadvantage; but the publication last year of some of his "Minor Poems," by the Percy Society, will tend to elevate him in the scale of our early poets. The *Confessio Amantis* was three times printed prior to the reign of Elizabeth, viz. by Caxton in 1483, and by Berthelet in 1532 and 1554. We have appended Gower's versified history of "Appollinus, the Prince of Tyr" to our reprint of Twine's prose version of the romance, because it is pretty evident, from particular expressions, that Shakespeare, or his dramatic precursor (always supposing two separate writers to have been engaged on the subject) had reference to it when composing the play of "Pericles." Malone inferred this fact also from the circumstance that Pericles is called "*Prince of Tyre*" in the play, and in Gower's version, whereas, in Copland's translation, he is called "*King of Tyre*;" but the commentator omitted to remark that *Prince de Thyr* are the words of a French translation by Corozet in 1530; and that the hero is spoken of as "*Prince Apollonius*" in Twine's "Patterne of Painefull Adventures," which the play more immediately follows. Our readers will be enabled to judge from what succeeds of the precise degree of obligation to the one or to the other.

For our text of Gower's poetical narrative we have not re-

sorted to either of the three printed copies of the *Confessio Amantis*: we were anxious to give the story, with as much fidelity as possible, in the words of the old poet, and for this reason we have gone to a fine and nearly contemporary MS. upon vellum preserved in the British Museum (Harl. 3490)*, corrected by another MS. in the same library (Harl. 3869).

It will be found, that the variations between this MS. and the printed copies are chiefly verbal, excepting in one or two instances, where a line has been omitted in the one or in the other: the divisions of the poem, with the Latin headings, are differently arranged. Generally speaking, the MS. has the advantage of the printed copies; but such is not always the case, as on p. 297, l. 15, where, in the MS., Theophilus is designated "a fals clerke," instead of "a fals cherle," as it properly stands in the first edition by Berthelet.

We are not aware that it is necessary to say more by way of introduction to what follows, than to add that Gower avowedly adopted his incidents from a metrical version in the *Pantheon*, or *Universal Chronicle of Godfrey of Viterbo*, which was compiled at the latter end of the twelfth century, though not printed until 1569.

"Of a cronique in daies gone,
The wich is cleped Panteon,
In loves cause I rede thus,"

are Gower's introductory lines; and he subsequently more than once refers to "the booke" to which he was indebted, much in the same way that Ariosto professes his obligations to the narrative by Bishop Turpin, respecting the conquests of Charlemaine and the atchievements of Orlando. On one

* For the following description of this MS. we are indebted to the kindness of J. Holmes, Esq.:—"At the foot of some of the pages are emblazoned various Coats of Arms, being those of Reade, James, Handlo, Borstall, St. Amand, De la Pole, Cottessmore, &c. In all probability, therefore, the MS. belonged to (if indeed it were not written for him) Sir William Reade of Borstall, Co. Bucks, living *temp.* Henry VII. All the above were quartered by him."

occasion, when Gower breaks off from one part of his story in order to return to another, he opens a chapter as follows (p. 286):—

“ Bot nowe to my matere ayen,
To telle as olde bokes seyne;”

as if he had consulted more than one authority ; but it is very evident that he had looked no farther than the work, the title of which we have already given, the Pantheon of Godfrey of Viterbo.

APPOLLINUS, THE PRINCE OF TYR.

¶ Hic loquitur adhuc contra incestuosos amantum coitus ; et narrat mirabile exemplum de magno rege Antiocho, qui, uxore mortua, propriam filiam violavit, et quia filiæ matrimonium penes alios impedire voluit, tale ab eo exiit edictum, quod si quis eam in uxorem peteret, nisi quoddam problema questionis, quam ipse rex proposuerat, veraciter solveret, capitali sententia puniretur. Super quo veniens tandem discretus juvenis, princeps Tyri, Appollinus, questionem solvit. Nec tamen filiam habere potuit, sed rex indignatus ipsum propter hoc in mortis odium recollegit. Unde Appollinus a facie regis fugiens quam plura, prout inferius intitulantur, propter amorem pericula passus est.

¶ OF a cronique in daies gon,
The wich is cleped Panteon,
In loves cause I rede thus :
Howe that the grete Antiochus,
Of whome that Antioche tooke
His first name, as seith the booke,
Was cowpled to a noble quene,
And hadde a douhter hem by twene.
Bot such fortune came to honde,
That deth, wich no kynde may withstonde,
Bot every liff it mote obeye,
This worthi queene tooke aweye.

The kynge wich made mochel moone,
Tho stode, as who seith, alle hym oone
With oute wif: but natheles
His douhter, wich was pereles
Of beaute, dwelte aboute hym stille :
Bot whan a man hath welthe at wille
The flessch is frele, and falleth ofte ;
And that this maide, tendre and softe,
Wich in here faders chamber dwelte,
Within a tyme wiste and felte :
For likyng of concupiscence,
With oute insiht of conscience,

The fader so with lustes blente,
 That he caste alle his hole entente
 His owne douhter for to spille.
 The kyng hath leyser att his wille,
 With strength, and whan he tyme seyhe,
 This yonge maidenn he forleyhe.
 And she was tendre and fulle of drede,
 She couthe not here maydenhede
 Defende, and thus she hath for lore
 The floure wiche she hath longe bore.
 It helpeth nouht alle thow she wepe,
 For thei that sholde here body kepe
 Of wommen were absent as thanne;
 And thus this maiden goth to manne.
 The wilde fader thus devoureth
 His owne flessch, wiche non socoureth,
 And that was cause of moche care.

Bot after this unkynde fare
 Oute of the chamber goth the kyng,
 And she lay stille, and of this thyng
 Within here selfe suche sorowe made,
 There was nouht that myht here glade,
 For fere of thilke horrible vice.

With that came inne the norice,
 Wiche fro childhode here hadde kepte,
 And axeth if she hadde slepte,
 And with here chere was ungladde?

Bot she, wiche haith ben over ladde
 Of that she myht not be wreke,
 For shame couthe unethes speke:
 And natheles mercy she preide
 With wepynghe ihe, and thus she seide:—
 Helas, my suster, wayloway,
 That evere I sihe this ilke daye!
 Thyng, wiche my body first be gate
 In to this worlde, only that

My worldes worshippe hath byrefte.
With that she swoneth nowe and este,
And ever wissheth aftir the deth,
So that welle nyhe hire lakketh breth.

That othir, wich here worde herde,
In confortyng of here answerde :
To lette here faders foule desire
She wiste noon recoverire.
Whan thinge is do, ther is no bote ;
So suffren thei that suffren mote :
Ther was non othir wich it wiste.
Thus hath this kynge alle that hym liste
Of his likyng and his pleasauns,
And laste in suche continuauns,
And such delite he tooke ther inne,
Hym thouht that it was no synne,
And she dorste hym no thinge withseye.

Bot fame, wich goth every weye
To sundry regnes alle abowte,
The grete Beaute telleth oute
Of such a maide of hihe parage ;
So that, for love of mariage,
The worthie princes come and sende,
As thei the wiche alle honoure wende,
And knewe no thinge howe that it stode.

The fader, whanne he understode
That thei his douhter thus bysouhte,
With alle his wit he caste and souhte
Howe that he myht fynde a lette ;
And thus a statute than he sette,
And in this wise his lawe he taxeth—
That what man that his douhter axeth,
But if he couth his questionn
Assoile, uponne suggestion
Of certen thinges that bifelle,
The wich he wolde unto hym telle,

He sholde in certeyn lese his hede.

And thus ther were many dede,
Here hedes stondyng on the gate,
Tille atte laste, longe and late,
For lakke of answeere in the wise,
The remenaunt, that weren wise,
Escheweden to make assaie.

¶ De adventu Appollini in Antiochiam, ubi ipse filiam regis Antiochi
in uxorem postulavit.

Tille it befelle upon a daie,
Appollinus, the prince of Tyr,
Wich hath to love a grete desire,
As he wich in his hihe mode
Was likyng of his hote blode,
A yonge, a fressh, a lusty knyht,
As he laye musynge on a nyht
Of the tidynges wich he herde,
He thouht assaie howe that it ferde.
He was with worthie compaignie
Araide, and with gode navie
To shipp he goth: the wynde him dryveth,
And saileth, tille that he aryveth
Saf in the porte of Antioche.
He londeth, and goth to aproche
The kinges courte of his presence.

Of every naturel science,
Whiche eny clerke couth hym teche,
He couthe i nouh; and in his speche
Of wordes he was eloquent.
And whan he sihe the kyng present
He prayeth he moste his douhter have.

The kynge a yen beganne to crave
And tolde hym the condicionn,
Howe ferste unto his question

He mote answere, and faile nouht,
Or with his hedde it shal be bouht;
And he him axeth, what it was.

¶ *Questio regis Antiochi: Scelere vehor, materna carne vescor, quero patrem meum, matris meæ virum, uxoris meæ filium.*

¶ The kyng declareth hym the cas
With sterne loke, and sturdy chere,
To hym and seide in this manere:
With felonie I am up bore,
I ete, and have it nouht forbore,
My moders flessch, whos husbonde
My fader for to seche I fonde,
Wich is the sone of my wiffe.
Herof I am inquisitiff,
And who that can my tale save,
Alle quyte he shalle my douhter have
Of his answere; and if he faile
He shal be dede with oute faile.
For thie, my sone, quod the kyng,
Be welle avised of this thyng
Which hath thy liff in jupartie.

Responsio Appollini.

Appollinus for his partie,
Whan he this questionn hath herde,
Unto the kyng he hath answerde,
And hath rehersed oon and oon
The poyntez, and seide theruppon.
The questionn wich thou hast spoke,
If thou wolt that it be unloke,
It toucheth alle the pryvete
Bytwene thyn owne childe and the,
And stant al hoole upponn yowe two.

Indignatio Regis Antiochi super responsione Appollini.

The kyng was wonder sory tho,

And thouht, if that he seide it oute,
 Than were he shamed alle aboute.
 With slie wordes and with felle,
 He seith: My sone I shalle the telle,
 Thouth that thou be of litel wit,
 It is no grete merveile as yit,
 Thynn age may it nouht suffice;
 Bot loke welle thou nouht dispice
 Thyn owne liff, for of my grace
 Of thritty dayes fulle a space
 I graunt the to ben avised.

¶ De recessu Appolini ab Antioch.

And thus, with leve and tyme assised,
 This yonge prince forthe he wente,
 And understode welle what he mente,
 Within his herte, as he was lered;
 That for to make him affered
 The king his tyme hath so delaied.
 Wherof he dradde, and was amayed
 Of treson that he deye sholde,
 For he the kyng his soth tolde:
 And sodenly the nyhtes tide,
 That more wolde he nott abide,
 Alle prively his barge he hente,
 And home ayen to Tyr he wente.
 And in his owne wit he seide,
 For drede if he the kynge bewreide,
 He knewe so welle the kynges herte,
 That deth ne sholde he not asterte,
 The kyng hym wolde so pursue.
 Bot he that wolde his deth eschewe,
 And knew alle this to fore the honde,
 Forsake he thouht his owne londe,
 That there wolde he not abide;
 For welle he knewe that on som side

This tiraunt, of his felonye,
By some maner of trecherie
To greve his body wolle not leve.

¶ De fuga Appollini per mare a regno suo.

¶ Forthi, with outen taken leve,
As privelich as he myht,
He goth hym to the se by nyht,
In shippes that ben whete ladenn :
Here takel redy tho thei madenn,
And haleth seile, and forth they fare.
Bot for to telle of the care
That thei of Tyre begonne tho,
Whan that thei wisten he was a go,
It is a pite for to here.
They losten luste, thei losten chere ;
They tooke uponn hem such penaunce,
Ther was no songe, there was no daunce,
Bot every myrthe and melodie
To hem was thanne a maladie ;
For unto luste of that aventure
There was no man wich toke tonsure.
In dedfull clothes they hem clothe ;
The bathes and the stewes bothe
Thei shetten inne by every weye ;
There was no liff wich luste pleye,
Ne take of eny joye kepe,
Bot for hire liege lorde to wepe ;
And every whith saide, as he couth,
Alas! the lusty floure of yowth,
Oure prince, owre hed, owre governowre,
Thurh whome we stodenn in honoure,
With oute the commonne assent,
Thus sodenly is fro us went.

Such was the clamoure of hem alle.
Bot se we nowe what is by falle

¶ Qualiter Thaliarcus miles, ut Appollinum veneno intoxicaret, ab Antiocho in Tyrum missus, ipso ibidem non invento, Antiochiam rediit.

Uppon the ferste tale pleyenn,
And torne we therto ayenn.
¶ Antiochus, the grete sire,
Wich fulle of rancoure and of ire
His herte bereth so, as ye herde,
Of that this prynce of Tyre answerde.

He hadde a felowe bacheler,
Wich was the pryve conceiler,
And Taliart by name he hiht,
The kynge a stronge puysoner diht
With inne a boxe, and golde therto,
In all hast and badde hym go
Strauht unto Tyr, and for no coste
Ne spare, til he hadde loste
The prynce, wich he wolde spille.
And whanne the kynge hath seide his wille,
This Taliarte in a galeye
With alle haste he toke his weye
The wynde was gode, and saileth blyve,
Tille he toke londe upone the ryve
Of Tyr, and forth with alle a non
Into the burgh he gan to gon,
And tooke his inne and bode a throwe,
Bot for he wolde not be knowe,
Desguysed thanne he goth hym oute.
He sihe the wepyng alle aboute,
And axeth what the cause was.

And thei hym tolden alle the cas,
Howe sodenly the prynce is go.
And whanne he sihe that it was so,
And that his laboure was in veynn,
A non he torneth home a geynn:
And to the kyng whan he came nyhe,
He tolde of that he herde and sihe,

Howe that the prynce of Tyre is fled,
So was he come a yen unsped.

The kynge was sory for a while,
Bot whan he seyh, that with no wile
He myght a cheve his crualte,
He stynte his wrath, and lete hym be.

¶ Qualiter Appollinus in portu Tharsis applicuit, ubi in hospitio cujusdam magni viri, nomine Stranguilionis, hospitatus est.

¶ Bot over this nowe for to telle
Of adventures, that byfelle
Unto this prince of whome y tolde.
He hath his riht cours forth holde
By stoon and nedle, tille he came
To Tharse, and ther his londe he name.
A burgeys rich of golde and fee
Was thilke tyme in that cite,
Wich cleped was Stranguilio,
His wiff was Dionise also.
This yonge prince, as seith the booke,
With hym his herbergage toke;
And it be felle that cite so,
By fore tyme and thanne also,
Thurh stronge famyne, wich hem ladde,
Was none that eny whete hadde.
Appollinus, whan that he herde
The myschef howe the cite ferde,
Alle frelych of his owne yifte,
His whete a monge hem for to shifte,
The wich be shippe he hadde brouht,
He yaff, and tooke of hem riht nouht.
Bot sithen ferst the worlde be ganne,
Was never yit to such a man
More joye made, than they hym made;
For they were alle of hym so gladde,

That they for ever in remembraunce
 Made a figure in resemblaunce
 Of hym, and in comonne place
 They sett it upp; so that his face
 Miht every maner man by holde,
 So that the cite was by holde.
 It was of latonn over gilte;
 Thus hath he not his yifte spilte.

☞ Qualiter Helycanus, civis Tyri, Tharsim veniens, Appollinum de insidiis Antiochi præmunivit.

¶ Uppon a tyme with a route
 This lorde to pley goth hym oute,
 And in his weye of Tyr he mette
 A man, wich on kneys hym grette,
 And Helican by name he hihte;
 Whiche preide his lorde to have in sihte
 Upponn hym self, and saide hym thus:
 Howe that the grete Antiochus
 A waiteth, if that he myht hym spille.
 That othir thouht, and helde him stille,
 And thonked hym of his warnyng,
 And badde hym telle for no tidyng,
 Whan he to Tyr came home ayenn,
 That he in Tharse hym had seynn.

¶ Qualiter Appollinus portum Tharsis relinquens, cum ipse per mare navigio securiorem requisivit, superveniente tempestate, navis cum omnibus, præter ipsum solum, in eadem contentis, juxta Pentapolim periclitabatur.

¶ Fortune hath ever be muable,
 And may no while stonde stable;
 For nowe hit hiheth, nowe it loweth,
 Nowe stante upriht, now overthroweth,

Nowe fulle of blis, nowe fulle of bale,
For as in tellyng of my tale
Here aftirwarde a man may lere,
Wich is grete routh for to here.
¶ This lorde, wich wold don his beste,
Withinn hym self hath litel reste,
And thouhte he wolde his place chaunge,
And seche a contre more strange.
Of Tharsiens his leve anon
He toke, and is to shippe gon.
His cours he name with seile updrawe
Where as fortune doth the lawe,
And sheweth, as I shal reherse,
Howe she was to this lorde dyvers,
The whiche upponn the see she ferketh.
The wynde aros, the weder derketh,
It blewe, and made such tempeste,
Noon anker may the shippe areste,
Wich hath to broken alle his gere.
The shippmen stode in such a fere,
Was noon that myht hym selfe by stere,
Bot ever a wayte uppon the lere
Whan that thei sholde drynche at ones.
There was inouh with inne wones
Of wepyng, and of sorowe tho.
This yonge kyng maketh mochel wo
So for to see the shippe travaile;
Bot alle that myht hym not availe.
The maste to brake, the saile to roff,
The shippe upponn the wawes droff,
Tille that they sihe a londes coste.
Tho made a vowe, the leest and moste,
By so thei myht come to a londe.
Bot he wich bath the see on honde,
Neptunus, wolde nouht acorde,
Bot alle to brake cable and corde

Ere thei to londe myht approche.
 The shippe to cleef upon a roche,
 And alle goth downe in to the depe;
 Bot he that alle thyng may kepe,
 Unto this lord was merciable,
 And brouht hym sauf uppon a table,
 Wich to the londe hym hath uppe bore.
 The remenaunt was alle for lore;
 Therof he made mochel moone.

¶ Qualiter Appolinus nudus super litus jactabatur; ubi quidam piscator ipsum suo collobio vestiens ad urbem Pentapolim direxit.

¶ Thus was this yonge lorde hym oone
 Alle naked in a pouere plite.
 His colour, wich was whilome white,
 Was thanne of water fade and pale,
 And eke he was so sore a cale,
 That he wiste of hym self no bote,
 It hym no thyng for to mote
 To gete ayen that he hath lore;
 Bot she which hath his deth for bore,
 Fortune, thouth she wolde nouht yelpe,
 Alle sodenly hath sente hym helpe.
 Whanne hym thouht all grace aweye,
 There came a fyssher in the weye,
 And seih a man there naked stonde;
 And whan that he hath understonde
 The cause, he hath of hym great routh,
 And onlyche of his pouere trouthe
 Of such clothes as he hadde
 With grete pite this lorde he cladde,
 And he hym thonketh as he sholde,
 And seith hym, that it shal be yolde,
 If evere he gete his state ayeynn;
 And preide that he wolde hym seynn

If nyh were eny towne for hym ?
 He seide, ye, Pentapolum,
 Where bothe kynge and qwene dwellenn.
 Whan he this tale herde tellen
 He gladeth hym, an gan byseche
 That he the wey hym wolde teche :
 And he hym tauht, and forth he wente,
 And preide God with goode entente
 To sende hym joye aftir his sorwe.
 It was not yit passed myddemorowe.

¶ Qualiter Appollino Pentapolim adveniente, ludus gymnasii per urbem publice proclamatus est.

¶ Than thederwarde his wey he name,
 Where soone uponn the none he came.
 He ete such as he myht gete,
 And forth a non whan he hadde ete
 He goth to se the towne a boutte ;
 And came there as he fonde a route
 Of yonge lusty men with alle,
 And as it shude tho by falle,
 That day was sette of such assise,
 That thei sholde in the londes gyse,
 As he herde of the people seye,
 The comonne game thanne pleye :
 And cryed was, that thei sholde come
 Unto the game, alle and some
 Of hem that ben delyvere and wiht,
 To do suche maistrye as thei myht.
 Thei made hem naked as thei sholde,
 For so that ilke game wolde,
 And it was the custume and us,
 Amonges hem was no refus.
 The floure of alle the towne was there,
 And of the courte also ther were,

And that was in a large place,
 Riht evene afore the kynges face,
 Wich Arcestrates hiht.
 The pley was pleide riht in his siht;
 And who moste worthi was of dede
 Receyve he sholde a certeyn mede,
 And in the cite bere a prys.

Appollinus, wich war and wys
 Of every game couthe an ende
 He thouht assay, how so it wende,

¶ Qualiter Appollinus ludum gymnasii vincens, in aula regis ad cœnam honorifice receptus est.

¶ And felle a monge hem in to game;
 And there he wan hym such a name
 So as the kyng hym self accompteth,
 That he alle othir men surmounteth,
 And bar the prys a bove hem alle.
 The kyng bade that in to his halle
 At souper tyme he shalle be brouht,
 And he came than, and lefte it nouht
 With oute compaignie alone.
 Was none so semely of persone,
 Of visage, and of lymes bothe,
 If that he hadde what to clothe.
 At souper tyme natheles,
 The kyng a myddes alle the pres
 Lete clepe him uppe amonge hem alle,
 And bade his marchall of his halle
 To setten hym in such degre
 That he uppon hym myht se.
 The kyng was sone sett and served,
 And he wich hath his prys deserved,
 Aftir the kynges owne worde,
 Was made by gynne a myddel borde,

That both kynge and quene hym sihe.
 He sate, and caste about his yhe,
 And syh the lordes in astate,
 And with hym self waxe in debate,
 Thenkyng what he hadde lore;
 And such a sorowe he toke therfore,
 That he sat ever stille, and thouhte,
 As he wiche of no mete rouhte.

¶ Qualiter Appollinus in cœna recumbens nihil comedit, sed doloroso vultu, submisso capite, maxime ingemescebat; qui tandem a filia regis confortatus, citharam plectens cunctis audientibus citharizando ultra modum complacuit.

¶ The kynge behelde his hevynesse,
 And of his grete gentillesse
 His douhter, wiche was faire and gode,
 And att the borde by fore hym stode,
 As it was thilke tyme usage,
 He bade to go on his message,
 And fonde for to make him gladde.
 And she dede as here fader bade,
 And goth to hym the softe pas,
 And axeth whence and what he was?
 And preyeth he sholde his thouhtes leve.

He seith, madame, by youre leve,
 My name is hote Appolinus,
 And of my richesse it is thus:
 Uppon the see I have it lore.
 The contre, where that I was bore,
 Where that my londe is and my rente,
 I lefte at Tyr, whan that I wente
 Worshippe therof whiche I owhte
 Unto the god I there betauhte.
 And thus togedre as they two speke,
 The teres ronne by his cheke.
 The kynge, therof wiche tooke goode kepe,

Hath grete pite to se hym wepe,
And for his douhter sende ayeyn,
And preide hire faire, and gan to seyn
That she no lenger wolde drecche,
Bot that she wolde anon forth fecche
Hire harpe, and don alle that she can
To glade with that sory man.

And she, to don here fader heste
Here harpe sette, and to the feste
Uppon a chaier, wich they fette,
Hire self next to this man she sette.
With harpe bothe, and eke with mouthe,
To hym she dede alle that she couthe
To make hym chere, and ever he siketh,
And she hym axeth howe hym liketh ?

Madame, certes welle, he seide,
Bot if ye the mesure pleide,
Wich, if yowe liste I shalle yow lere,
It were a gladde thyng for to here.
Ha, leeve sire, tho quod she,
Now take the harpe, and lete me see
Of what mesure that ye mene.

Tho preyeth the kyng, tho preyth the qwene,
Forth with the lordes alle a rewe,
That he some merth wolde shewe.

He taketh the harpe, and in his wise
He tempreth, and of such assise
Syngynge he harpeth forth with alle,
That as a voys celestialle
Hem thouht it sowneth in here eere,
As thouh that it an angel were.
Thei gladen of his melodie,
Bot moste of alle the compaignie
The kinges douhter, which it herde,
And thouht eke of that he answerde,

Whan that it was of hir opposed,
 With inne here herte hath welle supposed
 That he is of grete gentillesse :
 His dedes been therof wittenesse,
 Forth with the wisdome of his lore
 It nedith not to sechen more.
 He myht not have such manere
 Of gentile blode bot if he were.

When he hath harped alle his fille
 The kynges heste to fulfille,
 Away goth dissh, away goth cuppe,
 Downe goth the borde, the cloth was uppe,
 They rysen, and gon oute of halle.

The kyng his chamberleynn lete calle,
 And bade that he by alle weye
 A chambre for this man purveye,
 Whiche nyh his owne chambre be.
 It shall be do, my lorde, quod he.

¶ Qualitur Appollinus cum rege pro filia sua erudienda retentus est.

Appollinus, of whome I mene,
 Tho toke his leve of kyng and qweene,
 And of the worthi maide also,
 Wich preide unto hire fader tho,
 That she myht of the yonge man
 Of the science, wich he can,
 His lore have. And in this wys
 The kyng here graunteth his apprise,
 So that hym self therto assent.
 Thus was accorded er they wente,
 That he with alle that ever he may,
 This yonge faire fressh may
 Of that he couth sholde enforme.
 And fulle assented in this forme,
 Thei token leve as for that nyht,

¶ Qualiter filia regis Appollinum ornato apparatu vestiri fecit. Et ipse ad puellæ doctrinam in quam pluribus familiariter intendebat, unde placata, puella in amorem Appollini exardescens infirmabatur.

¶ And whan it was a morowe liht,
Unto this yonge man of Tyr
Of clothes and of good a tyr,
With golde and silver to despende,
This worthi yonge ladye sende :
And thus she made hym welle att ease,
And he, with alle that he can please,
Her serveth welle and faire ayeyn.
He tauht hire til she was certeyn
Of harpe, of citole, and of rote,
With many a tune, and many a note
Uppon musique, upponn mesure,
And of hire harpe the temprure
He tauht here eke, as he welle couth.

Bot as men seyn, that frele is youth
With leiser and contynuans,
This maide felle upon a chauns,
That love hath made hym a querele
Ayeyn hire youth fressh and frele ;
That malgre where she wole or nouht,
She mote with alle hire hertes thouht
To love and to his lawe obeye,
And that she shalle full sore abeie :
For she wote never what it is,
Bot ever amonge she feleth this,
Touchynge upon this man of Tyr
Hire hert is hote as eny fyre,
And othirwhile it is a cale.
Nowe is she redde, nowe is she pale,
Ryht after the condicion
Of hire imaginacion.

And ever amonge here thouhtes alle
 She thouhte, what so may befalle,
 Or that she lauh or that she wepe,
 She wolde here goode name kepe
 For fere of womannysshe shame.

Bot what in earnest and in game
 She stant for love in such a plitht,
 That she hath loste alle appetite
 Of mete, of drynke, of nyhtes reste,
 As she note what is the beste.
 Bot for to thenken alle hire fille,
 She helde hyr ofte tymes stille
 Within here chambre, and goth not oute,
 The kynge was of hire liff in doute,
 Wich wiste no thyng what it mente.

¶ Qualiter tres filii principum filiam regis sigillatim in uxorem suis
 supplicationibus postularunt.

¶ Bot felle a tyme, as he owt wente
 To walke, of prynces sones thre
 Ther come, and felle to fore his kne,
 And eche of hem in sondrie wise
 By souht, and profreth his service,
 So that he myht his douhter have.
 The kynge, wich wolde his honour save,
 Seith, she is seke; and of that speche
 Tho was no tyme to by seche,
 Bot eche of hem do make a bille
 He bade, and write his owne wille,
 His name, his fader, and his gode;
 And whanne she wiste howe that it stode,
 And hadde here billes overseynn,
 They sholden have answere ayenn.
 Of this conceile thei weren gladde,
 And writen, as the kynge hem badde;

And every man his owne booke
 Into the kynges honde by toke ;
 And he it to his douhter sende,
 And preide hire for to make an ende,
 And write ayen hire owne honde,
 Riht as she in here herte fonde.

☞ Qualiter filia regis, omnibus aliis relictis, Appollinum in maritum
 præelegit.

¶ The bylles were welle receyved,
 Bot she hathe all here loves weyved ;
 And thouhte tho was tyme and space
 To put here in here faders grace,
 And wrote ayen, and thus she seide.

The shame wiche is in a maide
 With speche dar not ben unloke,
 Bot in writyng it may be spoke ;
 So write I to yowe, fader, thus :—
 But if y have Appollinus,
 Of alle this worlde what so bytide,
 I wolde noon othir man abide :
 And certes if I of hym faile
 I wote riht welle, with outen faile,
 Ye shull for me be douhterles.
 This lettir came, and ther was prees
 To fore the kyng, there as he stode ;
 And whan that he it understode,
 He yaff hem answer by and by :
 Bot that was do so pryvely,
 That noon of othir counceile wiste.
 Thei toke here leve, and whan hem liste
 Thei wente forth uppon here weye.

The kyng ne wolde not bewreye
 The conceil for no maner hihe,
 Bot suffreth tille he tyme sihe.

¶ Qualiter rex et regina in maritagium filiæ suæ cum Appollino consentierunt.

And whan that he to chambre is come,
He hath in to his conceile nome
This man of Tyr, and lete hym se
This lettir, and alle the pryvete
The wiche his douhter to hym sente.

And he his knee to grounde bente,
And thonketh hym and here also
And er thei wente than a two,
With gode herte, and with gode corage,
Of fulle love and fulle mariage
The kynge and he been hole accorded
And aftir, whan it was recorded
Unto the douhter howe it stode,
The yifte of all the worldes gode
Ne sholde have made hir half so blithe.
And for with alle the kynge as swyth,
For he wolde have hire gode assent,
Hath for the qweene hire moder sent.

The qweene is come, and whanne she herde
Of this matere, how that it ferde,
She sihe debat, she sihe disese,
Bot if she wolde hir douhter please,
And is therto assented fulle :
Wich is a dede wonderfull,
For no man knewe the soth cas
Bot he hym self, what man he was ;
And natheles, so as hem thouht,
Hise dedes to the soth wrouht,
That he was come of gentile blode,
Hym lakketh nouht bot worldes gode.
And as therof is no despeier,
For she shal be hir faders heir,

And he was able to governe.
 Thus wolle they not the love werne
 Of hym and here in noon wise ;
 Bot, alle accorded, thei devise

¶ Qualiter Appolinus filiæ regis nupsit, et prima nocte cum ea concubiens ipsam impregnavit.

The day and tyme of mariage.
 Wher love is lorde of the corage
 Him thenketh longe, er that he spede
 Bot att the laste unto the dede.
 The tyme is come, and in here wyse,
 With grete offrynge and sacrifice,
 Thei wedde, and make a rich feste,
 And every thyng was riht honeste.
 Withinn howse, and eke with oute
 It was so doon, that alle a bout
 Of grete worshippe, and grete noblesse,
 Ther cryde many man largesse
 Unto the lordes hihe and lowde.
 The knyhtes, that ben yonge and prowde,
 They jouste ferste, and aftir daunce.
 The day is go, the nyhtes chaunce
 Hath derked alle the bryht sonne :
 This lorde, wich hath his love wonne,
 Is go to bedde with his wyff,
 Where as they ladde a lusty lyff :
 And that was aftir somdele sene,
 For as they pleiden hem betwene
 They gete a childe by twene hem two,
 To whome felle aftir mochel wo.

¶ Qualiter ambassiatores a Tyro in quadam navi Pentapolim venientes,
mortem regis Antiochi Appollino nunciaverunt.

¶ Now, have I tolde of the spousailes;
Bot for to speke of the merveiles
Whiche aftirwarde to hem byfelle,
It is a wonder for to telle.

¶ It felle a daye they riden owte
The kyng, and qweene, and alle the rowte,
To pleyne hem upponne the stronde,
Where alle thei seen towarde the londe
A shippe seilyng of great aray.
To knowe what it mene may,
Til it be come thei abide :
Than thei stonde on every side,
Endlong the shipes borde, to shewe
Of penonceals a ryche rewe.

Thei axen, when the shippe is come ?
Fro Tyr anon answered some.

And over this thei seiden more,
The cause whie thei come fore
Was for to seche, and for to fynde
Appollinus, wich is of kynde
Hire liege lorde : and he appereth,
And of the tale wich he hereth
He was right gladde ; for thei hym tolde
That for vengeaunce, as God it wolde,
Antiochus, as men may wete,
With thonder and lihtenyng is sor smete.
His douhter hath the same chaunce,
So be thei bothe in o balance.

For thi owre liege lorde we seie,
In name of alle the londe, and prey,
That lefte alle othir thyng to done,
It like yow to come sone,

And see youre owne liege men,
 With othir that be of youre kyn,
 That lyven in longyng and desire
 Til ye be come ayen to Tyr.

This tale, aftir the kinge yt hadde,
 Pentapolum alle over spradde,
 Ther was no joye for to seche;
 For every man it hadde in speche,
 And seide alle of oonn accorde,
 A worthy kyng shalle ben oure lorde:
 That thouht us ferst an hevynesse
 Is shape us nowe to grete gladnesse.

¶ Qualiter Appollino cum uxore sua impregnata a Pentapoli versus
 Tyrum navigantibus contigit uxorem mortis articulo angustiatam,
 in navi filiam, quæ postea Taysis vocabatur, parere.

Thus goth this tydyng over alle,
 Bot nede he mote that nede shalle.
 Appollinus his leve tooke
 To god and alle the londe by toke,
 With alle the peple longe and brode,
 That he no lenger ther abode.

¶ The kyng and qweene sorowe made,
 Bot yit somdele they were glade
 Of suche thyng as they herden tho:
 And thus by twene the wele and wo
 To shippe he goth, his wif with childe,
 The wich was ever meke and mylde,
 And wolde not departe hym fro,
 Such love was be twene hem two.

Lychorida for hire office
 Was take, wich was a norice,
 To wende with this yonge wiff,
 To whome was shape a wofull lyf.
 Withinn a tyme, as it be tidde,
 Whan they were in the see a mydde,

Owte of the northe they sihe a clowde :
 The storme aros, the wyndes lowde
 They blewen many a dredfulle blaste,
 The walken was alle over caste.
 The derke nyht the sonne hath under,
 Ther was a grete tempeste of thonder.
 The moone, and eke the sterres bothe
 In blake clowdes thei hem clothe,
 Whereof here briht loke thei hidde.
 This yonge ladye wepte and cride,
 To whome no comfort myht availe :
 Of childe she began travaile,
 Wher she lay in a caban clos.
 Here wofull lorde fro hire aros,
 And that was longe er eny morowe,
 So that in anguyssh and in sorwe
 She was delyverd alle by nyht,
 And ded in every mannes siht.
 ¶ But natheles for alle this wo
 A maide childe was bore tho.

Qualiter Appolinus mortem uxoris suæ plangit.

¶ Appollinus whan he this knewe,
 For sorowe a swone he over threwe,
 That no man in hym wiste no liff,
 And whan he woke, he seide : a, wiff!
 My luste, my joie, my desire,
 My welthe, and my recoverir,
 Whie shalle I leve, and thou shalt dye
 Ha, thou fortune, I the defye :
 Nowe hast thou do to me thi werste.
 Ha, herte, whi ne wilt thou berste,
 That forth with here I myht passe ?
 My peynes weren welle the lasse.
 In suche wepyng, and in such crye,
 His dede wiff wich lay hym bye

A thowsande sithes he here kyste,
Was never man that sihe ne wiste
A sorwe unto his sorwe liche.
Was ever amonge uppon the liche
He felle a swone, as he that souhte
His owne deth, wich he by souhte
Unto the goddes alle a bove,
With many a petous worde of love.
Bot such wordes as tho were
Yit herde never mannes ere
Bot only thilke wich he seide.
The maister shippman came and preide,
With othir such as be ther inne,
And seyn, that he may no thyng wynne
Ayeyn the deth, bot they hym rede
He be welle ware, and take hede.
The se by wey of his nature
Receyve may no creature,
With inne hym self as for to holde
The wich is dede ; for thi thei wolde,
As thei counseilen alle aboute,
The dede body castyn oute :
For bettir it is, thei seiden alle,
That it of hire so by falle,
Than if thei sholden alle spille.
¶ The kyng wich understode here wille,
And knewe here conceile that was trewe,
Byganne ayen to sorwe newe
With pitous herte, and thus to seye :
It is alle reason that ye pray.

¶ Qualiter suadentibus nautis corpus uxoris suæ mortuæ in quadam cista plumbo et ferro obtusa : quæ circumligata Appollinus cum magno thesauro, una cum quadam littera sub ejus capita scripta recludi, in mari projici fecit.

I am quod he bot oon alle one ;
 So wolde I not for my persone,
 There felle such aversite,
 Bot whanne it may no bettir be,
 Doth thanne thus upponn my worde :
 Lete make a cofre stronge of borde,
 That it be ferme with ledde and picche.
 Anon was made a cofre suche
 Alle redy brouht unto his honde ;
 And whan he seih, and redy fonde
 This cofre made, and well enclosed,
 The dede body was by sowed
 In cloth of golde, and leide ther inne.
 And for he wolde unto hire wyne
 Upponn some coste a sepulture,
 Under hire heed in aventure,
 Of golde he leide sommes grete,
 And of jewels stronge biyete
 Forth with a lettir, and seide thus.

¶ Copia litteræ Appollini capiti uxoris suæ suppositæ.

¶ I kynge of Tyr, Appollinus,
 Do alle maner men to wyte,
 That here and se this lettre write,
 That helpeles with oute rede
 Here lith a kynges douhter ded ;
 And who that happeth here to fynde,
 For charite take in his mynde,
 And do so that she be bygrave,
 With this tresour wiche he shalle have.

Thus whanne the lettre was fulle spoke,
 They have anoon the cofre stoke,
 And boundenn it with iren faste,
 That it may with the wawes laste,
 And stoppen it by such a weye
 That it shall be withinn dreye,
 So that no water myht it greve.
 And thus in hope, and gode byleve
 Of that the corps shalle welle aryve,
 Thei caste it over borde as blyve.

¶ Qualiter Appollinus, uxoris suæ corpore in mare projecto, Tyrum relinquens, cursum suum versus Tharsim navigio dolens arripuit.

¶ The shippe forth on the wawes wente.
 The prince hath chaunged his entente,
 And seith, he wolle not come at Tyre
 As thanne, bot alle his desire
 Is ferst to sailen unto Tharse.
 The wyndy storme be gan to scarce,
 The sonne ariste, the weder clereth,
 The shippman, wich behynde stereth,
 Whan that he seyh the wyndes sauhte,
 Towardes Tarse his cours he strauhte.

¶ Qualiter corpus predictæ defunctæ super litus apud Ephesim, quidam medicus, nomine Cerimon, cum aliquibus suis discipulis invenit, quod in hospitium portans, et extra cistam ponens spiraculo vitæ in ea adhuc invento, ipsam plenæ sanitati restituit.

¶ Bot nowe to my matere ayen,
 To telle as olde bokes seynn.
 The deed corps, of wich ye knowe,
 With wynde and water was for throwe
 Nowe heer, now there, till att the last
 At Ephasym the see uppe caste
 The cofre, and alle that was ther inne.
 Of grete merveyle nowe be gynne
 May heere who that sitteth stille :
 That God wolle save may nott spille.

Riht as the corps was throwe on londe,
There came walkyng upponn the stronde
A worthy clerk, a surgyen,
And eke a grete phisicien,
Of alle that londe the wisest oon,
Wich hiht maister Cerymon :
There were of his disciples somme.
This maister to the cofre is come,
And peyseth ther was sommewhat inne,
And bade hem bere it to his inne,
And goth hym self forth with alle.
All that shall falle, falle shalle.

Thei comen home, and tarye nouht :
This cofre in to chambre brouht,
Wich that thei fynde faste stoke,
Bot thei with crafte it have unloke.
Thei loken inne, where as thei founde
A body ded, wich was i wounde
In cloth of golde, as I seide er :
The tresour eke they founden ther
Forth with the lettir, wich thei rede,
And tho thei token bettir hede.
Unsowed was the body sone :
As he that knewe what was to done,
This noble clerke, with alle haste
Be ganne the veynes for to taste,
And seih hire age was of youthe :
And with the craftes wich he couthe,
He souht and fonde a signe of liff.
With that this worthi kynges wiff
Honestly thei token oute,
And maden fires alle aboute.
Thei leide hire on a couche softe,
And with a shete warmed ofte
Here colde breste be ganne to hete,
Here herte also to flakke and bete.

This maister hath here every joynt
 With certeyn oyle and bawme enoynt,
 And put a liquour in here mouthe,
 Wich is to fewe clerkes couthe,
 So that she covereth att the laste.
 And fyrst hir yhen uppe she caste,
 And whan she more of strenth cauht,
 Here armes both forth she strauht,
 Helde up here honde, and petously
 She spake, and seide, A! where am I?
 Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?
 As she that wote nouht how it is.

Bot Ceremon, that worthi leche,
 Answerde a non uppon hire speche,
 And seith: madame, ye ben here
 Where ye be sauf, as ye shall here
 Here aftirwarde; for thi nowe
 My conceile is conforteth yowe;
 For tristeth welle withoute faile,
 There is no thinge which shal you fayle,
 That owht of reason to be do.
 Thus passen they a day or to.

¶ Qualiter uxor Appollini sanata domum religionis petiit, ubi sacro
 velamine munita castam omni tempore se vovit.

They spoke of nouht as for an ende
 Tille she began somdele amende,
 And wiste here self what she mente.
 Tho for to knowe here hole entente
 This maister axeth alle the cas,
 How she came there, and what she was.

Howe I came here, that wote I nouht,
 Quod she, but welle I am by thouht
 Of othir thynges alle aboute
 Fro poynt to poynt: and tolde hym oute,

As ferforthly as she it wiste.

And he here tolde howe in a kiste
The see here threwe uppon the londe,
And what tresoure with here he fonde,
Wich is alle redy att hire wille,
As he that shope hym to fulfille
With alle his myht what thyng he sholde.

She thonketh hym, that he so wolde,
And alle here herte she descloseth,
And seith hym welle that she supposith
Here lorde be dreynt, hire childe also ;
So seih she nouht bot alle wo.

Wherof as to the worlde no more
Ne wole she torne, and preieth therfore,
That in some temple in the cite,
To kepe and holde here chastite
She myht a monge the women dwelle.
Whanne he this tale here herde telle
He was right gladde, and made hire knowenn
That he a douhter of his owne
Hath, wich he wole unto hir yeve,
To serve while thei bothe lyve,
In stede of that, wich she hath loste :
Alle only alle att his owne coste,
She shalle be rendred forth with hire.

She seith, graunte mercy, leve sire,
God qwyte it yowe, ther I ne may.
And thus thei dryve forth the daye,
Til tyme come, that she was hole :
And tho thei taken here conceile hole
To shape upon gode ordynaunce,
And made a worthie purveaunce
Ayen the daie that thei ben veiled.
And thus whan that thei be conceiled,
In blake clothes thei hem clothe,
This lady and the douhter bothe,

And yolde hem to religion.
 The feste, and the professionn,
 Aftir the rule of that degre,
 Was made with great solempnite,
 Where as Diana is seyntefied.
 Thus stant this lady justified
 In ordre where she thenketh to dwelle.
 ¶ Bot nowe ayenwarde for to telle
 In what pliht that hire lorde stode inne.
 He seileth, tille he may wyne
 The havene of Tharse, as I seide er.
 Whan Appolinus was arryved there,

¶ Qualiter Appollinus Tharsim navigans, filiam suam Thaysim Strangulioni et Dionysiæ uxori suæ educandam commendavit; et deinde Tyrum adiit, ubi cum inestimabili gaudio a suis receptus est.

Tho yit was thurh the cite knowe,
 Men myht se with inne a throwe
 As who seith alle the towne at ones,
 That come ayen hym for the nones
 To yeven hym the reverence,
 So gladde they were of his presence.
 And thouh he were in his corage
 Dishessed, yit with glad visage
 He made hem chere; and to his inne,
 Where he some tyme sojourned inne
 He goth hym strauht, and was receyved.
 And whan the pres of peple is weyved,
 He taketh his oste unto hym tho,
 And seith: My frende Strangulio,
 Lo thus, and thus it is by falle:
 And thou thi self arte oon of alle,
 Forth with thy wiff, that I most triste:
 For thi if it yow both liste,
 My douhter Thayse, by youre leve,
 I thenke shalle with yow bileve

As for a tyme ; and thus I pray
 That she be kepte by alle weye :
 And whan she hath of age more,
 That she be sette to bokes lore.
 And this avowe to God I make
 That I shal never for hire sake
 My berde for no lykyng shave,
 Tille it befalle that I have,
 In covenantable tyme of age,
 By sett hire unto mariage.

Thus thei accorde, and alle is welle,
 And for to resten hym somme delle,
 As for a while he there sojorneth,
 And thanne he taketh his leve, and torneth
 To ship, and goth hym home to Tyr ;
 Where every man with grete desire
 Awaiteth uppon his commyng.

Bot whan the shippe came in seilyng,
 And thei a parceyven it is he,
 Was never yit in no cite
 Suche joye made, as thei tho made.
 His herte also be gan to glade
 Of that he sihe his people glade.

Lo thus fortune his happe hath ladde :
 In sondry wise he was travailed,
 But how so ever he be assailed
 His latter ende shal be gode.

¶ And for to speke howe that it stode
 Of Tayse his douhter, where she dwellith
 In Tharse, as the cronique telleth.
 She was welle kept, she was welle loked,
 She was welle tauht, she was welle boked ;
 So welle she spedde hire in hire yowth
 That she of every wisdom kouth,
 That for to seche in every londe
 So wys an othir no man fonde,

Ne so wel tauht at mannes yhe ;
 Bot wo worth ever fals envye.

¶ Qualiter Thaysis, una cum Philotenna Strangulionis et Dionysiæ filia, omnis scientiæ et honestatis doctrina imbuta est, sed et Thaysis Philotennam præcellens in odium mortale per invidiam a Dionysia recollecta est.

For it be felle that tyme so,
 A douhter hath Strangulio
 The wich was cleped Philotenne ;
 Bot fame, wich wolde ever renne,
 Came alday to hire moder ere
 And seith, where ever hire douhter were
 With Tayse sett in eny place,
 The comonne voyse, the comonne grace,
 Was alle upponn that othir mayde,
 And of hire douhter no man seide.

Who wroth bot Dyonise thanne ?
 She thouht a thowsande yere til whanne
 She myht be of Thayse wreke,
 Of that she herde folke so speke.
 And felle that ilke same tide
 That ded was trewe Lecheride,
 Which hadde be servaunt to Thayse,
 So that she was the worse at ayse ;
 For she hath thanne no service
 But oonly thurh this Dyonise,
 Wich was here dedelich enemye.
 Thurh pure treson of envye,
 She that of alle sorowe canne
 Tho spake unto here bonde manne,
 Wich cleped was Teophilus,
 And made hym swere in counceile thus,
 That he, such tyme as she hym sette,
 Shalle come Thayse for to fette,

And lede here oute of alle siht
 Where that no man hire helpe myht,
 Upponn the stronde nyhe the see,
 And there he shalle this mayden slee.
 This cherles hert is in a trance,
 As he wiche drad hym of vengeance
 Whan tyme comith an othir day,
 Bot yit durste he not sey nay;
 Bot swore, and seide he shalle fulfille
 Here hestes atte hire owne wille.

¶ Qualiter Dionysia, Thaysim ut occideret, Theophilo servo suo tradidit, qui cum noctanter longius ab urbe ipsam prope litus maris interficere proposuerat, piratæ ibidem latitantes Thaysim de manu carnificis eripuerunt, ipsamque usque civitatem Mitelenam ducentes, cuidam Leonino, scortorum ibidem magistro, vendiderunt.

¶ The treson and the tyme is shape,
 So felle it that this cherlysch knape
 Hath ladde this maiden where he wolde
 Uppon the stronde, and what she sholde
 She was a dradde; and he oute braide
 A rusty swerde, and to here seide,
 Thow shalt be ded: alas, quod she,
 Whi shal I so? Lo thus, quod he,
 My lady Dyonise hath bede
 Thou shalt be mortherde in this stede.

This maide tho for fere shrihte,
 And for the love of God alle myht
 She preyth, that for a litell stounde
 She myht knele upponn the grounde
 Towarde the hevene, for to crave
 Here wofulle sowle that she may save.
 And with this noise and with this crye
 Owte of a barge faste by,
 Wich hidde was there on scomerfare,
 Men sterte owte, and weren ware

Of this felon : and he to go,
 And she began to crye tho,
 Ha, mercy, helpe for Goddes sake !
 In to the barge they hire take
 As theves sholde, and forth they wente.
 Uppon the see the wynde hem hente,
 And magre where thei wolde or noon,
 To fore the weder forth thei gon :
 There halpe no saile, there halpe non ore
 For stormed, and for blowen sore,
 In grete perile so forth thei dryve,
 Til atte the laste thei aryve
 At Mitelene the cite.

In havene sauf and whan thei be,
 The maister shippman made hym boun
 And goth hym oute in to the towne,
 And profreth Thayse for to selle.

Oon Leonin it herde telle,
 Wich maister of the bordel was,
 And bade hem goon a redy paas
 To fecchen hir : and forth he wente
 And Tayse oute of his barge he hente,
 And to this bordeler he solde.
 And that he by hir body wolde
 Taake avauntage, lete do crie
 That what man wolde his lecherie
 Attempte upponne here maydenhede,
 Ley down the golde, and he shall spede.

And thus whan he hath cried it oute
 In siht of all the people a boutte,

¶ Qualiter Leoninus Thaysim ad lupanar destinavit, ubi, dei gratia
 preventa, ipsius virginitatem nullus violare potuit.

¶ He lad hire to the bordel tho.
 No wonder is thouh she be wo.

Clos in a chambre by hire self,
Eche aftir othir ten or twelve
Of yong men to here in wente;
Bot such a grace God hire sente,
That for the sorowe wich she made,
Was noon of hem wich power hade
To don hire any vilenie.

This Leonyn lete evere asprie,
And waiteth aftir grete byyete;
Bot alle for nouht : she was for lete
That no man wolde there come.

Whan he therof hath hede nome,
And knewe that she was yit a maide,
Unto his owne man he saide,
That with strenth ayen hire leve,
Tho sholde hire maidenhede by reve.
This man goth in, but so it ferde,
Whan he here wofulle pleyntes herde,
And he therof hath take kepe,
Hym luste bettir for to wepe
Than doon ouht elles to the game.
And thus she kept hire self fro shame,
And kneleth down to the erthe, and preyde
Unto this man, and thus she seide.

If so be, that thi maister wolde
That I his golde encrece sholde,
It may nott falle by this weye;
But soffre me to go my weye
Owte of this hous, where I am inne,
And I shall make hym for to wyne
In somme place elles of the towne,
Be so it be of religioun
Where that honest women dwelle.
And thus thou myht thi maister telle
That whanne I have a chambre there,
Let hym do crye ay wyde where

What lorde that hath his douhter deere
 And is in wille that [s]he shalle lere
 Of suche a scole as is trewe,
 I shalle hire teche of thinges newe,
 Wich that non othir woman can
 In alle this londe : and tho this man
 Here tale hath herde, he goth ayeynn
 And tolde unto his maister pleyenn,
 That she hath seide ; and therupponn
 Whan that he sihe byyete noon
 At the bordell by cause of here,
 He bade his man to go, and spyre
 A place where she myht abide,
 That he may wynne uppon somme side
 By that she canne : bot att the leeste
 Thus was she sauf of this tempeste.

¶ Qualiter Thaysis, a lupanari virgo liberata, inter sacras mulieres hospitium habens, scientias, quibus edocta fuit, nobiles ibidem regni puellas edocebat.

¶ He hath here fro the bordel take ;
 Bot that was not for goddes sake,
 Bot for the lucre, as she hym tolde.
 Nowe comen tho that comen wolde,
 Of women in here lusty youth
 To here and se, what thyng she couth.
 She can the wysdome of a clerke,
 She can of eny lusty werke,
 Wich to a gentile woman longeth ;
 And somme of hem she underfongeth
 To the citole, and to the harpe,
 And whome it liketh for to carpe
 Proverbes and demandes slyehe :
 Another such thei never sihe
 Wich that science so wel tauht ;
 Wherof she grete yiftes cauht

That she to Leonyn hath wonne.
 And thus here name is so bygonne,
 Of sondry thinges that she techeth,
 Thatt alle the londe unto hire secheth
 Of yonge women for to leere.
 ¶ Nowe lete we this maiden here,
 And speke of Dyonyse ayen,
 And of Theophile, the vileyn
 Of wich I spake of nowe tofore,
 Whan Tayse sholde have be forlore.

¶ Qualiter Theophilus ad Dionysiam mane rediens affirmavit se Thaysim occidisse; super quo Dionysia una cum Stranguilione marito suo dolorem in publico confingentes, exequias et sepulturam honorifice quantum ad extra, subdola conjectatione fieri constituerunt.

This fals clerke to this ladye,
 Whan she came home alle pryvely,
 He seith: Madame slayn I have
 This maide Thaise, and is by grave
 In pryve place as ye me bede;
 For thi madame taketh hede,
 And kepe conceile howe so it stonde.
 This fende, wich this hath understonde,
 Was gladde, and weneth it be soth:
 Nowe herkene here aftir howe she doth.
 She wepeth, she soroweth, she compleyneth,
 And of sykenesse, wich she feigneth,
 She seith, that Tayse sodeynly
 By nyht is dede, as she and I
 To gedre leyn nyh my lorde.
 She was a woman of recorde,
 And alle is leved that she seith;
 And for to yeve a more feith
 Here husbonde, and eke she, both
 In blake clothes they hem cloth.

And made a grete entierement.
 And for the people shal be blent
 Of Tayse as for the remembraunce,
 Aftir the real olde usance
 A tombe of latonn, noble and riche,
 With an ymage unto hire liche
 Liggyng above therupponn,
 Thei made it and set it up anon.

Hire epitaffe of gode assise
 Was write aboute, and in this wise
 It spake: O ye that this byholde,
 Lo, here lith she, the wich was holde
 The fairest, and the floure of alle,
 Whose name Taysis men calle.
 The kynge of Tyre, Appollinus,
 Here fader was: nowe lith she thus.
 Fourtene yere she was of age
 Whan deth hire toke to his viage.

¶ Qualiter Appollinus in regno suo apud Tyrum existens, parliamentum fieri constituit.

¶ Thus was this false treson hydde,
 Wich aftirwarde was wide kidde,
 As by the tale a man may here.
 Bot to declare my matere
 To Tyre I thenke torne ayen,
 And telle, as the croniques seyn,
 Whan that the kynge was comen home,
 And hath lefte in the salte fome
 His wiff, wich he may not foryete,
 For he some comforte wolde gete
 He lete somone a parlement,
 To wich the lordes were assent,
 And of the tyme he hath ben oute,
 He seth the thynges all a boutte;

And tolde hem eke how he hath fare
 While he was oute of londe fare,
 And preide hem alle, to a bide
 For he wolde att the same tide
 Do shape for his wyves mynde,
 As he that wol not be unkynde.

Solempne was thilke office,
 And riche was the sacrafice,
 The feste really was holde;
 And therto was he realy byholde,
 For such a wiff as he hadde oon
 In thilke dayes was ther noon.

¶ Qualiter Appollinus post parliamentum Tharsym pro Thayse filia sua
 quærenda adiit, qua ibidem non inventa, abinde navigio recessit.

Whan this was do, than he hym thouht
 Upponn his douhter, an by souht
 Such of his lordes as he wolde
 That thei with hym to Tharse sholde,
 To fette his douhter Thayse there;
 And thei anon alle redy were.
 To shippe thei gonn, and forth they wente
 Til thei the havene of Tharse hente.
 They londe, and faile of that thei seche
 By coverture and sleyht of speche:
 This false man Strangulio,
 And Dyonise his wiff also,
 That he the bettir trowe it myht
 They ladden hym to have a siht,
 Where that here tombe was arayde:
 The lasse yit he was myspayde.

And natheles so as he dorste
 He curseth, and seith alle the worste
 Unto fortune, so as the blynde,
 Wich can no syker wey fynde

For she hym neweth ever amonge,
 And medeleth sorowe with his songe.
 Bot sith it may no bettir be
 He thonketh God, and forth goth he
 Seyling towarde Tyr ayeynn;
 Bot sodeynly the wynde and reynn
 Bygon uppon the see debate,
 So that he soffre mot algate,

¶ Qualiter navis Appollini ventis agitata portum urbis Mitelenæ in die quo festa Neptuni celebrari consueverunt, applicuit, sed ipse præ dolore Thaysis filiæ suæ quam mortuam reputabat, in fundo navis obscuro jacens lumen videre noluit.

The lawe, which Neptune ordeyneth
 Wherof fulle ofte tyme he pleyneeth,
 And helde hym welle the more esmayed
 Of that he hath to fore assaied :
 So that for pure sorwe and care
 Of that he seith his worlde so fare,
 The reste he lefte of his caban
 That for the conceile of no man,
 Ayeyn therinne he nolde come,
 Bot hath by neth his place nome,
 Where he wepyng alone lay,
 There as he sihe no liht of day.

And thus to fore the wynde they dryve
 Til longe and late thei aryve
 With grete distresse, as it was sene,
 Upponn this towne of Mitelene,
 Wich was a noble cite tho.
 And hapneth thilke tyme so,
 The lordes bothe, and the comune
 The hihe feste of Neptune,
 Upponn the stronde att ryvage,
 And as it was custume and usage,
 Solemlich they by syhe.

Whan thei this strange vessel sihe

Come in, and hath his seile aualed,
The towne therof hath spoke and taled.

¶ Qualiter Athenagoras urbis Mitelenæ princeps, navem Appollini investigans, ipsum sic contristatum nihilque respondentem consolari satagebat.

¶ The lorde, wich of that cite was,
Whos name is Athenogoras,
Was there, and seide he wolde see
What shipp it is, and who thei be
That beth ther inne: and after sone,
Whan that he sihe it was to done,
His barge was for him arayd,
And he goth forth, and hath assaid.
He fonde the shippe of grete aray;
Bot what thyng it amounthe may,
He seihe they maden hevy chere,
Bot welle hym thenketh by the manere
That thei be worthie men of blode,
And axeth of hem how it stode,
And thei hym tellen alle the cas,
Howe that here lorde for dryve was,
And wich a sorowe that he made,
Of wich ther may no man hym glade.
He preyth that he here lorde may see;
Bot thei hym tolde it may not be,
For he lith in so derke a place,
That ther may no wiht se his face.

Bot for alle that thowh hem be loth,
He fonde the laddre, and downn he goth
And to hym spake, bot noon answere
Ayein of hym ne myht he here
For ouht that he can don or seynn:
And thus he goth him uppe ayenn.

¶ Qualiter præcepto principis, ut Appollinum consolaretur, Thaysis cum cithara sua ad ipsum in obscuro navis, ubi jacebat, producta est.

¶ Thus was there spoke in many wise
 Amonges hem that weren wise,
 Now this, nowe that, bot atte laste
 The wisdom of the towne this caste,
 That yonge Thayse were assent,
 For if ther be amendement,
 To glade with this wofulle kyng:
 She can so much of every thyng,
 That she shal glade hym anon.

A messagere for hire is goonn,
 And she cam with hire harpe on honde,
 And she seide hem, that she wolde fonde
 By alle the weyes that she can
 To glade with this sory man.
 Bot what he was, she wiste nouht,
 Bot alle the shippe hire hath by sought,
 That she hire wittes on hym despende,
 In aunter yf he myht amende,
 And seyn it shal be welle a quytte.

Whan she hath understonden itt
 She goth hire down, there as he lay
 Where that she harpeth many a lay,
 And lich an angele song with alle.
 Bot he no more than the walle
 Tooke hede of eny thyng he herde.

And whan she seih that he so ferde,
 She falleth with hym into wordes,
 And telleth hym of sondry bordes,
 And axeth hym demandes straunge;
 Wherof she made his herte chaunge;
 And to hire speche his ere he leyde,
 And hath merveile, of that she seide.
 For in proverbe and in probleme
 She spake, and bade he sholde deme

In many a subtile questioun ;
 Bot he for no suggestioun
 Wich towarde hym she couthe stere,
 He wolde not o worde answere,
 Bot as a madde man atte laste,
 His hed wepyng away he caste,
 And half in wrath he bade here go :
 Bot yit she wolde nouht do so,
 And in the derke forth she goth
 Til she hym towchith, and he wroth,
 And aftir hire with his honde
 He smote : and thus whan she hym fonde
 Diseasyd, courtesly she seide
 Avoy, my lorde, I am a mayde ;
 And if ye wiste what I am,
 And owte of what lynage I cam,
 Ye wolde not be so salvage.

¶ Qualiter, sicut deus destinavit, pater filiam inventam recognovit.

With that he sobreth his corage,
 And put a wey his hevy chere.
 Bot of hem two a man may lere
 What is to be so sybbe of blode,
 Noon wiste of othir howe it stode,
 And yit the fader atte laste
 His herte upponn this maide caste,
 That he hire loveth kyndely ;
 And yit he wiste never whie,
 Bot all was knowe er that thei went ;
 For God, wich wote here hole entent,
 Here hertes both he desclosith.
 This kyng unto this maide opposeth,
 And axeth ferst, what is hire name,
 And where she lerned al this game,
 And of what kyn that she was come ?
 And she, that hath his wordes nome,

Answereth, and seith : my name is Thaise
 That was some tyme welle at ayse.
 In Tharse I was forth drawe and fed
 Ther lerned I tille I was spedde,
 Of that I can : my fader eke,
 I not where that I sholde hym seke :
 He was a kynge men tolde me.
 My moder dreynt was in the see.
 Fro poynt to poynt alle she hym tolde
 That she hath longe in herte holde,
 And never dorste make hire mone
 But only to this lorde alle one,
 To whom hire herte can not hele,
 Torne hit to wo, torne it to wele
 Torne it to gode, torne it to harme.
 And he tho toke here in his arme ;
 Bot such a joye as he tho made
 Was never seen : thus be thei glade
 That sory hadden be to forn.
 Fro this day forth fortune hath sworne
 To sett hym upwarde on the whiel :
 So goth the worlde, now wo, now weel.

¶ Qualiter Athenagoras Appollinum de navi in hospitium honorifice
 recollegit, et Thaysim patre consentiente, in uxorem duxit.

¶ This kyng hath founde newe grace,
 So that oute of his derke place,
 He goth hym up into the liht ;
 And with hym came that swete wiht,
 His douhter Tayse, and forth a noon
 Thei bothe into the Caban goon,
 Wich was ordeyned for the kyng :
 And there he did of alle his thyng,
 And was arayed really,
 And owt he cam alle openly,
 Where Athenagoras he fonde,
 The wich was lorde of alle the londe,

And preyth the kynge to come and see
 His castell bothe, and his cite.
 And thus they goon forth alle in feere,
 This kyng, this lorde, this maiden dere.
 This lorde tho made hem riche feste,
 With every thyng wiche was honeste
 To please with this worthie kynge.
 Ther lacketh hym no maner thyng ;
 Bot yit for alle his noble araye,
 Wyfles he was unto that day.
 As he that yit was of yonge age,
 So felle there in to his corage
 The lusty wo, the glade peyne
 Of love, whiche no man restreygne
 Yit never myht, as nowe to fore.
 This lorde thenketh alle his worlde for lore
 Bot if the kynge wolde doonn hym grace,
 He waiteth tyme, he waiteth place,
 Hym thouhte his herte wolde to breke
 Tille he may to this maide speke,
 And to hire fader eke also
 For mariage : and it felle so
 That alle, was do riht as he thouht :
 His purpos to an ende he brouht,
 She weddeth hym as for here lorde,
 Thus be thei alle of oonn accorde.

¶ Qualiter Appollinus, una cum filia et ejus marito, navem ingredienti-
 a Mitelena usque Tharsim cursum proposuerunt, sed Appollinus in
 somnis admonitus versus Ephesim, ut ibidem in templo Dianæ
 sacrificavet, vela per mare divertit.

¶ Whan alle was do riht as thei wolde,
 The kynge unto his sone tolde
 Of Tharse thilke traiterie,
 And seide, howe in his compaignie

His douhter and hym selven eke
Shalle go vengeaunce for to seke.

The shippes were redy sone,
And when thei sihe it was to done,
With oute lette of eny wente,
With seile up drawe forth they wente
Towardes Tharse uppon the tide
Bot that wote, what shalle be tide
The hihe god, wich wolde hym kepe,
Whan that this kynge was faste a slepe
By nyhtes tyme he hath hym bede
To seile unto an othir stede.
To Ephesim he bade hym drawe,
And as it was that tyme lawe
He shal do ther his sacrafice :
And eke he bade in alle wise
That in the temple amonges alle
His fortune, as it is byfalle
Towchyng his douhter, and his wiff,
He shalle be knowe uppon his liff.

The kynge of this avisioun
Hath great imaginacioun
What thyng it signifie may ;
And natheles whan it was day
He bade caste anker and abode,
And while that he on anker rode
The wynde, wich was to fore straunge,
Upponn the poynte be gan to chaunge,
And torneth theder as it sholde.
Tho knewe he welle, that God it wolde ;
And bade the mayster make hym yare,
To fore the wynde for he wol fare
To Ephesim, and so he dede.
And whan he came in to the stede
Where as he sholde londe, he londeth,
With all the haste he may, and fondeth

To shapyn hym in such a wise,
 That he may by the morowe arise
 And doon aftir the maundement
 Of hym wich hath hym thider sent.
 And in the wise that he thouht,
 Upponn the morowe he so wrouht :
 His douhter, and his sone he nome,
 And forth in to the temple he come,
 With a grete rowte in compaignie,
 His yestes for to sacrafie.

The citezeyns tho herden seye
 Of such a kyng, that came to preye
 Unto Dyane, the goddesse,
 And lefte alle othir besynesse :
 They comen theder for to se
 The kyng and the solempnite.

¶ Qualiter Appollinus Ephesim in templo Diane sacrificans, uxorem suam ibidem velatam invenit, qua secum assumpta in navem versus Tyrum regressus est.

¶ With worthi knyhtes environed,
 The kyng hym self hath abandoned
 In to the temple in good entente.
 The dore is uppe, and in he wente,
 Where as with gret devocioun
 Of holy contemplacioun
 With inne his herte he made his shrifte,
 And aftir that a rich yeste
 He offreth with grete reverence;
 And there in open audience
 Of hem that stoden alle aboute
 He tolde hem, and declareth owte
 His happe, suche as hym is byfalle :
 Ther was no thyng foryete of alle.
 His wiff, as it was goddes grace,
 Wich was professed in the place,

As she that was abbesse there,
Unto his tale hath leide hir ere.
She knewe the voys, and the visage :
For pure joye, as inne a rage,
She strauht unto hym alle att ones,
And felle a swone upponn the stones
Wherof the temple flore was paved.
She was anon with water laved,
Til she came to here self ayeyn,
And thanne she began to seyn :

A bleased be the hihe soonde,
That I may se myn husbonde,
Wich whilom he and I were oone.

The kynge with that knewe here anoon,
And tooke here in his arme, and kyste,
And alle the towne the soone it wiste.
Tho was there joye many folde,
For every man this tale hath tolde
As for myracle, and weren glade.
Bot never man such joy made
As doth the kynge wich hath his wiff;
And whan men herde howe that hire lyff
Was saved, and by whome it was,
They wondren alle of such a cas.
Thurgh alle the londe a ros the speche
Of maister Ceremon the leche,
And of the cure wich he dede :
The kyng hym self so hath hym bede,
And eke the qweene forth with hym,
That he towne of Ephesym
Wolle leve, and go where as thei be,
For nevere man of his degree
Hath do to hem so mochel gode.
And he his profit understode,
And graunteth with hem for to wende ;
And thus thei maden there an ende,

And token leve, and goon to shipe
With alle the hole felashippe.

¶ Qualiter Appollinus, una cum uxore sua et filia sua, Tyrum applicuit.

¶ This kyng, wich nowe hath his desir,
He seih he wole holde his cours to Tyr.
Thei hadde wynde at wille, tho,
With topseile cole, and forth thei go,
And stryken never tille thei come,
To Tyr, where as thei havene nome,
And londen hem with mochel blisse.
Tho was there many a mouth to kysse,
Ech on welcometh othir home;
Bot whan the qweene to londe come,
And Thayse hire douhter by hire side,
The joye wich was thilke tyde
Ther may no mannes tunge telle.
Thei seiden alle, here cometh the welle
Of alle womannessh grace.
The kyng hath take his real place:
The qweene is in to chambre go.
There was grete feste arayed tho.
Whan tyme was thei gon to mete,
All olde sorwes ben foryete,
And gladen hem with joys newe,
The discolourde pale hewe
Is nowe bycome a rody cheke:
Ther was no merthe for to seke;

¶ Qualiter Appollinus Athenagoram, cum Thayse uxore sua, super
Tyrum coronari fecit.

¶ Bot every man hath that he wolde.
The kyng, as he welle couth and sholde,
Maketh to his people riht goode chere,
And aftir soone, as thou shalt here,

A parlement he hath somoned,
 Where he his douhter hath coroned
 Forth with the lorde of Mitelene,
 That oon is kyng, that othir is qweene.

And thus the faders ordenaunce
 This londe hath set in governaunce,
 And seide, that he wolde wende
 To Tharse, for to make an ende
 Of that his douhter was bytrayed;
 Wherof were alle men welle payde,
 And seide howe it was for to done.
 The shippes weren redy sone.

¶ Qualiter Appollinus a Tyro per mare versus Tharsim iter arripiens
 vindictam contra Strangulionem et Dionysiam uxorem suam pro
 injuria, quam ipsi Thaysen filiæ suæ intulerunt, judicialiter assecu-
 tus est.

¶ A stronge power with hym he tooke.
 Uppon the skye he caste his looke,
 And seih the wynde was covenable:
 They hale uppe anker with the cable,
 They seile on hihe, thei steere on honde,
 And sailen, till thei come alonde
 At Tharse, nyh to the cite.

And whan thei wisten it was he,
 The towne hath don hym reverence.

He telleth hem the violence
 Wich the Traitoure Strangulio,
 And Dyonise hym hadde do
 Touchyng his douhter, as ye herde:
 And whan thei wiste howe it ferde,
 As he wich pees and love souht
 Unto the towne, this he bysouht
 To don hym riht in jugement.

Anon thei weren bothe assent

With strenth of men, and comen sone
 And as hem thouht itt was to done.
 Atteynt thei weren by the lawe,
 And demed for to honge, and drawe,
 And brent, and with the wynde to blowe,
 That alle the worlde it myht knowe.
 And upponn this condicioun
 The dome in execucionn
 Was put anon with oute faile.
 And every man hath grete merveile
 Wich herde tellenn of this chaunce,
 And thonketh Goddes purveaunce,
 Wich doth mercy forth with justice.
 Slayn is the morderer, and mordrice
 Thurh verey trouth of rihtwessnesse;
 And thurh mercy sauf is symplesse
 Of hire, whome mercy preserveth.
 Thus hath he welle, that welle deserveth.

¶ Qualiter Artestrate Pentapolim rege mortuo, ipsi de regno epistolas super hoc Appollino direxerunt, unde Appollinus una cum uxore sua ibidem advenientes, ad decus imperii cum magno gaudio coronati sunt.

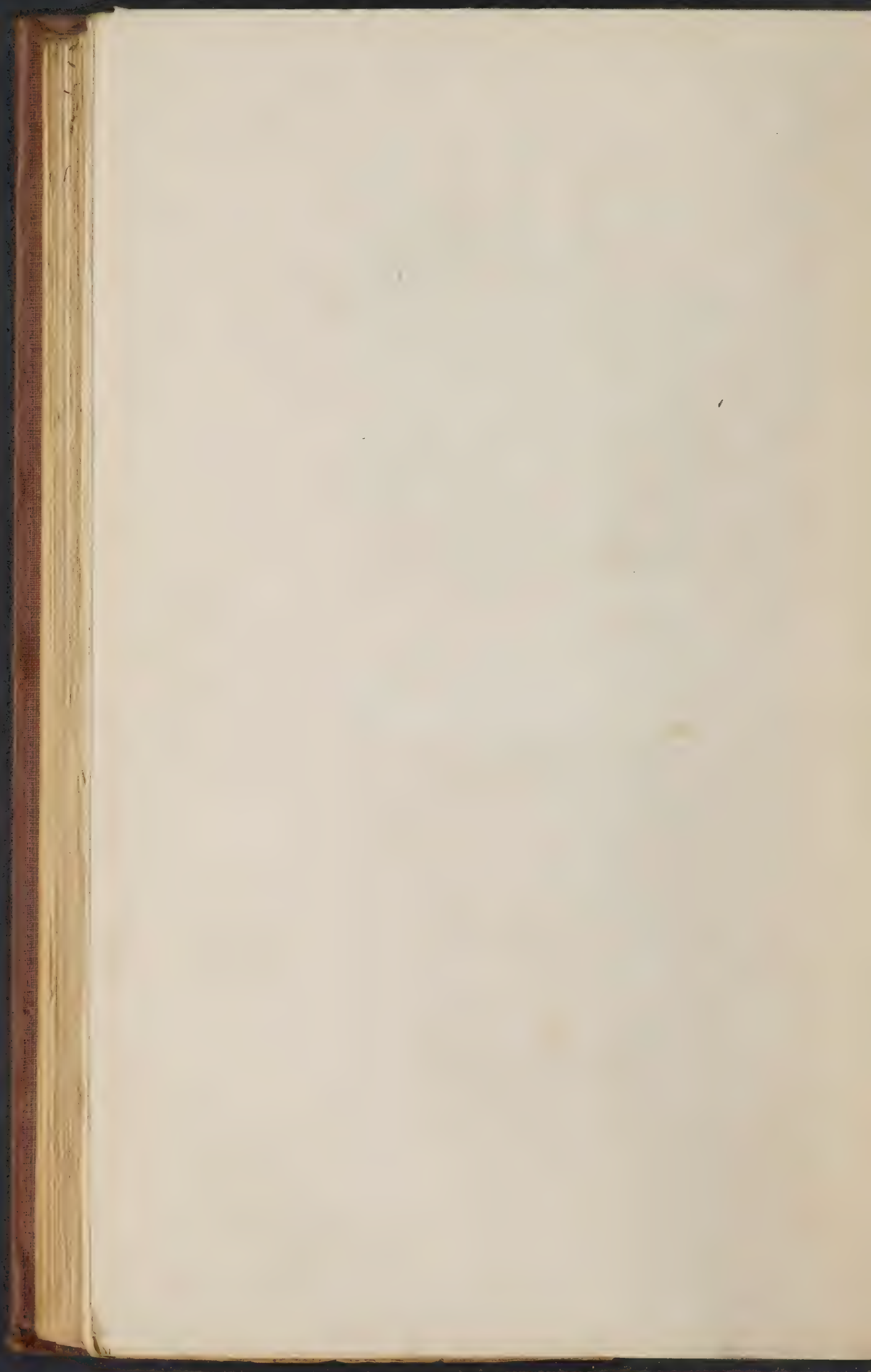
 Whan alle this thyng is doon and ended,
 This kynge, wich loved was and frended,
 A lettre hath, wich came to hym
 By shippe fro Pentapolim;
 In wich the londe hath to hym write,
 That he wolde understonde and wite
 How in goode mynde and in goode pees,
 Ded is the kyng Artestrates;
 Wherof thei alle of oon accorde
 Hym preieden, as here liege lorde,
 That he the lettre wole conceyve,
 And come his regne to receyve
 Wich God hath youe hym, and fortune.
 And thus bysouht the comoune,

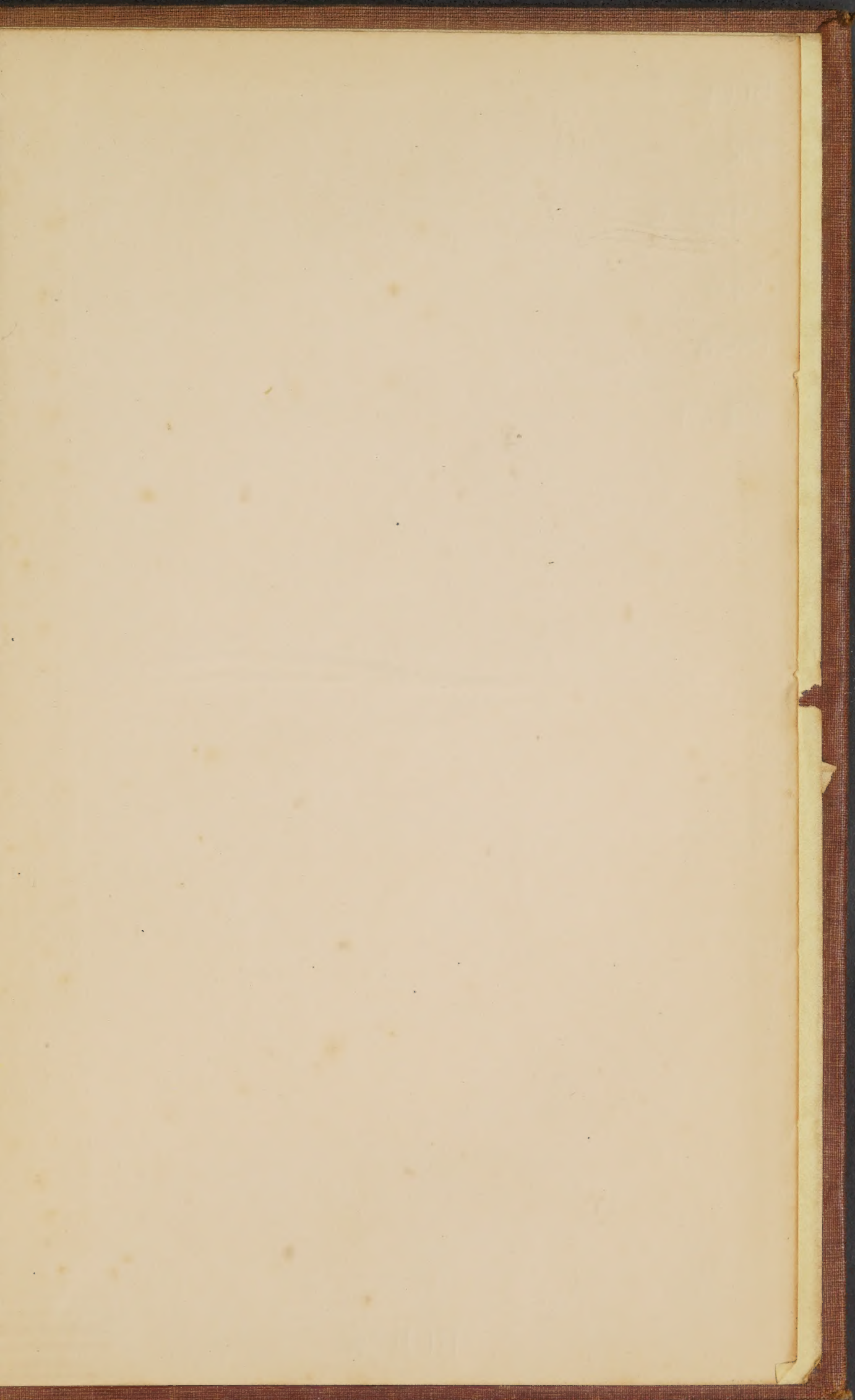
Forth with the grete lordes alle.

This kyng sihe howe it was byfalle.
Fro Tharse, and in prosperite,
He tooke his leve of that cite,
And goth hym in to shippe ayeyn.
The wynde was goode, the see was pleyne,
Hym nedeth nouht aryve to slake
Tyl thei Pentapoly have take.
The londe, wich herde of that tidying,
Was wonder gladde of his commyng.
He resteth hym a day or two,
And toke his conceile to him tho,
And sette a tyme of parlement,
Where alle the londe of oon assent,
Forth with his wiff hym hath coroned,
Where alle goode hym was foisoned.
Lo what it is to be welle grounded;
For he hath ferste his love founded
Honestlich as for to wedde,
Honestliche his love he spedde,
And hadde children with his wiff,
And as hym luste he ladde his liff.
And in ensample his liff was write,
That alle lovers myhten wite,
Howe atte laste it shal be seene
Of love what thei wolden mene.

For se, nowe, on that othir side,
Antiochus with alle his pride,
Wich sette his love unkyndely,
His ende hadde sodeynly,
Set ayeyn kynde upponn vengeaunce,
And for his luste hath penaunce.

FINIS.





BLUE

PR

2952.5

.C65

1850

v.1 c.1

4117138

8064

A 781/6A

*

BOUND BY
JOSIAH WESTLEY,
ADJOINING THE TIMES' OFFICE
LONDON.



